Mar. 20, 1965

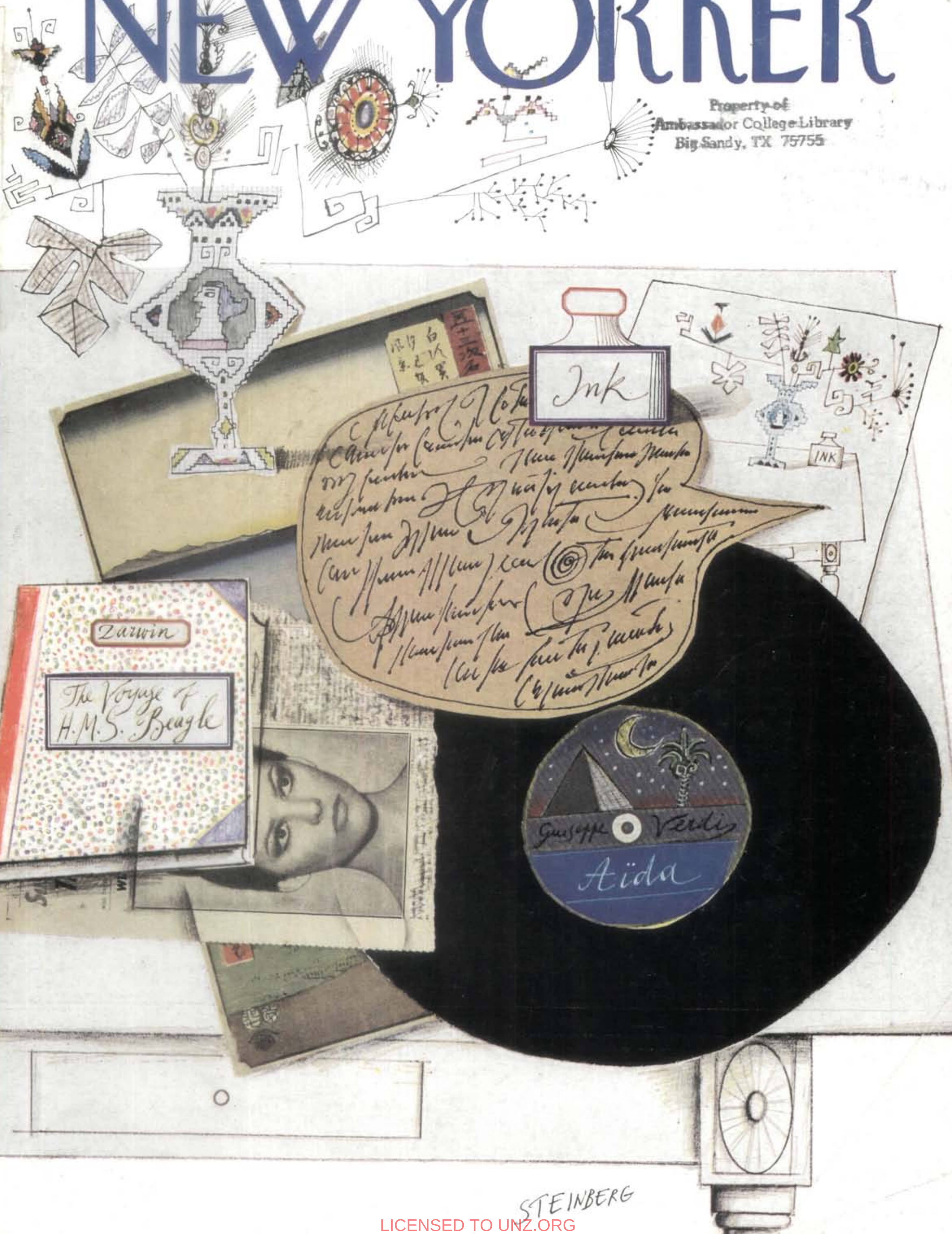
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

AUG 1 0 1995

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755


Ink
INK
Darwin
The Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle
Giuseppe Verdi
Aïda
STEINBERG

J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
J&F MARTELL
MARTELL
Established in 1715 in the reign of Louis XIV
V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P.
MEDALLION
FINE CHAMPAGNE
LIQUEUR BRANDY
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U.S.A.
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

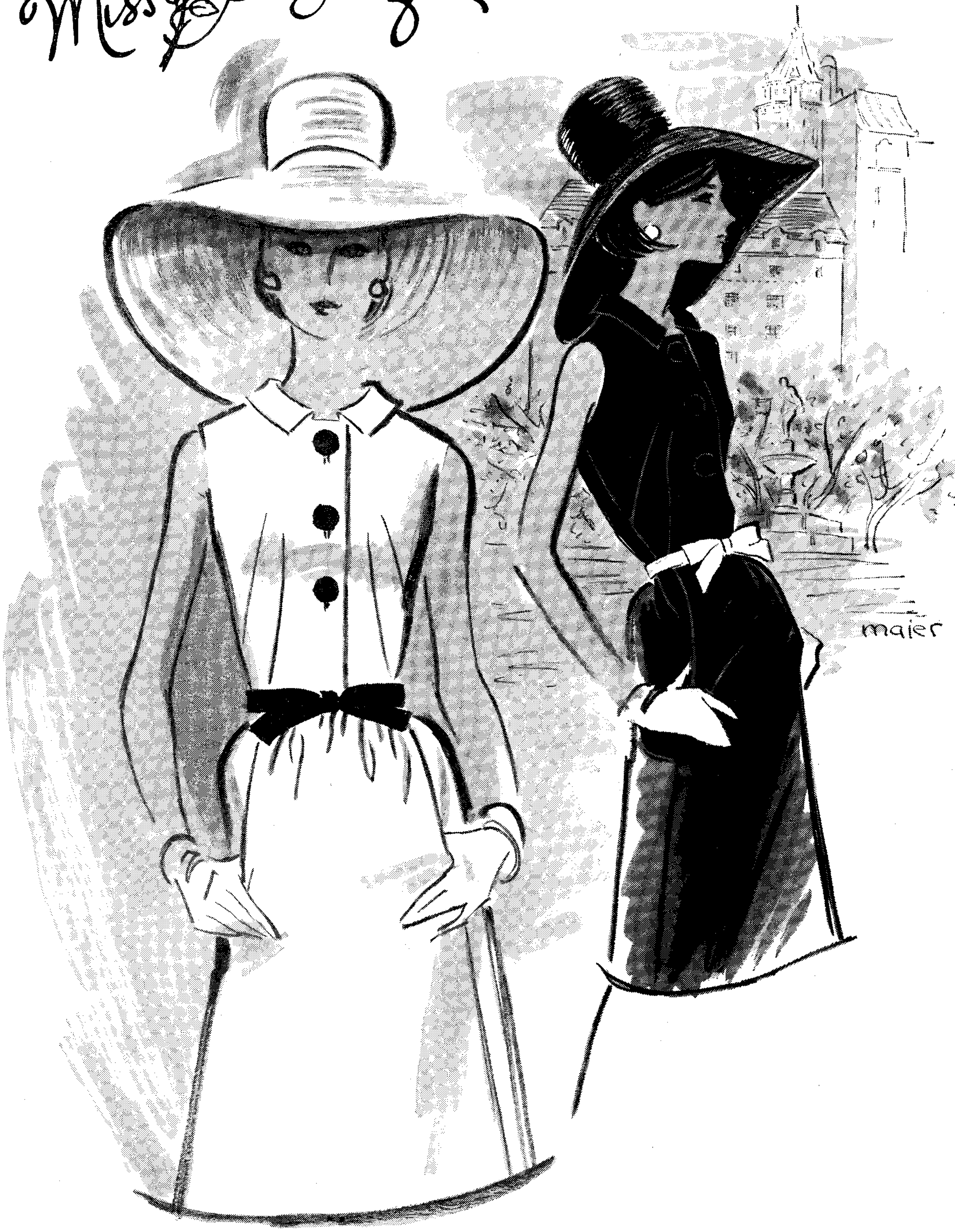
PHOTOGRAPH BY VERSOIX-PARIS.

The great cognac of France celebrates its 250th anniversary

Seven generations of Martells have made their cognac not only the favorite of France but of the entire world. You will find Martell V.S.O.P. a cognac of rare luxury, worthy of this great occasion.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

Miss Bergdorf



Linen Launches The New Wave of soft ripply skirts now rushing up into the scene. Swinging along here is a young, fresh first-of-summer dress—bare of arm, buoyed on a gently swaying skirt, and brushed with crisp, contrasting color. In white linen with black leather belt and buttons; black, brown, yellow or turquoise with white belt. Inside: a shape-retaining rayon Si Bonne lining. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, in sizes 6 to 14. $55. Fifth Floor.

On mail and phone orders, add 70¢ beyond our regular delivery area. Please give second color choice.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All in Good Time—Bill Naughton's loose-knit comedy about a clutch of North of England proletarian types preoccupied with the failure of a bridegroom to consummate his marriage. Donald Wolfit, Marjorie Rhodes, and Brian Murray do well by the author, but he, alas, hasn't done very well by them. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Catch Me If You Can—An almost interminable whodunit about a man whose wife disappears during their honeymoon in the Catskills, only to be replaced in the bridal bed by a toothsome pretender. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie do what they can to inspirit this leaden enterprise. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

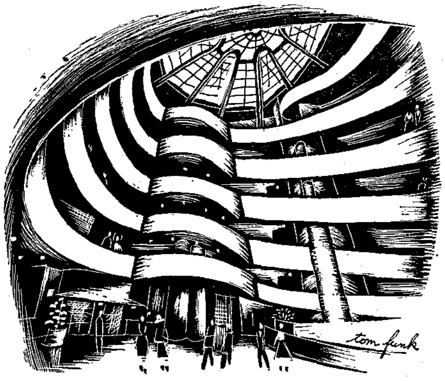
Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is now the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel provided the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver plays Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always, and this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fade Out – Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett is on the firing line. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As things turn out, only the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—A musical with music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a book by Arthur Laurents, based on his play "The Time of the Cuckoo." Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi head a cast directed by John Dexter. Opens Thursday, March 18. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **tartuffe,** with Mi-

	Page
BOOKS	187
THE CURRENT CINEMA	152
LETTER FROM PARIS	162
LETTER FROM SAIGON	86
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	177
MUSICAL EVENTS	172
JAZZ CONCERTS	175
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: THIS AND THAT	159
THE RACE TRACK	155
A REPORTER AT LARGE	107
THE THEATRE	83

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 5, March 20, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

One beautiful wedding present after another… **TIFFANY & CO.**

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57th ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST STREET
BEVERLY HILLS 9601 WILSHIRE BLVD.
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

chael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Thursday and Friday, March 18-19, at 8:30; Saturday, March 20, at 2 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24, at 8:30. . . . INCIDENT AT VICHY, Arthur Miller's examination of the processes that sent Jews to slaughter in 1942. With Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne. Performances Sunday, March 21, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 27, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE: Thursday and Friday, March 18-19, and Tuesday, March 23, all at 8:30. . . . Giraudoux's JUDITH: Previews Saturday, March 20, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, March 21, at 2:30 and 7:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 24, at 7:15. Other performances Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, March 19-20, and Thursday through Saturday, March 25-27, all at 8:15.)

Billy Liar—A British comedy by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, based on Mr. Waterhouse's novel of the same name. The cast includes Scott Hylands and Ethel Griffies. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cat and the Canary—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production rather unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5 and Friday, March 19, at 4:30.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis—Arthur Kopit's new comedy, with Phil Foster and Lou Gilbert at the head of an all-male cast. "Sing to Me Through Open Windows," also by Mr. Kopit, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harry, Noon and Night—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Joel Grey and Gerald S. O'Loughlin. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New Playwrights Series—The second bill, consisting of "Conerico Was Here to Stay," by Frank Gagliano, and "Pigeons," by Lawrence Osgood, the latter with Geraldine Fitzgerald, will play through Sunday, March 21. . . . ¶ The third bill, consisting of Joseph Morgenstern's "Lovey" (with Ruth Ford) and Kenneth Pressman's "Hunting the Jingo Bird," will be previewed Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24. Opens officially on Thursday, March 25, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, April 11. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—Robert Lowell's dramatization of Herman Melville's tragedy makes a quite stirring play that does some justice to the magnificent story it is based on. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy is being joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Previews Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Worlds of Oscar Brown, Jr.—A program of songs, impressions, and improvisations, with the Floyd Morris trio. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, March 18: "Grand Pas—Glazunov" and "La Sylphide" (New York première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20 (primarily for children): "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening March 20: "Fancy Free" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 21 (primarily for children): "Peter and the Wolf" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 21: "The Wind in the Mountains," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 23: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Four Marys" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 24: "Theme and Variations," "Sargasso" (New York première), and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 25: "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Giselle" and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27 (primarily for children): "Giselle" and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Miss Julie," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, April 11. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Magic Show—An evening of fun and wizardry, presented by the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The corn grows nine feet high in the fields tilled by Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, the gagmen's delight, who visit the Royal Box at dinner and supper. Their helter-skelter banterings are supplemented by the band of Lee Evans, which chips in with nice work now and then. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—George Anaya's Latinos, the only live dance musicians left on Park Avenue, are making their last stand (a band one) in the restaurant, where, after a spate of at-ease music that runs from eight to ten, they turn to the light fantastic. Mondays are their holidays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen, and with whom—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered in the throne room by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Garrison, there is more dancing, but to music that has been memorized by an I.B.M.

Eve of Rome,

international beauty benefactress
who reserves her fabled cosmetics
for Lord & Taylor alone,

will be here

to transform the face of New York—
March 22nd through 26th
from eleven until three
on the Street Floor, Lord & Taylor,
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

Do come meet her, won't you?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

computer. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (*PL 9-2444)—Sailings, with dancing on the* boat deck, every night, but during the week the necessary music comes only by direct wire from Western Union. Fridays and Saturdays, though, it is augmented by the large-as-life period-piece sounds of Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, the important monument is a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's varsity crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever go unturned here. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at work, plays solitaire piano, except when she is off duty, which is Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Oh, to be in Las Vegas, now that Vic Damone is here, flooding the Persian Room twice an evening with all those pop tunes, urged on by a supporting band that doesn't know its own strength. The dance music, present for hour after hour, is done by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and the big band now conducted by Emil Coleman, Jr. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is turned into a magic carpet on its non-stop run to this or that fashionable European spa, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the kitchen staff sticks it out to the end.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band brings out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the band of Charles Turecamo, which brings out the Southampton and Water Mill in all of us. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger,* affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Egyptian deities are the presiding geniuses of the larking decorative scheme. These gods are never angry at the antic folk dances of the populace, but at times they do look startled. The music comes off a tape measure, and the nights are very long—eight to four.

Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic impulses. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting arrangement includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Moonlight in the formal gardens of Firenze. The occasional singers are nevertheless engrossed in Egypt's dreamy eyes ("Aïda") at the moment, and by Tuesday, March 23, they will have moved along to Paris and "The Merry Widow." Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays.... **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Top-of-the-evening is the mood induced by the paeans of Bobby Short—flights of fancy, of fancy words, of fancy piano. He begins at ten-thirty, which is daybreak for the life and people he sings about. His stalwart aides are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Earlier on (cocktails through dinner), there is sedate piano by Jules Kuti. Closed Sundays.... **LATE EDITION,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Hugh Shannon, the hippest of the fun-loving Rover Boys, plays rampant piano and sings rampant though remarkably well-educated ballads from nine-thirty until it really *is* time to go home. Supper is part of the scheme. He stays home Sundays; Mai Tatum, who likewise plays piano and sings, from six-thirty until twelve-thirty, stays home Mondays.... **IL MIO,** 65 E. 59th St., in another sector of Delmonico's. (EL 5-2500): The elaborate needlepoint here is done by a record player that never grows weary, and the free-form, untogetherness dancing it eggs on is led by Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening part of "Fiddler on the Roof," and her brother Timmy. Audience participation, rife and rugged, starts at eight and ends at three. The list of edibles is much more restricted. Closed Mondays.... **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... ¶ Le Palais, the new downcellar restaurant here, is a little Austria almost armorial in its bearing and ceremonially devoted to the cuisine and the wine of the country. Hans Hansberg's zither is another appropriate touch. Seven to ten is the running time. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): For every broken heart on Broadway or Park Avenue, Mabel Mercer has a succinctly worded lyric that fits. Her kindly and yet worldly monographs begin at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringed friends. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes of our day and yesterday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita,* and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are out at night, too. Closed Sundays ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) dwells, from seven until twelve, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (José Luis Franco) that holds forth from eight to one. No music Mondays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. The house guitarist and singer, who naturally tastes of Jamaica ginger, begins ambulating at about nine during the week and doesn't stop until one, or sometimes until after two; Sundays, he travels between the hours of seven and eleven; Mondays, he holds his peace.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cook-out are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano applies infinite variety to variations on themes. Supper but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays.... **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero,* which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

the fascinating women
discover the new
ESTÉE LAUDER GLOW

One of the brightest things in life is a radiant woman. Estée Lauder looks at the radiant side of beauty and illuminates *your* life with a make-up that's sheer as a glow can go. Begin with RIVIERA BISQUE, a rosy beige in HYDRO-TONE MAKE-UP. Over it, Estée Lauder's newest GLOW-IN-THE-ROUND, a soufflé'd all-over color with true-to-life sheen. Then, EYESHADOW GLOW—a daub of this luminous pastel powder adds life, light, luster. Over it goes a shining wet-black stroke of JET BLACK EYELINER CAKE. Finally, PINK APRICOT RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICK to seal this glow with a kiss of color.

Estée Lauder

©1965 ESTEE LAUDER, INC.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BONWIT TELLER

GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER FOR BONWIT GIRLS

...especially in an elegant ensemble by Kate Greenaway: the sleeveless skimmery dress a tattersall kind of plaid in grass green on white ripply cotton, the coat grass green rayon-and-silk prettily stitched and buttoned in white. For 3 to 6X sizes, 11.00 7 to 14 sizes, 13.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

BONWIT GIRLS
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Daphne Hellman performs on Tuesdays, and Gladys Hubner is in charge of the instrument every other night. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): St. Petersburg in the irrevocable past, or in a sort of Neva Neva Land. Marina Fedorovskaya, the landed proprietress, sings the great big sad songs of her native heath as the chef puts more chicken à la Kiev on the fire. Brooding violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, from the Golden Era of night life, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed from eight-thirty until one or two by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The devilish soubrette of many a Herbert and Romberg operetta comes to life again in the person and performance of Rita Dimitri, who does the singing at dinner and (Fridays and Saturdays) at supper, too. Dream-sequence dance music happens now and then, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The little bar-and-grill is elbowroom enough for Tony Gorody to perform his precise and panegyric piano études, which he does off and on between six and one-thirty every evening but Monday; Enzio Lembo's guitar commences at nine-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Life of ease, with proper attention to décor, part of which is the light and low-key piano of Al Conte, who is on point duty from six to twelve every evening but Sunday. Tuesday, March 23, is his last night. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Haut-monde* Catalan architecture, which (with a bar that cheers) fits in just right with the restrained yet urgent guitar of Jorge Morel, who does several reprises between nine-thirty and one every evening but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients, too—the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire and the sturdy Britishness of the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Dancing for the guests, too. No action Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti, a minute Napoleon who has discovered forty ways to roar like a lion, is screwing up his eyes in sheer bliss as he decants his arias; Rip Taylor, the lecturer of the evening, can lead you to suspect that either you or he is completely without a sense of humor. They both check out on Wednesday, March 24, to be succeeded, one evening later, by Shani Wallis, a London soprano who blows hot, blows cool in a fetching manner, and George Kirby, a wit who is stepping down from the Really Big circuit to play tank towns like New York. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, one group or another ascends the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. No dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Not even Salome in all her glory could quite match Peggy Lee, one of the greatest things that have ever happened to American balladry, whose trills and twisty torso do not miss a single beat of the tigerish orchestra (Lou Levy's) that supports her. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(*No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.*)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): All the truths in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the just about peerless Julius Monk revue, are spoken in the best of jest, not to say the bitterest of. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Little Marcelo, as proud a peacock as ever strutted the Lusitanian plains, hardly ever keeps his feet on the ground when he and his ballet troupe take off in the back room twice a night during the week, at dinner only on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes gives the customers a chance at rebuttal. Both dinner and supper are included in the deal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the small revue entitled "The Game Is Up" deals with many matters of exceeding inconsequence, and does it with the enthusiasm of a household pet discovering an especially succulent bone to pick. It is in the hands of the same editorial staff, led by R. G. Brown, whose patent disbelief in the reality of anything at all places him among the merriest of Andrews. His most valiant accomplices are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. Carlos Ramirez, a senior tenor, is the warbler; a troupe of balletomanes does the stamping. They are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The sight and sound of Charlie Mingus in complete communion with his bass fiddle are two wonders of the modern world; the music he and his fellow-workers extract can be described as Happenings and/or tense novellas transcribed into jazz. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays there are open forums to discuss the matter of whither practically anything. They commence at nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A dance floor is the newest addition, and beside it the quintet of Hugh Masakela, whose African trumpet has sort of a divine right, plays on. So does the trio of Nina Simone, the beguiling but living-in-another-world soprano. Mondays, the scene changes abruptly—a bing-bang-bongo Latin band and the effusions of Symphony Sid, a disc jockey who does try to sound "in." . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. The names in the office directory change swiftly; now they are the Womenfolk and the Guild, both of them group yodellers. Dick Cavett, budding wit, is there, too. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Gene Krupa's crack-of-doom quartet and Red Allen's quartet, which seeks and gives no quarter. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The music in this frontier blockhouse comes from the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, whose counterplay is

We thought we knew it all. Then we discovered Machu Picchu.

We had combed palaces of Persian kings. We had walked through tombs and temples and spired castles. We were ready for something new in lost kingdoms.

Then, one night last January, a couple of archeologists spun us a tale of a mountaintop city built by the Incas 500 years before the Conquistadores.

The place is Machu Picchu and it wasn't long before we were flying down to South America to find it.

A Panagra Jet took us to Lima, and from there we flew to Cuzco, where we embarked on a three-hour zigzag by bus-train along the rushing Urubamba River and 2000 feet up through the clouds to Machu Picchu.

A majestic city walled in by kings, Machu Picchu bears no sign of strife. With a little imagination, you can stand at the perimeter of the city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed Inca warriors peering down at the Conquistadores scurrying below for gold, never dreaming the prize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

For us, this is the most spectacular sight in all the Western Hemisphere. And, if there are any challengers to that statement, they're in South America, too.

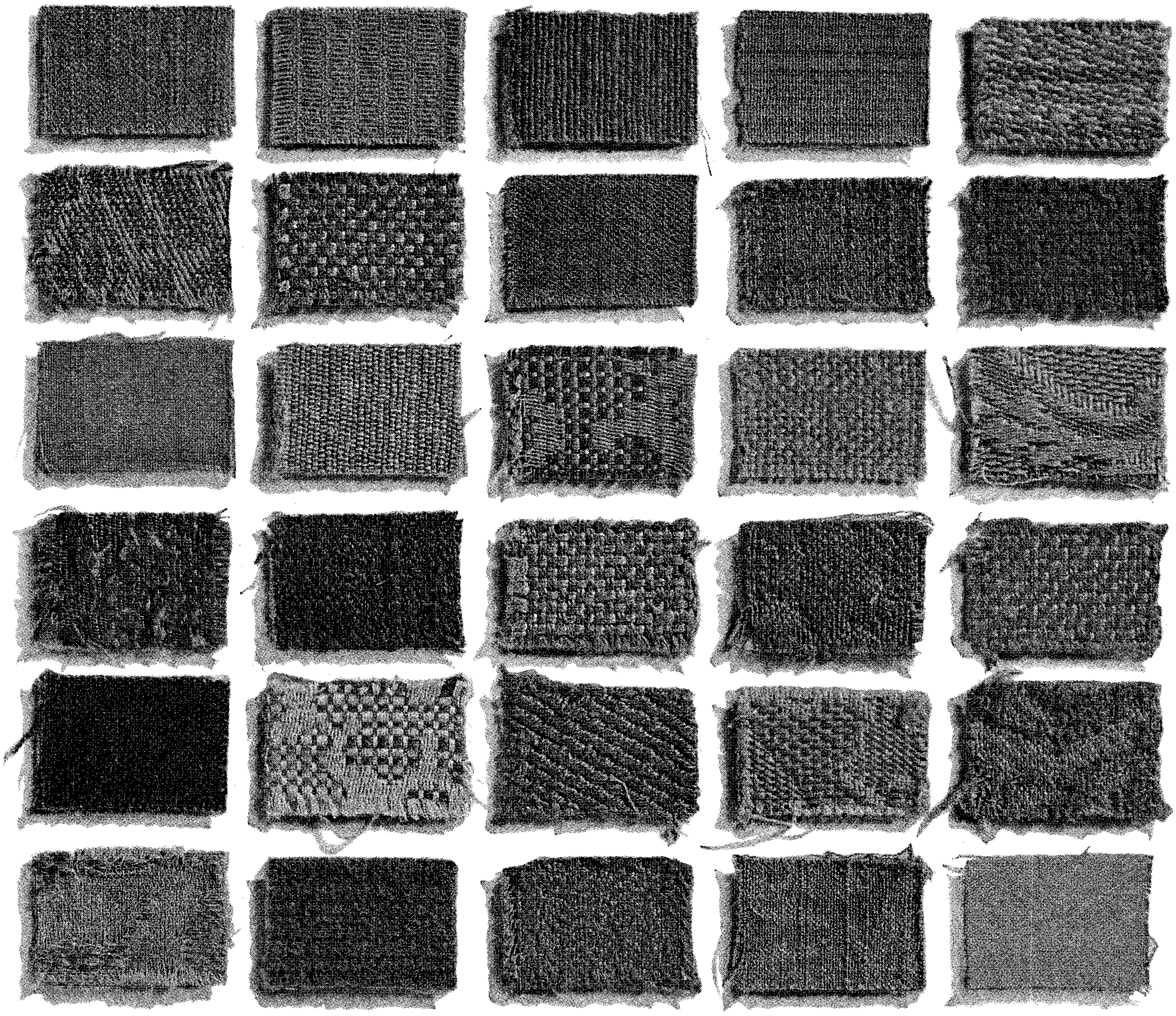
Lake Titicaca (between Bolivia and Peru) is the highest navigable lake in the world. Argentina's Iguassú Falls dwarfs Niagara. For sheer size and beauty, there's the Amazon. And, for luxury, there's Punta del Este, Viña del Mar and scores of other resorts.

So it goes (and we went with it) down one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up the other coast through Montevideo, Asunción, São Paulo, Rio, Brasilia and Caracas—all with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

A word from the airlines we flew: Nobody knows South America like Panagra - Pan Am. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other. The new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent comes out the same: $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA · PAN AM

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS   PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS



What color is green?

Ask us for a green fabric and we'll probably overwhelm you with our hundreds of shades of greens (or reds or blues, etc.). Color is critical in decorating. Almost exact is seldom good enough. For perfect color harmony, shop Schumacher's. And speaking of greens, see our new collection, "That Touch of Ireland" created by Leon Hegwood—Carleton Varney of Dorothy Draper & Co., Inc. Ask your decorator. F. Schumacher & Co., 58 W. 40th St., N.Y. Showrooms: 939 Third Avenue, New York.

Schumacher's
FABRICS/CARPETS/WALLPAPERS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

always absorbing, but on Friday, March 19, John Coltrane's hard-core group will replace it. Sundays, now, extra sets are run off between four and seven in the afternoon. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The namesake of this stronghold of traditionalism—i.e., Mr. Condon himself—has at last been returned to office, and by a thumping (in every sense) majority, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Morey Feld, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Friday through Sunday, March 19-21, Woody Herman's band will be taking aim and firing, principally at random. Coleman Hawkins (breathes there a man who has not said that this is one of the finest saxophones of all time?) comes back on Tuesday, March 23, with his sextet. Mondays are, as usual, visiting days. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The long-absent Joe Castro is now the pianist inside the oval bar, where he and his trio are playing middle-of-the-road jazz. Mondays they stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate old-school dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays, from four to nine, a Dixieland band champs at bits of traditional music, followed by a band that is given to rock-and-roll and such. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The gymnasium of a coeducational college. On a shelf overlooking the young people sits a new squadron of banjoists (the String Stretchers), who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Sculptures, reliefs, collages, and drawings; through Saturday, March 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Paintings done on his return from a trip to Egypt; through April 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings and collages; through April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Structures in wood with epoxy enamel; through Wednesday, March 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN DAVIE—Abstract paintings by a contemporary British artist; through April 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large abstractions; through April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—One large semi-abstract painting, plus smaller abstractions; through Saturday, March 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL GRANLUND—Bronze figure sculptures; through April 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Seascapes and figure paintings; through April 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES GRINBERG—"Portraits of the Super-Race" is the title of the exhibition by this Paris artist; through Saturday, March 20. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

ROBERT HENRI AND HIS FRIENDS—An exhibition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, comprising scenes of Paris and New York, as well as portraits, by him, plus works by the Eight; through April 15. (Chapellier, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MORRIS HIRSHFIELD (1872-1946)—Primitive paintings; through April 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT HUOT—Paintings and flags; through April 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—A retrospective of paintings by one of the early Expressionists; through April 3. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH KILSTROM—Figures and landscapes; through April 3. (Fischbach, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH KONZAL—Abstract sculptures, in steel and iron; through Saturday, March 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

BARBARA LEKBERG—Welded-metal figure sculptures; through March 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

MON LEVINSON—*Moiré* pieces; through April 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—Abstract direct-metal sculptures; through April 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEN LYE—Automated steel sculptures; through April 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN MARIL—Semi-abstract landscapes and coastal scenes; through Friday, March 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN MARIN—Paintings (seascapes) of the thirties; through April 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FELICIA MEYER—Landscapes, interiors, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 20. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

GASTONE NOVELLI—Abstract paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, March 27. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

TETSUO OCHIKUBO—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES PENNEY—Landscapes and interiors; through April 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DAVID PORTER—Collaged paintings; through April 3. (Marble Arch, 135 E. 79th St.)

ANTON REFREGIER—Figure paintings and drawings; through April 3. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

AD REINHARDT—Black paintings, 1953-65; through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Red paintings 1950-53; through Saturday, March 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Blue paintings, 1950-53; through Saturday, March 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

EGON SCHIELE—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Guggenheim Museum; through April 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

KATHERINE SCHMIDT—Paintings and drawings of leaves; through Saturday, March 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

BURTON SILVERMAN—Drawings, pastels, and watercolors of people and places; through Saturday, March 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

KURT SONDERBORG—Paintings and drawings; through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SOTO—Op art by a Venezuelan artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, March 27. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD TOVISH—Bronze sculptures; through Saturday, March 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Abstractions; through Saturday, March 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANFORD WHITE—Watercolors of the Hudson Valley; through Saturday, March 27. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

MILTON WRIGHT—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 20. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces in stone and crystal by Max Bill, Constantin Brancusi, Masayuki Nagare,

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

The new white collar look
launches a refreshing change
on the evening scene . . .
understated elegance in
a slip of dress frothed
with white silk organdy
and venise lace. Rayon
and acetate crepe. Black
or navy, by Rappi.
Sizes 8 to 16. (N-1) **40.00**
Evening Shop, 3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
New York Store Only

Love
L'Air du Temps
the romantic
fragrance...
Love it
this new way...
L'Air du Temps
AIROMATIQUE
by Nina Ricci
PARIS

An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. It's leakproof, spill-proof and easily refilled. Eau de Toilette, 2½ ozs., $6.50. In Capricci, $7.50.

PRICES PLUS TAX

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and others; through Saturday, March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Tribal Sculpture," an exhibition of masks, statues, and implements, in wood, ivory, and bronze; through April 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans: Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Pop art by Oldenburg, Lichtenstein, and Warhol; through Saturday, March 27. (Closed Monday mornings.)... **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Ilya Bolotowsky, José de Rivera, Jimmy Ernst, and Roy Gussow are the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures called "The Precise Construction;" through Saturday, March 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Figurative paintings by, among others, Lester Johnson, Robert Beauchamp, and Jan Müller; through Saturday, March 27. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through April 30.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Picasso; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century artists as Courbet, Ingres, and Boudin; through April 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred ancient sculptures from India, lent by twenty-two Indian museums and ranging from miniature terra cottas to monumental stone reliefs; through Sunday, March 21. (Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)... ¶ On view in the newly renovated galleries of Far Eastern art are heads and full figures of Buddha, a pagoda, steles, a fourteenth-century wall painting, and the like. In the gallery of Islamic art, also newly renovated, are pottery, glass, metalwork, ivory carvings, woodwork, and miniature paintings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," an exhibition of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through April 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-eight twentieth-century European and American paintings (by, for instance, Hassam, Beckmann, Wyeth, and Hofmann) from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation Collection; through April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Contemporaries #1," a showing of paintings by twenty-six living American artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Reginald Pollack; through Sunday, March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18.... ¶ A memorial exhibition of the Abstract Expressionist paintings of William Baziotes; through Sunday, March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the showing of the Schiele works is his exhibition at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixty small sculptures in bronze and silver by Dorothy Dehner; through April 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books, manuscripts, and pictures from the Cornell University Wordsworth collection; through April 17.... ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4.... ¶ "The John White Drawings of Raleigh's Virginia, 1585," watercolors of American Indians and their customs; through April 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Rubbings from early New England gravestones, plus a contrasting exhibit of modern roadside signs; through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fortieth annual exhibition, consisting of oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-ninth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about seventy members and guests, including Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, and Ibram Lassaw; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings and other works by Ivan Albright; through Sunday, March 21.... ¶ "Art: USA," the S. C. Johnson & Son collection of contemporary American paintings; starting Wednesday, March 24. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, March 22-23, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 18: "Vanessa," with Mary Costa, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "Tosca," with Maria Callas, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, Clifford Harvuot, and Lawrence Davidson. (A benefit performance; listed for the record only, since all seats have been sold.)... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Elena Cernei, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and Louis Sgarro.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Joann Grillo, Bruno Prevedi, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Monday evening, March 22: "Vanessa," with Mary Costa, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 23: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 24: "Die Walküre," with Anita Valkki, Régine Crespin, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Jerome Hines, and Ernst Wiemann.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 25: "Tosca," with Maria Callas, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, Clifford Harvuot, and Lawrence Davidson.... ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Samson et Dalila," with Arturo Sergi, William Walker, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "*Madame Butterfly*," with Dorothy Kirsten, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Turandot," with Gladys Kuchta, Licia Albanese, Sándor Kónya, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, March 18, at 8: The company's première of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street."... ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8:15: "The

Peck & Peck

Photographed at Casa Castellana, New York.

HABERDASHER
At Peck + Peck

Spring's new season-starters for the Peck & Peck Jr.

Our own Haberdasher skimmer with a low roll collar, in tapestry-print cotton shaped
by a deep oval yoke; red on navy, or blue on green; 5 to 15, *25.00*
And the travel talents of all Dacron® polyester with permanent
cluster pleats; in pale yellow, skipper navy or powder blue; 5 to 15, *30.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

Cartier

FROM THE
MODEST TO THE
MAGNIFICENT

Cartier engagement rings at every price, but with one standard of quality, the best. Shown: diamond and platinum solitaires from $525 to $120,000.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND,
NEW YORK · PLAZA 3-0111
CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH
CARTIER, S.A., PARIS
CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8:15, and Sunday, March 21, at 2:30: "Die Dreigroschenoper."... ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 8:15: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi").... ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8:15: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English).... ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: The première of Jack Beeson's "Lizzie Borden."... ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 27, at 2:30: "Die Dreigroschenoper."... ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:15: "Il Trittico." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, April 4.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Friday, March 19, at 2:15; Saturday, March 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 21, at 3 (all with Abbey Simon, piano).... ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, March 25, at 8:30; Friday, March 26, at 2:15; Saturday, March 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 28, at 3 (no soloists).

Baltimore Symphony—Peter Herman Adler directing, with the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Georges Prêtre conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—At Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Dunn conducting the final concerts of the season—Friday, March 19, at 8:30: A Mozart-Handel program, with Roberta Peters, soprano.... ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8:30: An all-Beethoven program, with John Browning, piano.

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the last two in a series of concerts, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Agustin Anievas, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—David Katz and José Serebrier conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 3, and Monday, March 22, at 8:40.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting the final concert of the season, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrel conducting a chamber orchestra in a Vivaldi-Mozart program, with Marilyn Tyler, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing the first American performance of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" in concert form, with Mary Munroe, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and Ara Berberian and Raymond Michalski, basses. The final performance of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)... ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Benvenuto Cellini," with Robert Peters in place of Mr. Gedda, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), on Friday, March 19, at 8.

American Opera Society—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski directing Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" in concert form, with Christa Ludwig and Betty Allen, mezzo-sopranos; Richard Cassilly, tenor; and Walter Berry, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Anton Neyder directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Takako Nishizaki—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Lenox Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider's String Quintet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Juilliard String Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, March 21, at 4:30.)... ¶ New York String Sextet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—A group made up of principals of the Boston Symphony, in the last in a series of concerts. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, March 22, at 8:40.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-65—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Teo Macero and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Nieuw Amsterdam Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie's band, Bud Powell, Sonny Rollins, J. J. Johnson, Sonny Stitt, Coleman Hawkins, and others; Nat Hentoff, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves Eastern Championships finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 19, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.... ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 20. ... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 17.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—"Music for the Theater," the fifth in a series of six offerings, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 20, at 3.)

Ballet—The American Ballet Theatre presenting three programs primarily for children. Saturday, March 20: "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "Etudes."... ¶ Sunday, March

21: "Peter and the Wolf" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27: "Giselle" and "Graduation Ball." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Afternoons at 2:15.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MAYFAIR THEATRE:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **STORY TIME DANCE THEATRE:** "Sokar and the Crocodile." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 27, at 2:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 21, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 20, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

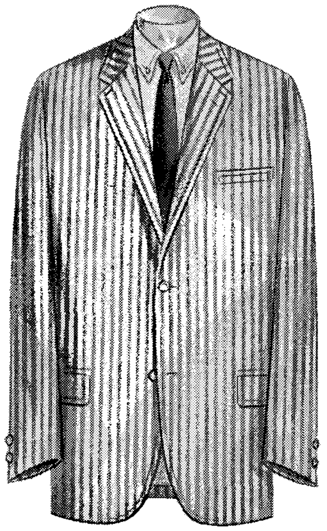
NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Wain reading from his as yet unpublished long poem "Wild Track." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, March 22, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Louis Simpson and Gary Snyder reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 18, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Dufy, Eisendieck, Edzard, and Rouault; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 1:45: English furniture and decorative objects, belonging to Mrs. Edward F. Hutton and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 1:45: French and English furniture, Tiffany glass, and decorations; the property of Clifford G. LaCrosse and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 20.



for undergraduates home on vacation
OUR EXCLUSIVE, GOOD-LOOKING CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

Our new selection includes tropical suits and lightweight worsted sport jackets for Spring in interesting designs and colorings...as well as wash-and-wear suits and sportwear for warm weather. All reflect our distinctive styling and good taste, and are moderately priced for quality merchandise.

OUR UNIVERSITY SHOP *(sizes 35 to 42)*
Tropical Suits, $65 *and* $70 · *Washable Suits, from* $45
Lightweight Odd Jackets, from $27.50 · *Blazers,* $50
Chino Odd Trousers, $9.50; *Flannels,* $21.50

OUR "346" DEPARTMENT *(sizes 36 to 46)*
Regular Weight Suits, from $100 · *Tropicals, from* $90
Worsted Sport Jackets, $65 · *Odd Trousers, from* $27.50
Cotton Oxford Shirts, $6 *and* $6.50

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 20. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 23, tentative.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through March 21, last showing that day at 4. . . . ¶ DeMille, 7th Ave., at 47th, CO 5-8431; through March 23.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Love Goddesses—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines, astonishingly various in their beauty, dress, and deportment. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through March 23. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting March 24.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. The handiwork of Michael Roemer and Robert Young, it stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 23.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through March 24, tentative.)

36 Hours—A winningly outrageous melodrama of the Second World War, starring James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. George Seaton directed. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 22.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 23.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 18.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 18.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 19-22.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 23.)

Cleopatra (1963)—High life in Lower Egypt, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 23.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 19-21.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 23.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 24.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting March 24.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 20-21.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 19-21.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 19.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; March 20-23.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 19.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 18.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of childhood in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 21-22, last showing on March 22 at 2:18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 18.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 18.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 19.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 19.)

The Savage Eye (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 18.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 19-22.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 22, at 8 and 10:45.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting March 24.)

Two Daughters (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 23.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; March 20-23.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney as a fugitive jailbird and his girl. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 22, at 6:45 and 9:30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through March 20: "The Curse of the Cat People" (1944), with Simone Simon and Kent Smith. . . . ¶ March 21-24: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), with Frances Dee and James Ellison. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 23: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From March 24: To be announced.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through March 23: **GOLDFINGER.**
From March 24: "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
36 HOURS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 23: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.
From March 24: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
From March 18, at 8:15: "Samurai Assassin" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 23: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival.
From March 24: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through March 24 (tentative): **THE SERVANT**; and "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
GOLDFINGER.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 23 (tentative): "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
From March 24 (tentative): "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through March 19: **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival; and **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival.
March 20-23: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW**, revival.
From March 24: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
36 HOURS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 21 (last showing that day at 4): **GOLDFINGER.**
From March 21, at 8:30: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 23: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.
From March 24: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through March 23: "One Way Pendulum," Eric Sykes.
From March 24: **THE LOVE GODDESSES.**

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through March 23: **THE LOVE GODDESSES.**
From March 24: "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
March 18: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival.
March 19-21: **JULES AND JIM** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
March 22: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From March 23: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
GOLDFINGER.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 23 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From March 24 (tentative): "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
GOLDFINGER.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 23: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.
From March 24: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 23: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
From March 24: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 18: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
March 19-22: **BREATHLESS** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
From March 23: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 23: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
From March 24: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 19: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.
March 20-21: **HENRY V**, revival.
March 22-23: "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.
From March 24: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 23: **CLEOPATRA**, revival.
From March 24: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
GOLDFINGER.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 20: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.
March 21-23: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 24: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

23 CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 22: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.
March 23: "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; and "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From March 24: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BANANA PEEL (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 18: **THE SAVAGE EYE**, revival; and "The Great Escape," revival, Steve McQueen, James Garner.
March 19: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
March 20: "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
March 21-22 (last showing on March 22 at 2:18): **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS**, revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
March 22, at 6:45 and 9:30: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and **YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**, revival.
March 23-24: "The Great Man Votes," revival, John Barrymore; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
GOLDFINGER.

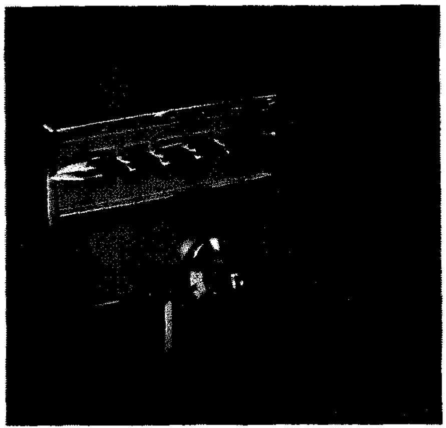
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 18: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
March 19-22: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
From March 23: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.

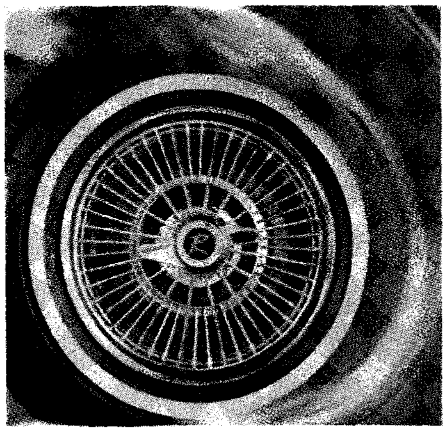
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 23: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.
From March 24: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

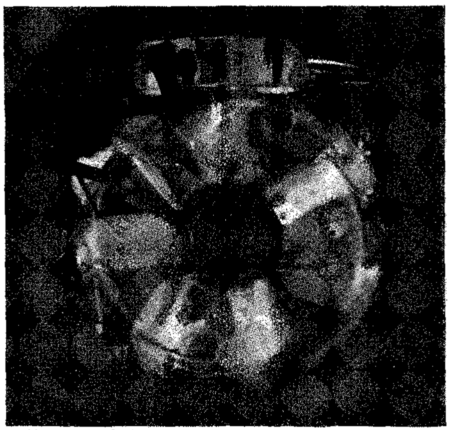
London Fog's suave Saxon with the natural shoulder—rain, wind and salt-water resistant in our exclusive Cloister Cloth blended of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton. Bone, olive, black or blue coal $37.50.

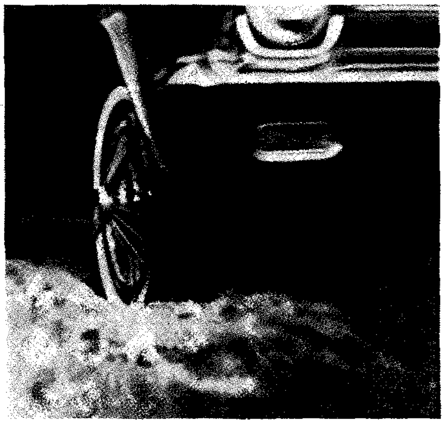
London Fog®
BALTIMORE 11, MD.

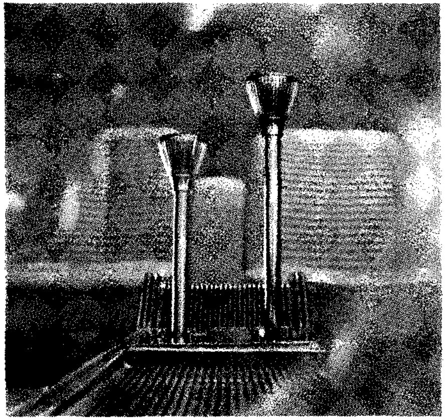
RAMBLER—3 SIZES FOR '65 • AMBASSADOR—LARGEST, FINEST NEW RAMBLER • CLASSIC—NEW INTERMEDIATE-SIZE RAMBLER • AMERICAN—THE COMPACT ECONOMY KING

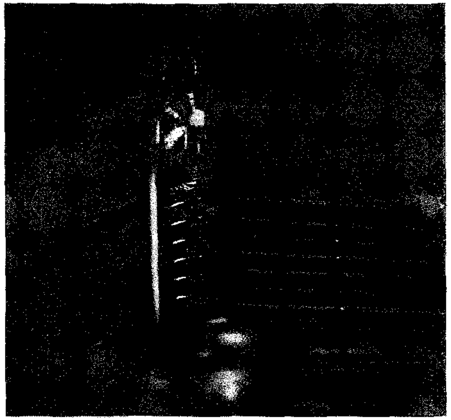

Power-Lift Windows*

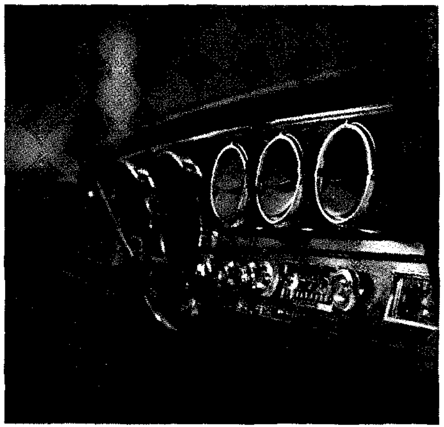

Wire-wheel covers with spinners


V-8's up to 270 hp*

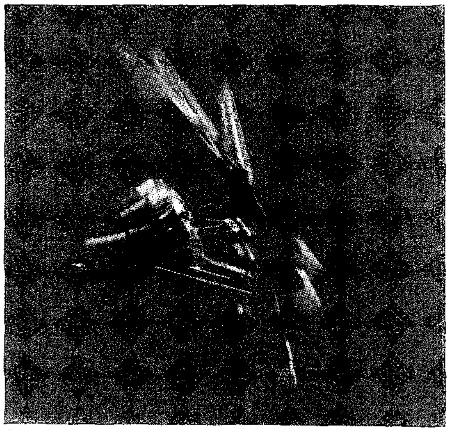

Water-safe Disc Brakes*


Twin-Stick Floor Shift


Style, unlimited


All-Season Air Conditioning

Reclining Bucket Seats


7-position Adjust-O-Tilt steering wheel*

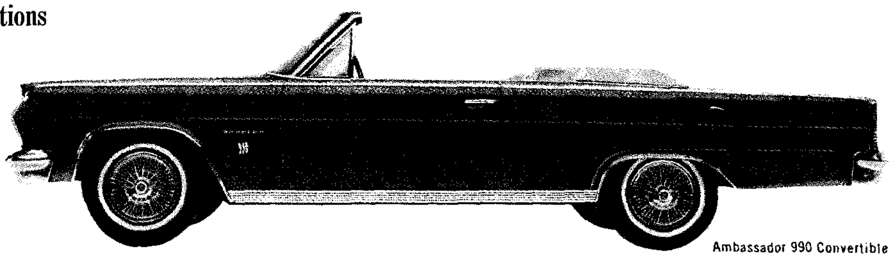
*Ambassador. Classic Only.

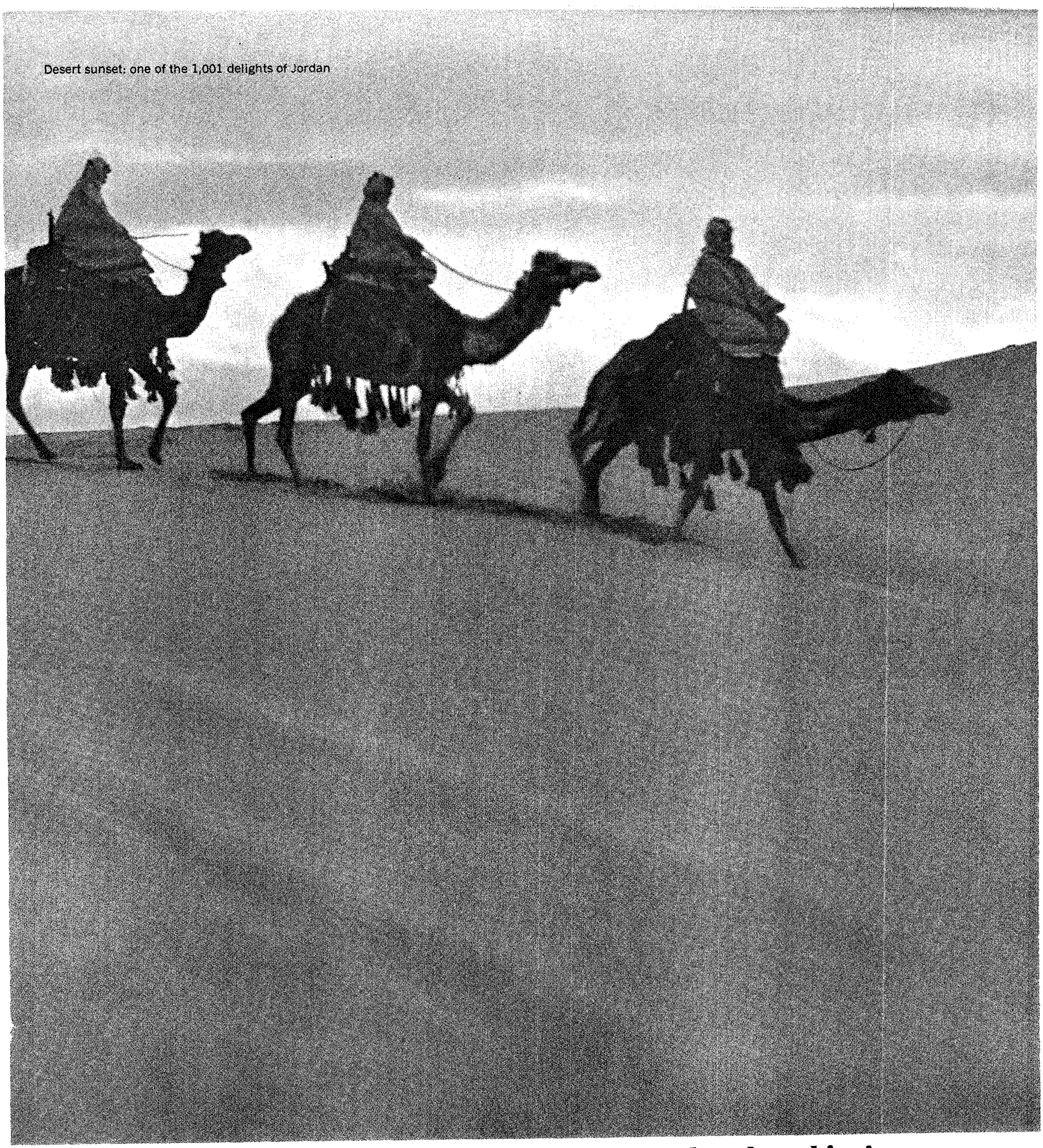
Rambler, I didn't think you were that kind of car!

Of course I heard about all that good solid Rambler stuff... the tough and silent Unit Construction, the Deep-Dip rustproofing, the Ceramic-Armored exhaust system and all those other Extra Values that come with a Rambler, without one penny extra cost. But now, I take a good close look... and Whap! You hit me right in the eye with a glamor department loaded with sporty touches, impressive extras, and the dressy options pictured that no other car quite comes up to. No wonder they thought up that name...

The Sensible Spectaculars
RAMBLER '65

AMERICAN MOTORS—DEDICATED TO EXCELLENCE


Ambassador 990 Convertible



Desert sunset: one of the 1,001 delights of Jordan

Travel 2,000 years—just an hour from your hotel pool in Amman

Hard to believe, as you stand here, that in less than an hour you can be dining in a night club in Amman, Jordan's capital. Or that an hour ago you were lolling by a filtered pool at your hotel.

There is a timeless mood of the desert that no traveler to Jordan should miss. Close your eyes, and you could be one of Lawrence's men. Or a Roman soldier, crossing these same pink sands in 30 B.C.

Jordan is full of experiences like this. You shift backward and forward in time—from a Caliph's palace to air-conditioning. And history is capsuled so *compactly* in Jordan. (The whole country would fit inside the state of Indiana). Roughly fifty miles from where the photograph above was taken lies Jericho, where Joshua fought his battle… the Dead Sea Caves, where the famous Scrolls were discovered … the Dead Sea itself. To the north lie the incredible Roman ruins of Jerash … and to the south is the rock-carved city of Petra, which Antony once gave to Cleopatra. To the west lies ancient Jerusalem … and Bethlehem.

And modern Jordan is a happy land of proud, busy people—who like Americans. The climate ranges from temperate, in hill-top Jerusalem, to tropical, in the Jordan River Valley, to the clear sparkle of desert nights. Best of all, *all* of Jordan is just a few hours by plane from Europe's cities, or you can go by ship to the Eastern Mediterranean. Prices are low. And the "second language" is English. Discover Jordan this year—it will stay with you a lifetime.

For free Jordan folders, write Jordan Travel Information, Box NY-35, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y. Tel: PL 5-3431 (Code 212). Or see your travel agent.

HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

SOLID-STATE 40-WATT EIA AMPLIFIER,
GARRARD CUSTOM PROFESSIONAL CHANGER,
AIR-SUSPENSION SPEAKER SYSTEM

Putting these custom-matched components in a portable is like putting a handle on Carnegie Hall

The Exponent 4/40 by Sylvania
If you can't make room for a console—and won't settle for less than professional quality in your stereo system—congratulations! You've just discovered the incomparable Exponent 4/40. It sounds like a high-quality chain of balanced components. Because *it is.* Listen:

40-Watt EIA Solid-State Amplifier
70-watts peak. Enough power in reserve for cleanest response at all levels from both channels. Solid lows. Crisp mid-ranges. Full, round highs. And, because it's solid-state, it packs its power in space that belies its mighty performance.

Air-Suspension Speakers
This is the air-sealed system that permits professional-quality performance in limited space. 4 speakers are enclosed in sealed extendable compartments that snap into the compact carrying cabinet.

Garrard Custom Professional Changer
The world-famous automatic changer that meets precision component requirements. 11-in. weighted turntable. Shielded 4-pole motor assures correct musical pitch, minimum hum. High-compliance ceramic cartridge.

The Exponent 4/40, in a padded, leather-grained case. Accessory jacks for headphones, tape and tuner. For a copy of "An Introduction to Sylvania Stereo," send 25c to: Sylvania, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 7, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y. Look for your Sylvania Dealer in the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N. Y.

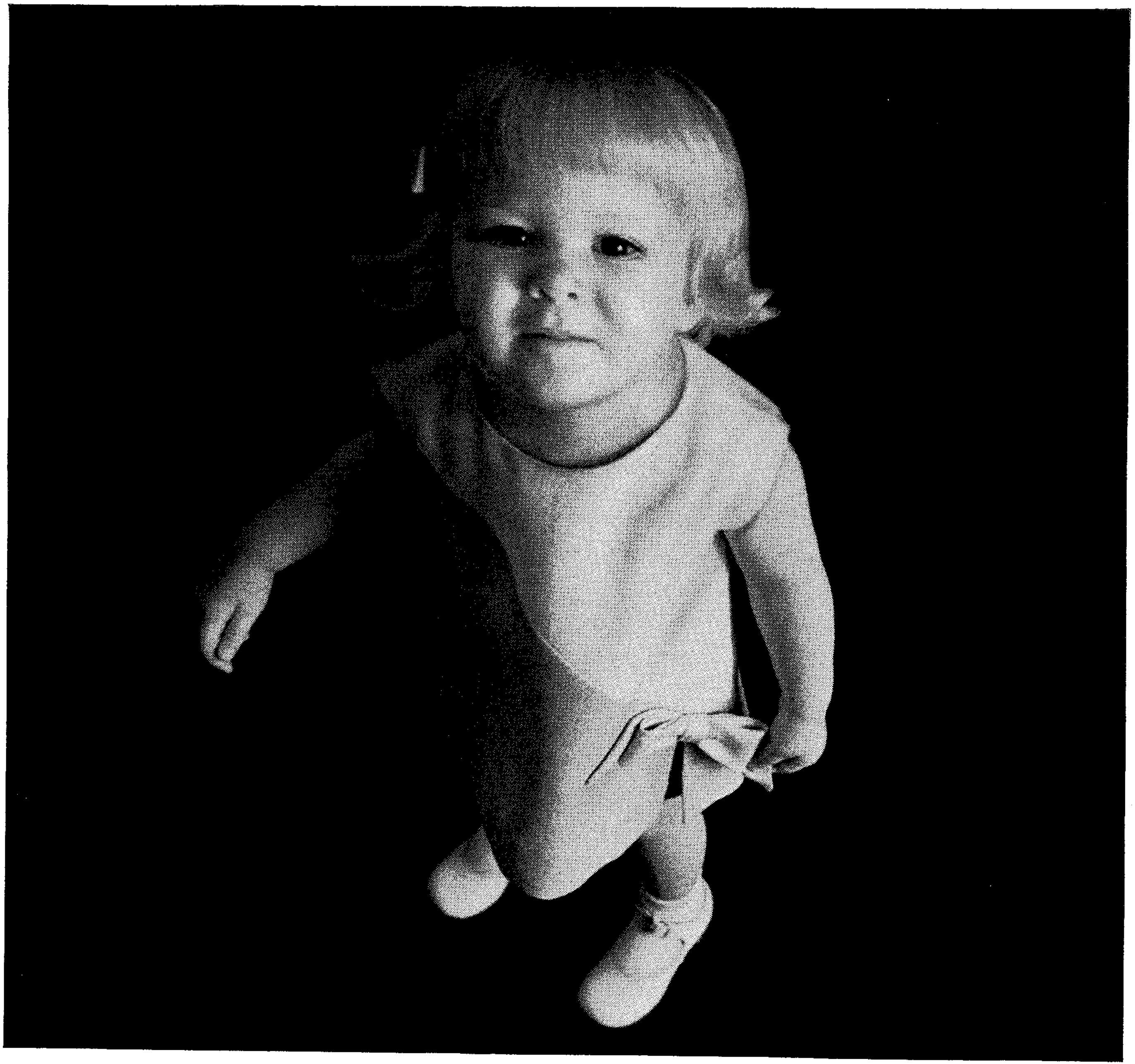
SYLVANIA a flair for elegance
SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

We'd love to introduce you to Caron's new Cologne Parfumée Spray.

May we?

Mais oui!

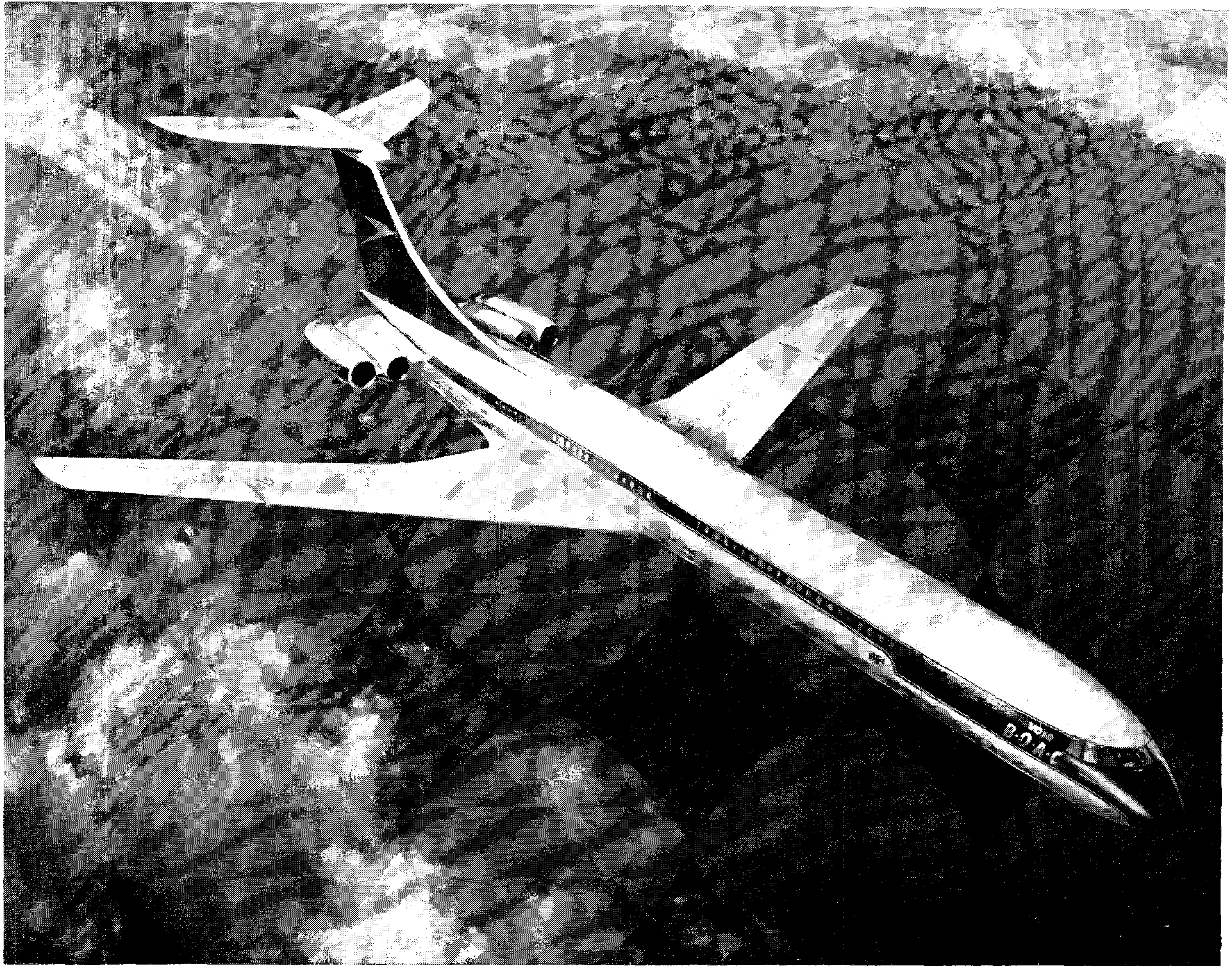
New Cologne Parfumée Spray by Parfums Caron, Paris. 2¼ oz., only $4.25. Filled...and re-fillable...your choice of:
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE NUIT DE NOEL BELLODGIA MUGUET



if you wear a size 2
you can have a Bill Blass original
for $^{\$}11^{00}$

Not that the status matters. It's the style. A pity you can't let out the seams and wear it yourself. But take it home to your Toddler, Kindergartner or School Girl. Two to twelve. These are the sizes that bloom by the roomful in our spring and summer collections. Dresses, suits and coats of many famous labels to put on your little girl. She's only that dressed up when someone shops for her at Field's in Chicago. Children's Apparel, Fourth Floor. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company



On April 2nd, BOAC moves six years ahead of any other airline. The BOAC Super VC 10 takes off for London.

Triumphantly swift, silent, serene.

Up to now, all transatlantic jets have had their engines on the wings. Now comes the first really big "second generation" transatlantic jet. It's totally different from any big jet now flying. The jets are in the tail. This way the wings are left clean, so they lift better. (The BOAC Super VC 10 gets off the ground almost 25% quicker than anything now flying the North Atlantic. And it lands over 20 mph slower.) The jets are bigger. They're grown-up versions of the Rolls-Royce Conway fan jet; by far the world's most reliable engine. (In fact, they're the most powerful airline engines in the world.) And, with the four jets in the rear, the cabin is astonishingly quiet. You can talk without raising your voice. Even the air you breathe is different in BOAC's Super VC 10. It's the first aircraft to be totally air-conditioned. (Never gets stuffy when you're waiting on the ground.) And then there's the new BOAC Super VC 10 seat. For the first time you get plenty of leg room, even in economy class. But don't just take our word for it. Call your Travel Agent and fly the BOAC Super VC 10. On April 2nd, the first one leaves from New York for London.

Fly the BOAC Super VC 10 to London and Bermuda daily from New York. It starts flying to both places on April 2 and costs you no more than on ordinary jets. Only $300* round trip to London and $95 round trip to Bermuda on BOAC's 17-day economy fare. And don't forget the nicest thing about flying with British Overseas Airways Corporation is still our people. Our warm, friendly, incredibly courteous people. Once you fly with us you'll know what we mean.

All over the world BOAC takes good care of you

B·O·A·C

AND

B·O·A·C-CUNARD

Services operated for BOAC-CUNARD by BOAC

*14/21-day midweek economy fare not applicable during certain peak summer periods.

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

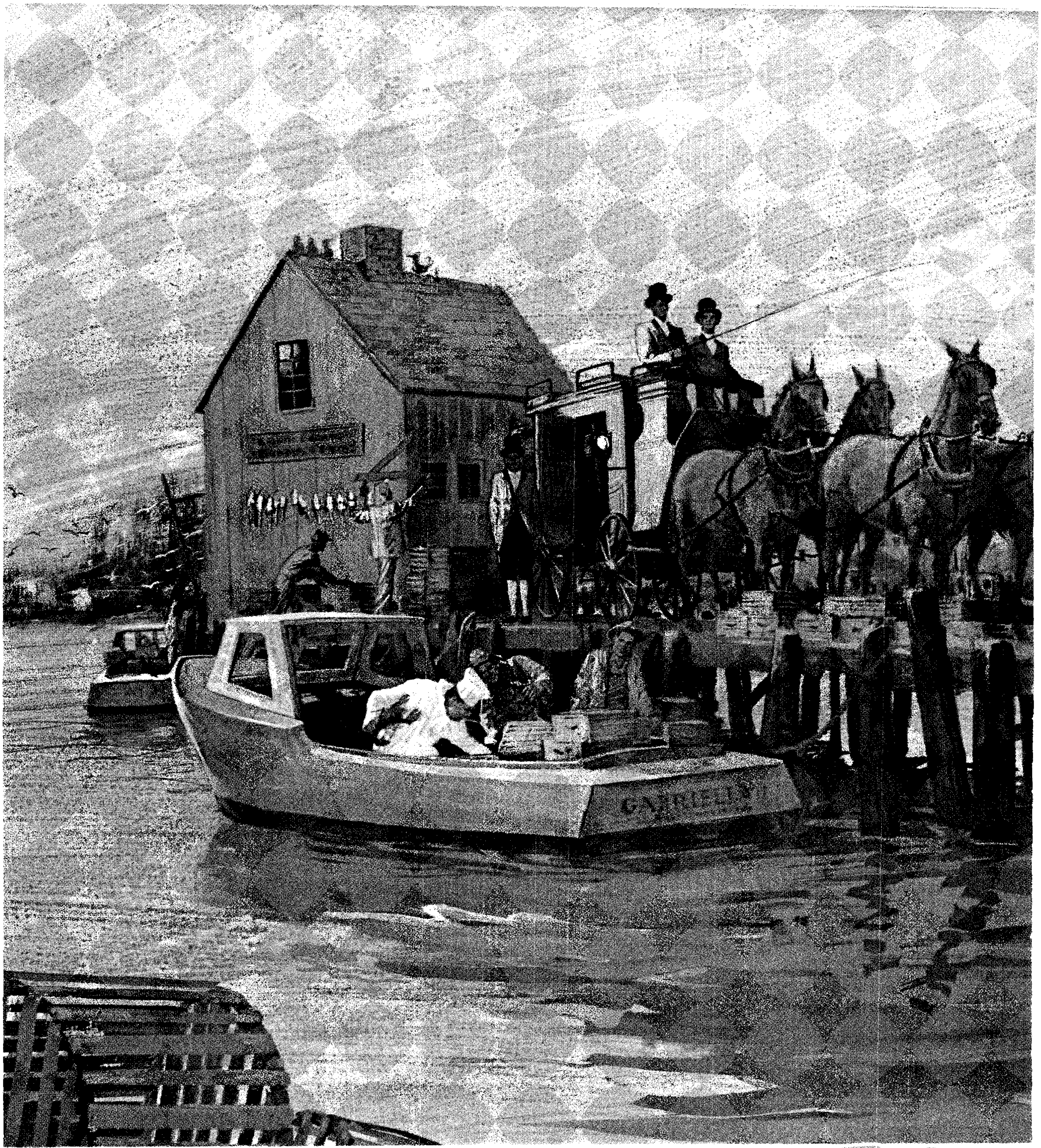
Haig
SCOTCH WHISKY
in every Home

AT HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

*We English.

The Scots distill **Haig**—
we jolly well drink **Haig.**
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller is **Haig.**
You'll find **Haig**
to your taste, too.

HAIG & HAIG
SCOTCH WHISKY



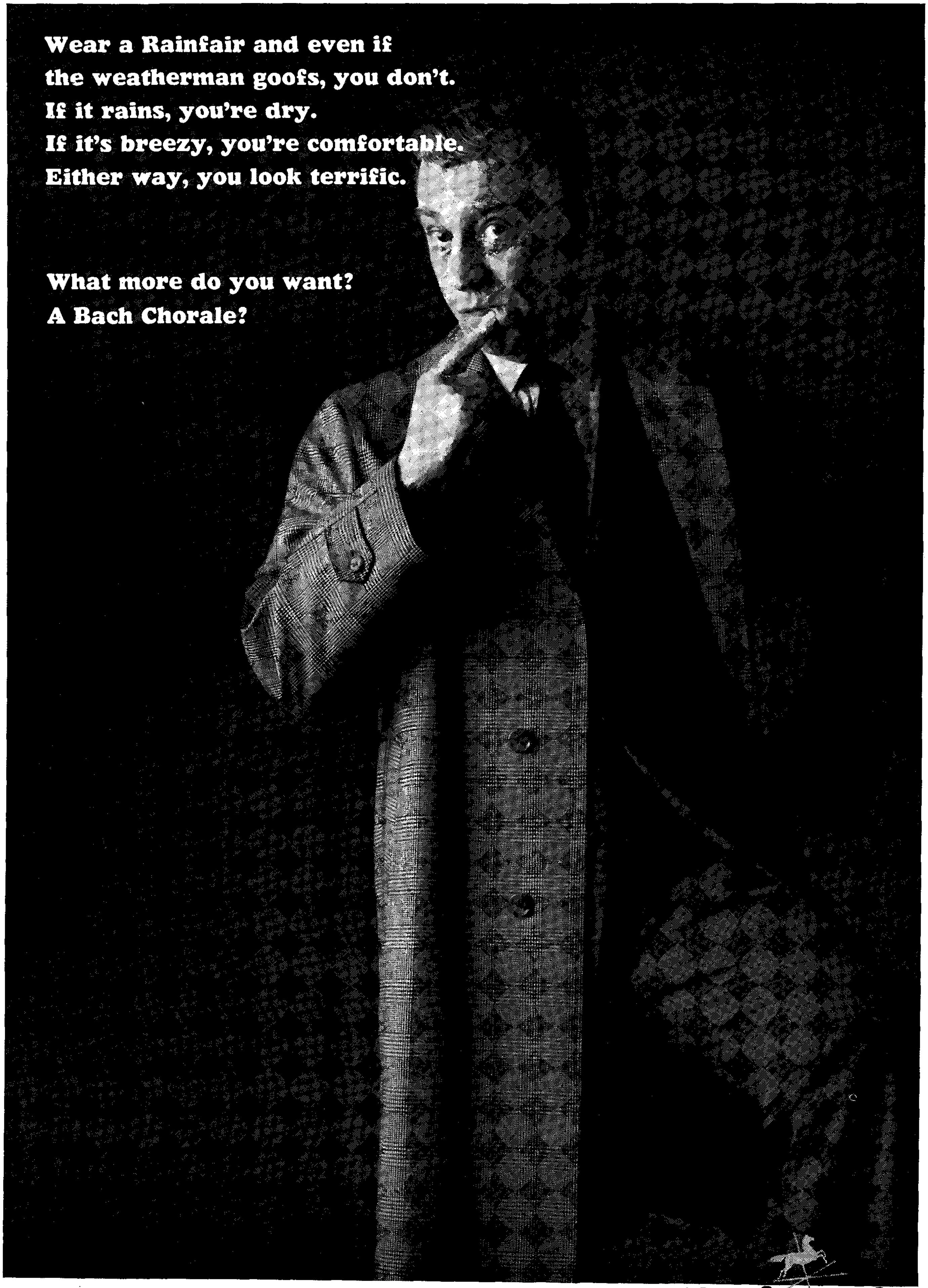
The Red Coach Chef keeps a downeast rendezvous

Finicky is the word for the Red Coach Chef when it comes to choosing lobsters. But, Heaven knows, the man has perfected eight masterly ways to prepare them. Gather some friends, come share our table and learn for yourself why particular people come back to the Red Coach... often.

There are now 15 Red Coach Grills in New England, New York, Chicago, and Florida.

Red Coach Grill

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company


Wear a Rainfair and even if
the weatherman goofs, you don't.
If it rains, you're dry.
If it's breezy, you're comfortable.
Either way, you look terrific.

What more do you want?
A Bach Chorale?

The Rainfair Grand Prix in a variety of soft, muted checks or plaids. 65% Dacron® polyester blended with 35% combed cotton, treated with Scotchgard® Rain and Stain Repeller, fully lined. $35 at fine stores. (As part of its continuing program to promote togetherness, Rainfair also offers the Lady Grand Prix.)

Rainfair
RAIN\TOPCOATS
Rainfair, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

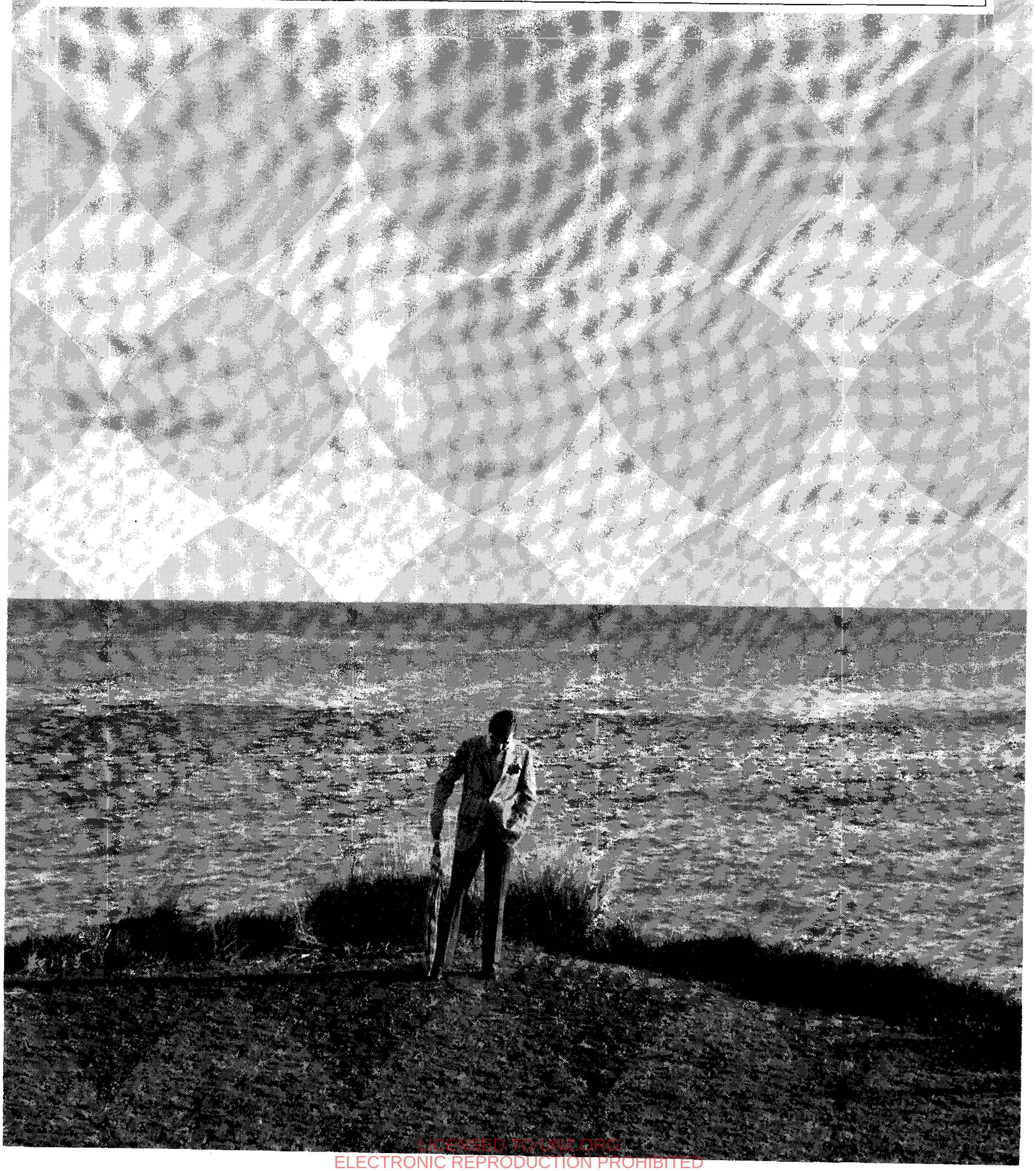
Don't miss the boat!

If you like the taste of salt air . . . If you enjoy being treated like royalty . . . If you'd like to order champagne for breakfast . . . or bring seventeen suitcases . . . or catch up on your reading . . . or learn the Watusi . . . or meet a celebrity . . . or have your back rubbed . . . If you want to get to Europe rested, refreshed, and rarin' to go . . . *Don't miss the boat!*

Superb food, air-conditioned stateroom, legendary service, dancing, swimming, deck sports, parties, movies, a great crowd, exhilarating sea air, huge luggage allowance, and more—*all included in the price of your ticket!* For information and reservations, call your Travel Agent or UNITED STATES LINES, One Broadway, New York, New York 10004.

ss United States

For meandering about Mid-Ocean, Norman Hilton suggests
a plaid jacket of handsome, hand-woven India silk. The rich, rough texture of Tussah silk, woven on primitive hand looms, and a subtle blend of Bhagalpur dyes give this natural line jacket rare character and distinction. Its tastefully understated tailoring and soft, unpadded construction make it lightweight, cool, very comfortable to wear and quite correct for any casual occasion. About $125.00 at selected men's stores. For one near you, write Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.



LEONTYNE PRICE
in Verdi's
La Forza del Destino
Richard Tucker • Robert Merrill
Shirley Verrett • Giorgio Tozzi
Ezio Flagello
RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus
Thomas Schippers
Conductor
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
RCA VICTOR
RED SEAL
DYNAGROOVE
RECORDING

The Force of Destiny
Leontyne Price · Richard Tucker · Robert Merrill · Shirley Verrett
Giorgio Tozzi · Ezio Flagello
RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus · Thomas Schippers, Conductor
RCA Victor
The most trusted name in sound

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

The fabulous feeling of excitement that is Hong Kong can be yours. But there is so much to see and do and time is so precious that you must plan your stay well. **Tours:** The main tours are around Hong Kong Island, through the rural areas of the New Territories, water tours within the harbour and to Aberdeen, and a Night tour. **Transport:** Cheapest in the world, 5 miles by bus for HK20¢; ferries, rickshaws, hire cars and taxis are cheap and abundant. **Food:** Superb Chinese food; also restaurants specializing in every type of European cuisine. **Shopping:** Great variety and exciting. The tax-free port ensures bargains. **Accommodation:** Nearly 7,000 fully air-conditioned hotel rooms from single accommodation to luxurious suites. **Highlights:** View from the peak of Hong Kong Island. Dinner at the Aberdeen floating restaurants. Tiger Balm Gardens. Old Chinese villages. A ride in the Peak Tram. For comprehensive material write to the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Box 2597, G.P.O. Hong Kong, B.C.C.

SNUFF
SWIFT

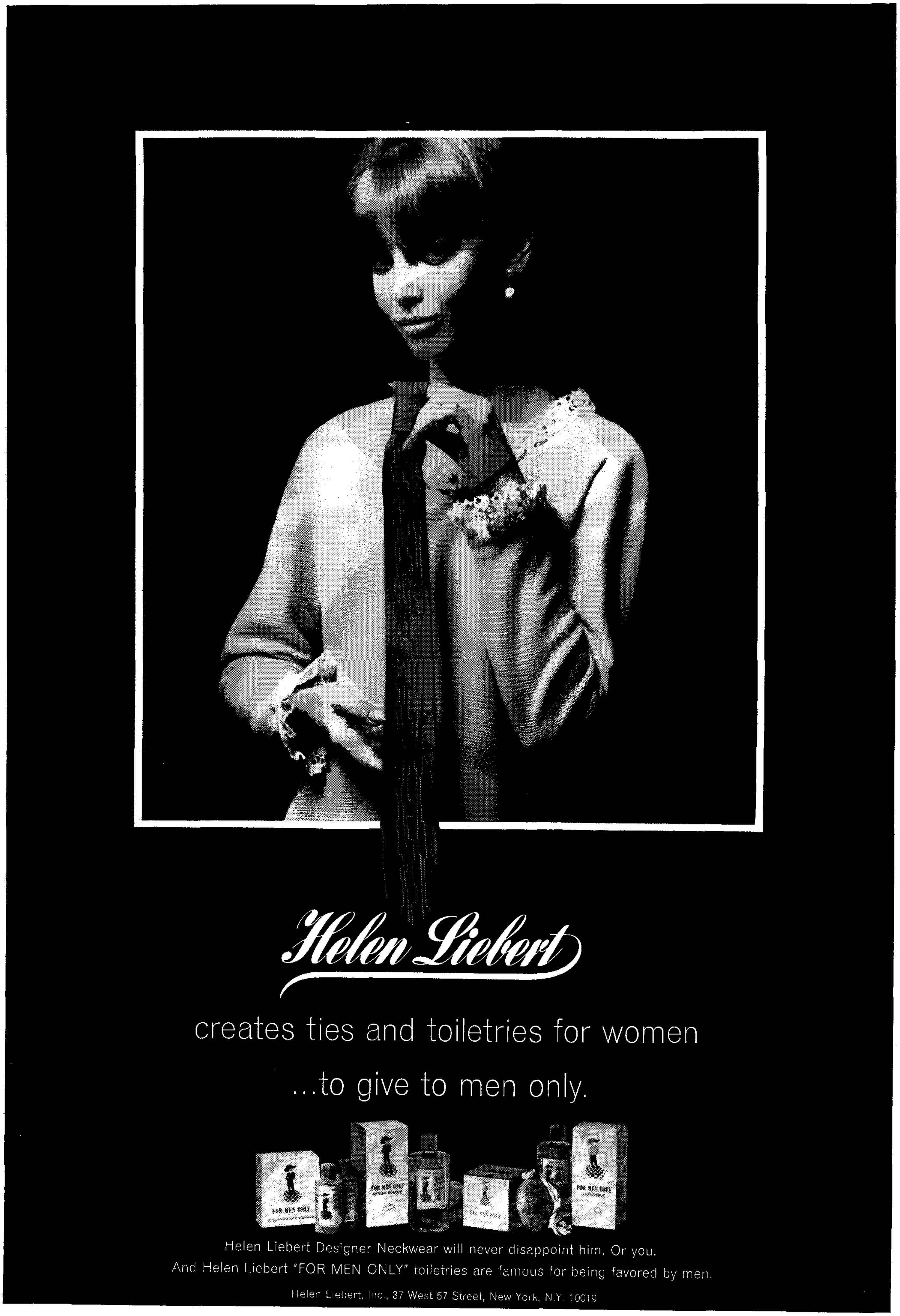
[At Last: Positive Protection Against Fallout]

EAGLE ASKS:
IS YOUR TROMBLEE UP TO SNUFF?

NOT unless you rushed the season and bought one yesterday. ★ Up To Snuff is the newest shade in Eagle's galaxy of Tromblees, which are button-down Oxfords with button-down pockets. Other timely colors are Great Father White, Taxes Rose Yellow, and Blue. All these come in short sleeves. ★ (Let's do the rest of the hard sell here so we don't have to drag it in by its shirttails later: Tromblees are sold, at about $6.50, wherever Eagle Shirts are sold. If this doesn't help you much write Miss Afflerbach at the address below and she will say where in your town.) ★ Now, as you recall, the Tromblee was introduced to discourage people from bumming your cigarettes. Nor is that its only virtue. It will also keep your pen or snuffbox from falling out when you are doing yoga exercises or bending over to tie your shoelaces! ★ Say, we never did explain about Up To Snuff as a color, did we? Well, Snuff*, though elegant, is pretty dark as a solid hue so we got our Tromblee as close up to it as we could and still have you wild to buy one.

*Have you ever seen any snuff? We mean the fancy, sniffing snuff as in Tom Jones. Send us $1.50 and we'll send you a snuffboxfull of Dean Swift Fancy with directions for sniffing; all in a Bull Afflerbach bag.

© 1965, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



Helen Liebert

creates ties and toiletries for women

...to give to men only.

Helen Liebert Designer Neckwear will never disappoint him. Or you.
And Helen Liebert "FOR MEN ONLY" toiletries are famous for being favored by men.

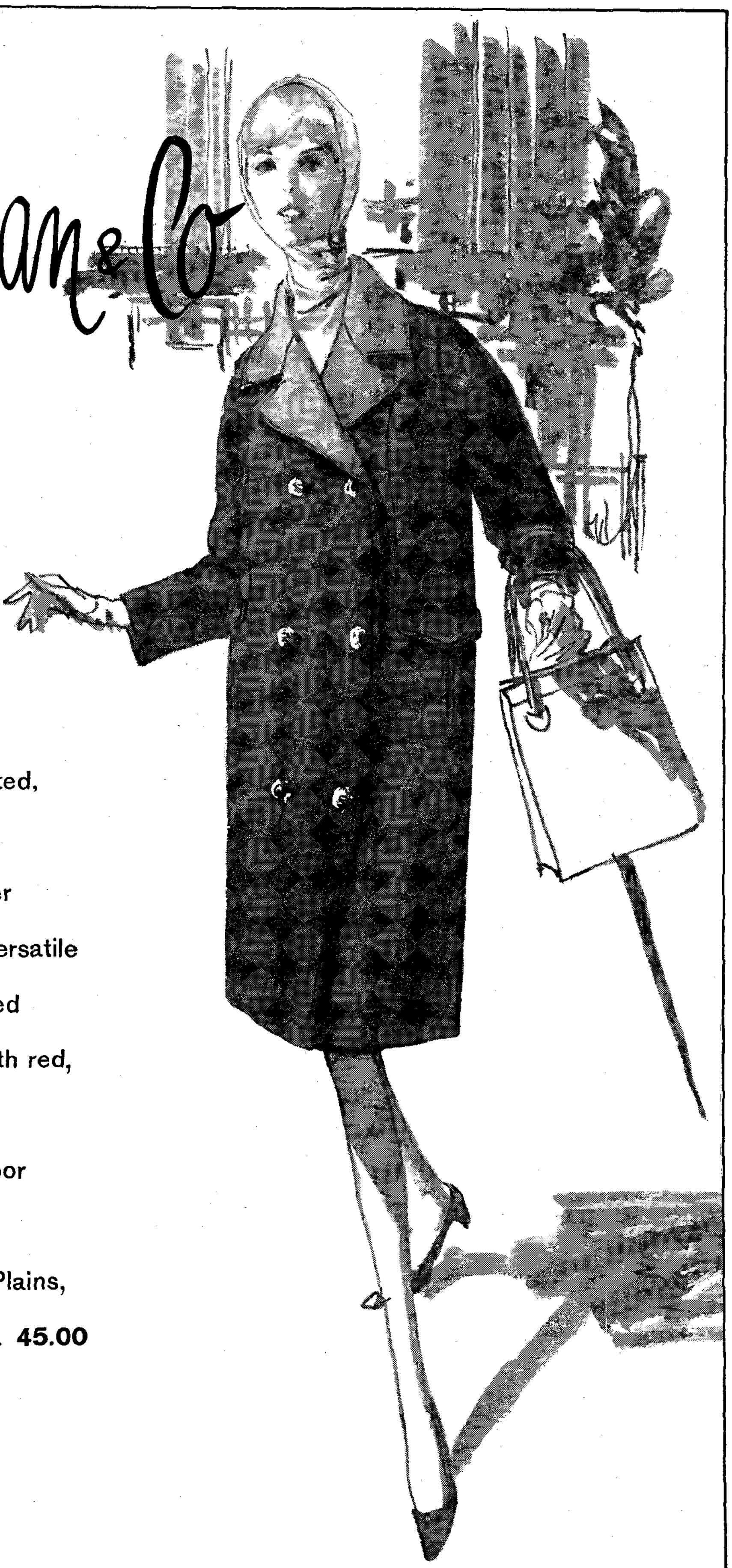
Helen Liebert, Inc., 37 West 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

FOR MEN ONLY
FOR MEN ONLY
AFTER SHAVE
FOR MEN ONLY
FOR MEN ONLY

B Altman & Co

Our newsy travel coat!

Double-breasted, back-belted, trimmed with contrasting color . . . showers will never dampen the spirit of this versatile coat. Laminated and bonded worsted jersey . . . navy with red, camel-color with cream or all red. 6 to 16. Third floor raincoats, Fifth Avenue, [212] MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **45.00**

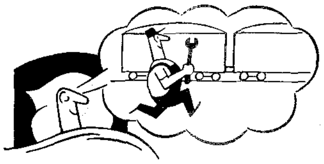


THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A HIGH-SPEED rail system between Washington and Boston is one of the many dreams occupying the thoughts of the nation's dreamers these days, and we are dreaming right along with them. A long piece in the *Times* recently spoke of "getting free of old concepts," and of adopting "wholly new modes and systems of transportation." Knowing railroad men from way back, we felt pretty sure that if we kept reading along in this story we would find them up to their old tricks, dreaming of what they really love: buckling and unbuckling cars. Sure enough, near the end of the piece we came on this: "One novel time-saving scheme under consideration would adapt the in-flight rendezvous principle now being worked out for space ships. Instead of the entire train pulling in and out of such important way stations as Wilmington, Trenton, and New London, for example, cars could be dropped off at sidings for those destinations without a slowdown, and other cars would zip out of those same stations and overtake and couple onto the mainliner with little loss of speed." You see? Unless there's some coupling going on, a railroad man is miserable. A journey in which the same cars that started the race finish it is dull sport for him. And the episode in space that stirs him is the rendezvous—the backing and filling of the vehicles as one nudges the other. Beautiful dreamer, wake unto us!

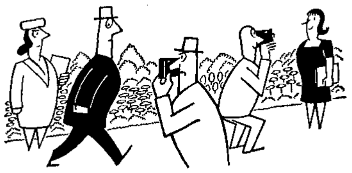


It is almost a sure bet that the resuscitation of railroading will be on too modest a scale—that the planning will embrace too short a term and too small an area. By the time the new high-speed train is in operation between cities of the East, it will almost certainly be approaching obsolescence even as it approaches Boston. We advise the dreamers to look ahead a hundred years, not ten, and come up with something as fabulous as the automobile. We offer five tips for reviving the rails. First, high speed is less important than sustained speed. Trains, even today, can go quite fast, but they seldom keep at it for more than a few minutes at a stretch—something always comes up. Second, take the hard knocks out of railroading; it should be a glide, not a wrestling match. Third, take the punishment out of mealtime. A glance into the galley of a dining car is often enough to destroy a man's appetite: the unbearable heat, the hard-pressed cook perspiring into the mayonnaise, the filthy floor. The cook on a train should be out in the open, like a bartender. He should be a wizard with the casserole, and there should be no time-consuming elaborations, such as tablecloths that are in need of being changed and little side dishes of vegetables that were calcified before they ever left home. Train meals should be less ambitious, more edible. Fourth, don't put a railroad train in a tube, as one dreamer is recommending. Travel is not solely for the purpose of arriving—there should be pleasures along the way, and a window on the world. Fifth, invent a train that will carry our automobile, complete with children, dogs, and parakeets. The most welcome sight for the traveller at the end of his journey is his own car. If we can put a man on the moon, we should be able to put an Impala on a train.

Phlox and Calendulas

ONE afternoon last week, we visited the New York Coliseum for the forty-fourth time since it opened, eight years and eleven months ago—this time for a tour of the two floors of exhibits in the forty-eighth annual International Flower Show. At the top of the escalator that runs up from the lobby to the main exhibit floor, we were instantly joined by a horde of flower lovers drifting aimlessly but with great determination in every direction at once. Instead of enjoying a leisurely stroll up and down the aisles and pausing frequently to admire an array of tulips or an idyllic bed of begonias, we found ourself marching for short distances with troops of Girl Scouts and Brownies carrying potted hyacinths, and racing past prodigious displays of roses, daffodils, marigolds, and geraniums among large families searching for exhibits that would amuse their unhappy children. ("I want to go home!" cried a little boy. "Not yet!" shrieked his mother. "We didn't see everything yet! There's a man selling seeds! Let's go buy some seeds!")

We ducked in front of several amateur flash photographers and dodged in and out among countless ladies' garden clubs, trying at the same time to avoid crushing lush orchids attached to relatively prosperous horticulturists who kept stopping abruptly to admire patches of phlox or clumps of calendulas. We were forced to stop briefly ourself in front of a sample garden decorated with a plaster Venus de Milo and a rather more functional classical statue holding a pot of ivy, but soon we were being swept along, past a display of miniature cacti and nineteen ladies and one man sitting in a row of chairs, until we finally came to rest at the counter of an until then undiscovered hot-dog stand in the northeast corner of the second floor. Hoping to admire the exhibits at a distance, we ordered a cup of coffee and looked around us. Opposite the hot-



dog stand was an area devoted to a display of contour chairs of an "exclusive, curvilinear, body-conforming design." Salesladies stood at the borders of the exhibit inviting passing pedestrians in to test the chairs. Farther west, four people in blue smocks were offering for sale "Living Portraits"—five dollars for a profile in color, three-fifty for a profile in charcoal. Two ladies hurried toward a stand selling Hug-a-Waist aprons—"figure flattering, clips on or off." "I hate the smell of hot dogs," one of them said.

We finished our coffee and wandered cautiously in the direction of the main exit, resisting along the way variously flavored chunks of fudge ("made the same delicious way for over seventy-one years"), pot cleaners shaped like oranges and lemons, a free Caribbean trip sponsored by the Book of Knowledge, a trip to Paris for two sponsored by the Encyclopedia Americana, and a fifteen-volume set of the junior version of the Britannica. We stopped long enough to pick up a pamphlet, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, on the dangers of the imported fire ant. In the northernmost section of the lobby, public-relations men and members of the Coliseum administration, all wearing white carnations and pink identification badges, were giving a party for the press in premature celebration of the start of the Coliseum's tenth year in business. Seven tables shaded by green umbrellas had been set up, and a miniature fountain on the bar flowed with vodka punch. We accepted a white identification badge and a drink, and promised our hosts to return for the impending International Electrical and Electronics Exposition.

* * *

SIGN *over the entrance of the Old Original Bucket of Blood Saloon,* in Virginia City, Nevada:

SNO-CONES NOT ALLOWED HERE

The Wrights

WE'VE just had a talk with Mr. Paul Wright, a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, an Officer of the Order of the British Empire, the director-general of the British Information Services, and the ninth head of this agency since 1941, when it was set up here—as the British Library of Information—by the late Sir Charles Webster. Mr. Wright, who is tall, dark, friendly, and urbane, was born in London in 1915, attended Westminster School, and, at eighteen, went to work for the John Lewis Partnership, Ltd., which he described as a chain of department stores resembling Bloomingdale's. "I first worked in its postal-order department, and by 1939 I was a buyer of mirrors," he said when we called on him and his wife in the Director-General's official apartment, on Park Avenue. "I had enlisted in the Territorial Army, so I was mobilized that August, before war broke out. My regiment was the 60th Rifles, which was founded in the eighteenth century in Canada as the Royal Americans, to fight the Indians; six Americans—among them Stewart Alsop—enlisted in my company." As Mrs. Wright offered us tea and sandwiches, Mr. Wright went on, "We were married in 1942. After the war, I stood for Parliament, as a Liberal, unsuccessfully, and then joined the Home Civil Service, from which I was transferred to the National Coal Board as assistant director of public relations. The Coal Board is the management of the coal industry; it recruits people for the mines. Its headquarters is in London, but I moved around quite a bit in the coal fields. Wonderful people, the miners."

Mr. Wright resigned in 1948 and became director of public relations for the Festival of Britain. "The preparations took three years," he said. "The Festival set the wheels going again for design and architecture, and so forth."

"The Festival was supposed to be a sort of postwar coat of paint," Mrs. Wright said.

"It gave a shot in the arm to British talent in the arts and sciences," said Mr. W. "My job was to sell its story all over the world."

"Paul got the O.B.E. for that," Mrs. Wright said.

In 1951, Mr. Wright joined the Foreign Service as press officer of the United Kingdom delegation to the United Nations. That took him to Paris and—in 1952, when the delegation moved here—to New York. "We lived in the Dakota, which was marvellous," he said. In 1954, he embarked on a two-year stint with a Foreign Office political department in London, and then on an eighteen-month stint in The Hague as First Secretary of the Embassy. Next came three years as head of the F. O.'s Information Policy Department ("He got the C.M.G. for that," Mrs. Wright said), and after that he went to Cairo as counsellor with the British Embassy, and then to Paris, again, as counsellor with the U.K. delegation to NATO. He assumed his present post last October, and we besought him for a word on it.

"It's the kind of job that need never stop," he said. "We have posts all over the country. I lecture quite a bit. The main object is to get Americans to understand British policy, and to give a picture of what is going on in Britain. I love New York—my wife was born an American—and I've noted a great change here in ten years. There seems to have been an enormous increase in knowledge about and interest in and opinions upon international affairs. American views are far more generally sophisticated and informed, and there's a greater acceptance of the role America has to play. Babs—my wife—often accompanies me on lecture tours and sometimes lectures *with* me. She used to be an M.P."

We accepted another cup of tea from Mrs. W., whose first name is Beatrice, and asked her how she had come to be an M.P. "I was born in New Haven, but my family comes from Boston," she said. "I went to Ethel Walker's and Radcliffe, and later to Oxford, where I became engaged to John R. Rathbone, an Oxford undergraduate. We were married in Boston and went back to England, where he later stood for Parliament. We nursed a constituency in Cornwall, and he won a 1935 election. He was the youngest member of the House of Commons. He joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, and was killed in 1940, in the first bombing raid he was in. I was asked to stand in his place by all three parties."

"She and Lady Astor were the only American-born members of Parliament." Mr. Wright said. "Our daughter Faith was the first child to be born to a female member in office. My wife's speciality is education. In our joint lectures, she talks about education."

"Sort of a panel," Mrs. Wright said. "Paul's great hobby is music."

"I was very lucky," Mr. Wright said. "It happened that when I went to Westminster School it was a very musical period there. I played the piano first, and then the French horn. It's still a relief to play the piano at the end of the day. It irons out one's wrinkles and gets rid of one's ulcers."

Comedown

THE wife of a prominent surgeon in the city recently hired a new cook, a formidable-appearing woman, who lost no time in informing her employer that she had last cooked for a Rockefeller. "This is the first time I've ever cooked for *working* people," she added.

Seminar

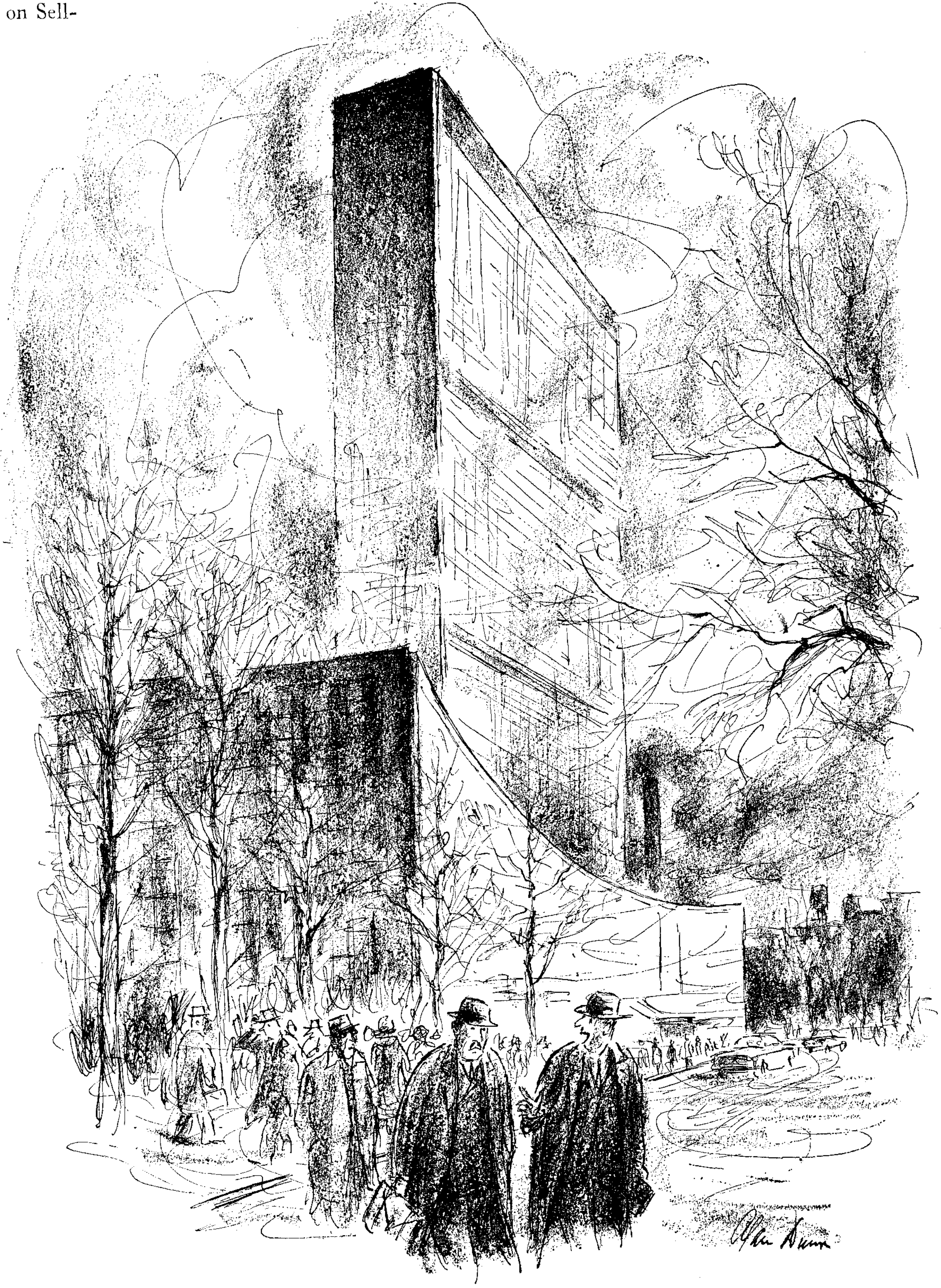
"TIN-LIZZIE Thinking Doesn't Belong in the Clothing Business!" That is just *one* of the axioms we picked up the other day while attending the Petrocelli Clothes Seminar on Selling Showpoints, which was held in tribute to Clothing Market Action—a two-week jamboree that brought about four thousand buyers into town from all over the country. Les Dember, the Petrocelli-clad Petrocelli man who invited us to the Seminar, instructed us to meet him in the Schenley Industries' Hospitality Suite, on the eleventh floor of 1290 Sixth Avenue, because that was where the Seminar was going to be held. "We're featuring burgundy and bottle green in our new shaped-suit Petrocelli suits, and—lo and behold!—we're giving gift packages of Schenley's newly acquired Stock liqueurs to all who attend the Seminar," Mr. Dember announced to us as we arrived in the Hospitality Suite. "And—lo and behold!—the colors of the liqueurs just naturally happen to correspond exactly with the hues of Petrocelli's burgundy and Petrocelli's own muted bottle green, not to mention the hues of some of our new linings. Of course, we have to strain a little bit." Mr. Dember led us to a two-window display consisting of a Petrocelli burgundy shaped suit in one window and a Petrocelli bottle-green shaped suit in the other. "Lo! Behold! There's Tony," Mr. Dember said, planting us alongside a glum-faced, Petrocelli-suited man who was staring, transfixed, at the burgundy and green, and paying no attention to Mr. Dember or to us.

"Tony who?" we asked.

"Tony Petro*celli*," Mr. Dember said indulgently. "Tony and Sam Eisenberg and Oscar Somerfeld are partners. Big Sam is our president and our idea man. Who thought of using Cesar Romero as our image? Big Sam. Big Sam is going to give one of the lectures at the seminar. You'll hear Big Sam on 'How Lapel Treatment Intrigues the Consumer.' You'll hear Big Sam on 'The Hipper Retailer Knows Doing Interesting Things with Linings Will Interest the Buyer.' You'll hear Big Sam on pockets—on everything. This Seminar will, I promise you, be historic."

"Why Cesar Romero for your image?" we asked.

"Surely you must be jesting," Mr. Dember said. "Cesar Romero has been our image for nine years. One of the world's best-dressed men, along with Cary Grant and the late Adolphe Men-



"Think of it this way. The whole world is broke, but the United States is less broke."

jou. Adolphe Menjou, that is, *prior* to that historic 'Tonight' show when Jackie Leonard pointed out that Adolphe Menjou—both were appearing on the show—was wearing brown shoes with a blue suit, and Jackie Leonard spoke those never-to-be-forgotten words 'He dresses like a Pierce-Arrow!' "

After laying a friendly hand on the back of Tony Petrocelli, who nevertheless continued to gaze at his suits, Mr. Dember guided us toward the Seminar room, which was filling up with about two hundred men wearing shaped suits. "Big Sam invited all his competitors—other manufacturers—to come, and I see they're here," Mr. Dember said, looking around with satisfaction. "Phoenix is here. Hammonton Park is here. Botany Industries. Everybody! And all the retailers."

"Brooks Brothers?" we asked.

"Brooks Brothers wouldn't be caught dead west of Fifth Avenue," Mr. Dember said. "What a business! All those slopy shoulders! Even though some of their suit materials *are* handsome. But that's for people who want what they think is the Ivy League look. The Petrocelli man is in a different category. The Petrocelli man is in the ten-per-cent group of men who are fashion-conscious, who want to look different, who want to be status-symbolized. Johnny Carson belongs in that group. He's dressing much better lately, since he started wearing Petrocelli suits. Jack Carter wears them. Jackie Mason. Jackie Kannon. All the Johns and Jackies."

"Jackie Leonard?" we asked.

"Not Jackie Leonard," Mr. Dember said.

"Any Bobs or Bobbies?" we asked.

"It just happens that Robert Redford is the winner of the first Petrocelli Platinum Needle Award, something we started giving—a real needle-size platinum needle mounted on a plaque—last year to somebody who made a public impression in dress," Mr. Dember said. "He happens to wear Petrocelli suits, but we almost gave it to somebody else. Bob deserved it, though. He started out, when he first appeared in 'Barefoot in the Park,' wearing a Brooks Brothers suit in gray—a *battleship* gray. He sweated through it after five minutes onstage. So we made him a nice lightweight. In gray, but a lovely, muted gray. He looked very nice. Lo!" Mr. Dember and another cheerful man wearing a you-know-what hugged each other, each laying a flat palm at the back of the other's neck, and Mr. Dember introduced us to the third Petrocelli partner, Oscar Somerfeld, who asked us if we had heard what Big Sam said in reply to a certain suit manufacturer who had attacked the shaped suit, calling it "feminine."

"Big Sam posed a couple of questions," Mr. Somerfeld said. "Did this certain manufacturer think that the definitely contoured waists of the West Point cadet uniforms were feminine? Oh, Big Sam took him to task! The New York police have sharply defined waists, he pointed out. Would you call the New York *police* feminine?"

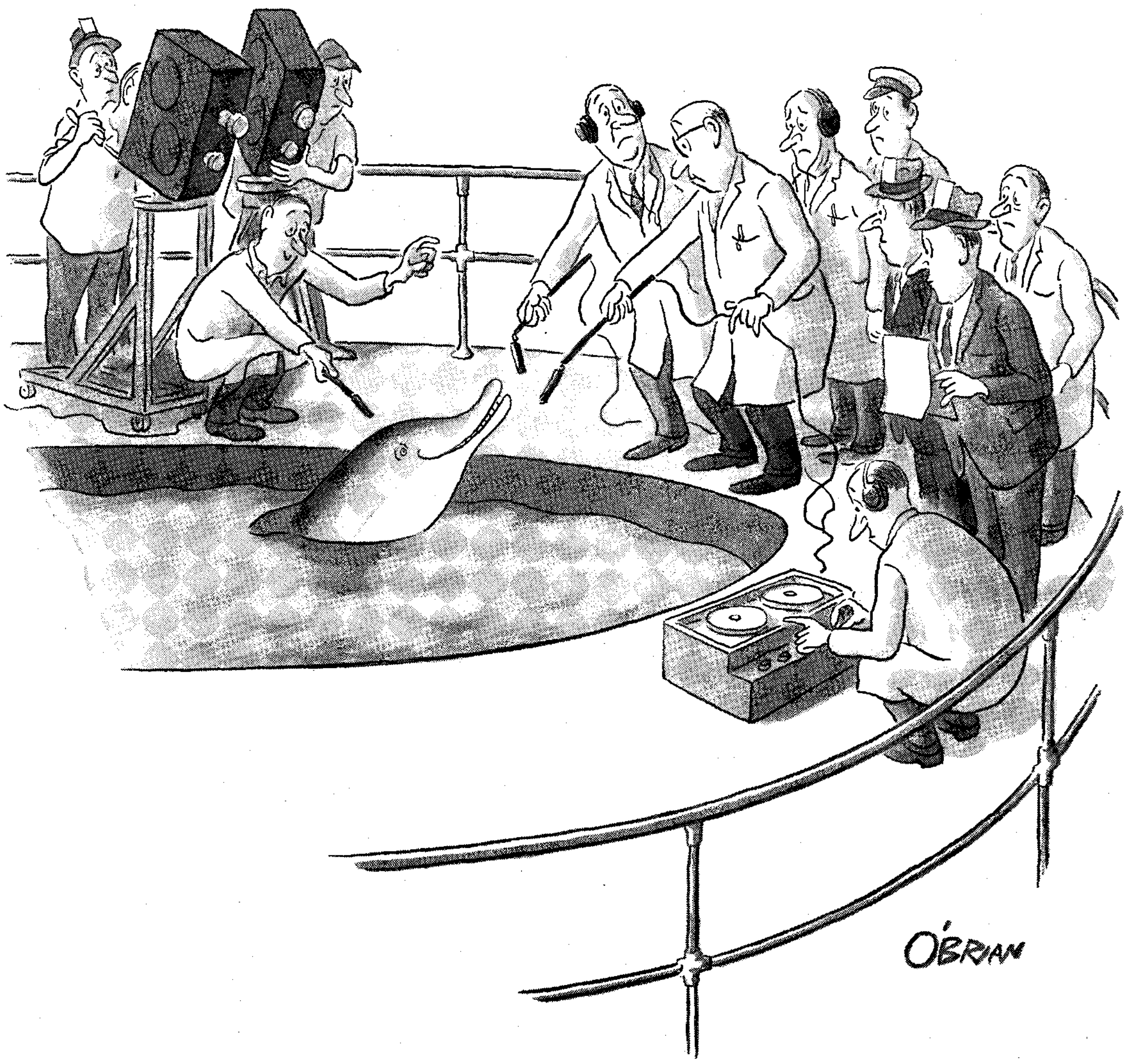
We sat down. On our right was a man wearing a very shapely shaped suit and Italian-style shoes, and we asked him if his suit was a Petrocelli.

"A DeRogatis," he said. "The most expensive ready-made. Retails for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Here." He handed us a booklet about Clothing Market Action. Opening it, we read, "Look for Shape to Lead the Way . . ."

We asked how he was finding Clothing Market Action.

"It isn't a Good Time Charlie affair," he said dogmatically.

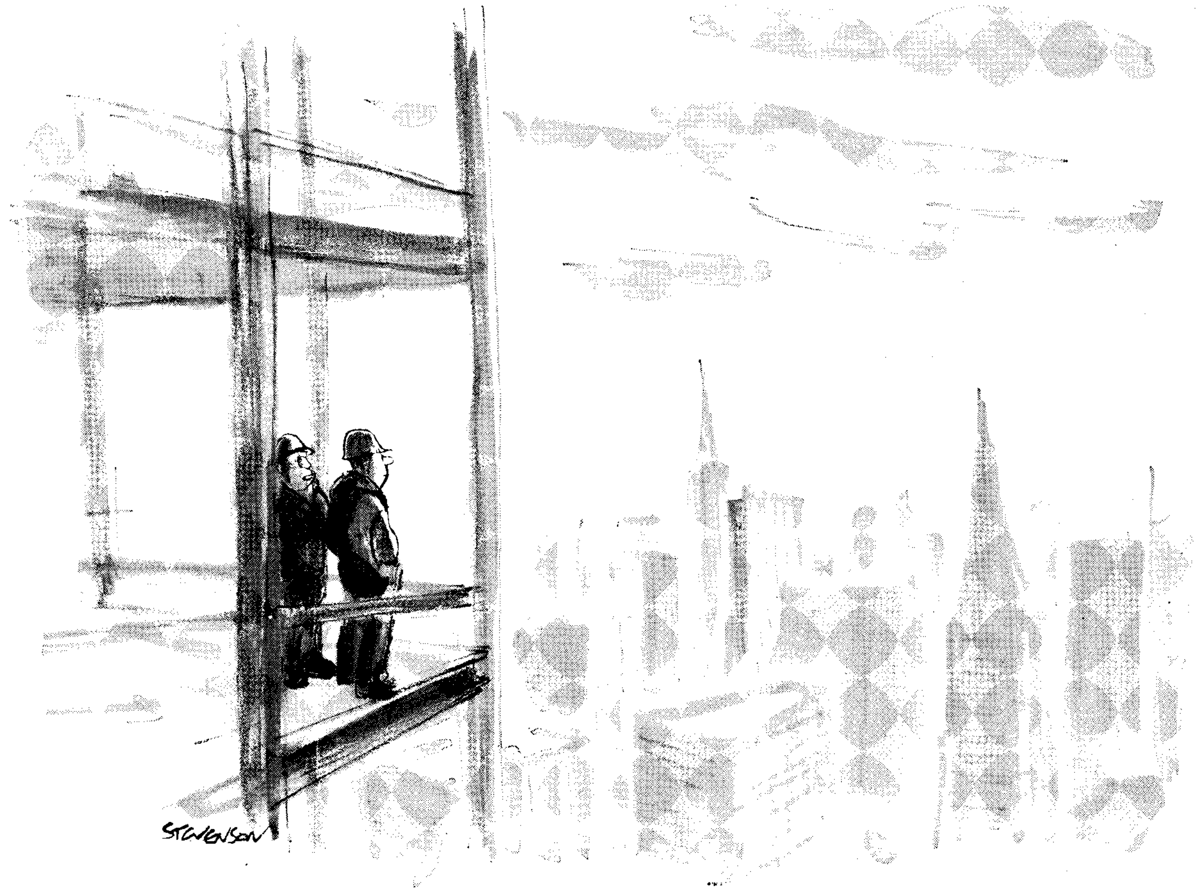
Up front, the Seminar was being called to order. The speakers sat lined up before a backdrop decoratively encircling such Selling Showpoints as "Shape Traced Waists," "Living Comfort Construction," and "Tailoring Extras to Make Money for You." The m.c. was Bert Bacharach, the *Journal-American* clothing columnist. He was forthright. "Why is Petrocelli doing this?" he said. "This is *not a commercial stunt.* I went to Las Vegas with Big Sam last December. We put on a fashion show for a thousand of the international press. It was a fantastic success. I don't know if it sold a single Petrocelli suit, but it sold *clothing.*



"No comment."

Why am *I* doing this? Because anything that's good for the industry is good for me. Now, I'm going to keep close tabs on the speakers. First, a fellow who needs no introduction—the head of Petrocelli, Big Sam Eisenberg. Sam?"

Big Sam was big (six feet four inches) and very benevolent-looking. "This industry is too staid, too stick-in-the-mud for its own good," he said, smiling at his audience as if he loved everybody in the room. "We think it's high time for the clothing business to take a leaf from the automotive industry. Makers of automobiles offer the consumer a wealth of options. We believe in giving the consumer the opportunity to express his individuality. Our tendency in the past has been to sell suits mainly as *replacement* items. We believe in offering one irresistible feature after another. Creative-color linings. More personalized lapels. These Selling Showpoints are the sum total of individual fashion details over and above the basic suit of clothing. It's like buying the basic car and then ordering special color or style features to your individual taste and liking. I'd like to repeat that. As a matter of fact, I *will* repeat that. These Selling Showpoints are the sum total of individual fashion details over and above the basic suit of clothing. It's like buying the basic car and then ordering special color or style features to your individual taste and liking." Mr. Eisenberg gave a rapid outline of the Showpoints: The slightly contoured waist. The shape that fits. It's safe. It's sane. Jacket linings in colors. Red. Blue. Yellow. "It *can* be done," Mr. Eisenberg said. "You *pay* for it. You make a profit on it. For every thirty cents you invest, we give you a seventy-per-cent return. *Better* than the stock market." Style emphasis, Mr. Eisenberg explained, gives men *reasons* to buy. "Get something *new* into your store. New! New!" he said. "Get something new on the backs of your customers. We've sold iceboxes in Greenland. We can certainly sell a suit with a half-inch besom on the breast pocket."



"Six months from now, some Harvard guy will be standing here looking out this window."

• •

The next speaker in the Seminar was Oscar I. Dodek, of the D. J. Kaufman store, in Washington, D.C. He was introduced as "the man who will speak for the retailers."

"This is not a speech," Mr. Dodek told the Seminar. "This is not one of the demagogic panel talks we all dislike. I like to participate in something like this because it is a dip into the future." Mr. Dodek asked the seminarians to recall how dramatically the shaped suit had been presented last September. "When the garments were delivered, we were ready for fashion leadership. We sold over eighty-five per cent of our purchases. Why? Because we had something new and different in men's clothing to shout about. Your clientele is always ready for the new, and you'd better have it. Sam—" Mr. Dodek turned to Mr. Eisenberg and congratulated him on everything he was trying to do with pockets, concluding, "Sam, I salute you!"

At this, Mr. Eisenberg, who had been smiling with pleasure, looked serious.

Mr. Bacharach urged Mr. Dodek to finish his speech, and Mr. Dodek said he would like to close by paraphrasing Gertrude Stein. "A black suit is not a black suit is not a black suit is not a black suit when the details are different," he said. The seminarians nodded in agreement. Mr. Dodek then likened Petrocelli's efforts to the United States Missile Project. "Each new feature we introduce is a more powerful thrust, so that each new phase begins from a new plane," he said, and, to applause, he sat down.

Perdurable

A NEIGHBOR of ours who is an admirer of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes decided, on a recent visit to Washington, to pay the Great Dissenter a moment of graveside homage in Arlington National Cemetery. Not knowing where Holmes was buried in Arlington, he called the Interment Section. He was answered by a woman, who advised him to hold on awhile and, after a considerable wait, informed him, "I'm sorry, but according to our records Oliver Wendell Holmes is still alive." When we were told about this, we thought we could hear the dissent from Arlington, but maybe this time Justice Holmes was wrong.

THE WAITING ROOM

A PARTICULAR state of mind can make a room seem like a stairway, a pit, a corridor. In Aldo's case—for the last few weeks, at least—almost every place had taken on the aspect of a waiting room. Now, at last, he *was* in a waiting room—a real one, not a figurative one anymore.

"You can go and wait in the waiting room, if you like," a nurse at the Boston Lying-In Hospital had told him, seeing him sitting alone in a corner of his wife's room, bedless now, the bed, with Jessie on it, having been wheeled away to the elevator and the delivery room, on a higher floor.

He had followed the nurse till she pointed to a door marked "Waiting Room." It had a public telephone, a desk, some magazines, but mainly chairs. On one of them he sat, calm enough outwardly. People often remarked how calm he looked. His calmness, he assured them, was deceptive. It was now, and with good reason. Eighteen months before, one year after their marriage, he had sat and waited in a Rome clinic—not in a waiting room then but in his wife's room—for a child to be born, and after an hour a nun, a wizened little woman the picture of mournfulness, had come into the room, walking as if she were on wheels, and had shaken her head. "It couldn't live. The way it was it's better that it didn't," she said, and she told him to go upstairs, because the obstetrician—the *professore*—wanted him to see the baby.

Christ, why? "Do I have to?" he asked the anesthetist, who had come out of the delivery room to meet him. "Frankly, I'd rather not."

The anesthetist went back to tell the obstetrician, who shouted something. Quickly, the anesthetist came out again. "The *professore* says that since you are its father you should see it."

Together they went into an adjacent room, where, not on a crib but on a hard white enamelled table, his child lay. A boy—for what it mattered.

"He lived for a moment," the anesthetist said.

And sure enough, Aldo could see it from the lips, large and curled as Jessie's lips were when she started to cry. He turned away; he wanted to rush out and never stop till he gained the fields, where he could be alone among the thistles.

"Your wife is all right," the anesthetist said. "She'll be back in her room soon."

Aldo returned to the room, sat on a chair by the window, and rested his head on the window sill. He thought of the months' long, hopeful wait during which everything had seemed so fair, had gone so well, until the last few weeks, when there had been some pain up high below the chest, then labor starting prematurely, his packing a suitcase under Jessie's directions, the rush to the clinic through the deserted city in the middle of the night.

Soon Jessie was wheeled in, asleep. When she woke, she seemed to know. He didn't have to tell her. He only said, "We'll have another baby," and clutched her hand tight, for pain to deaden pain.

The *professore* came down. Not a word of sympathy. "Erythroblastosis," he said. "Hydramnios, malformations. Couldn't live. You saw. Probably an incompatibility. Not Rh—ABO. Rare, but it happens. It raises the question of a second child. Can you have one? Should you have one? The case needs studying."

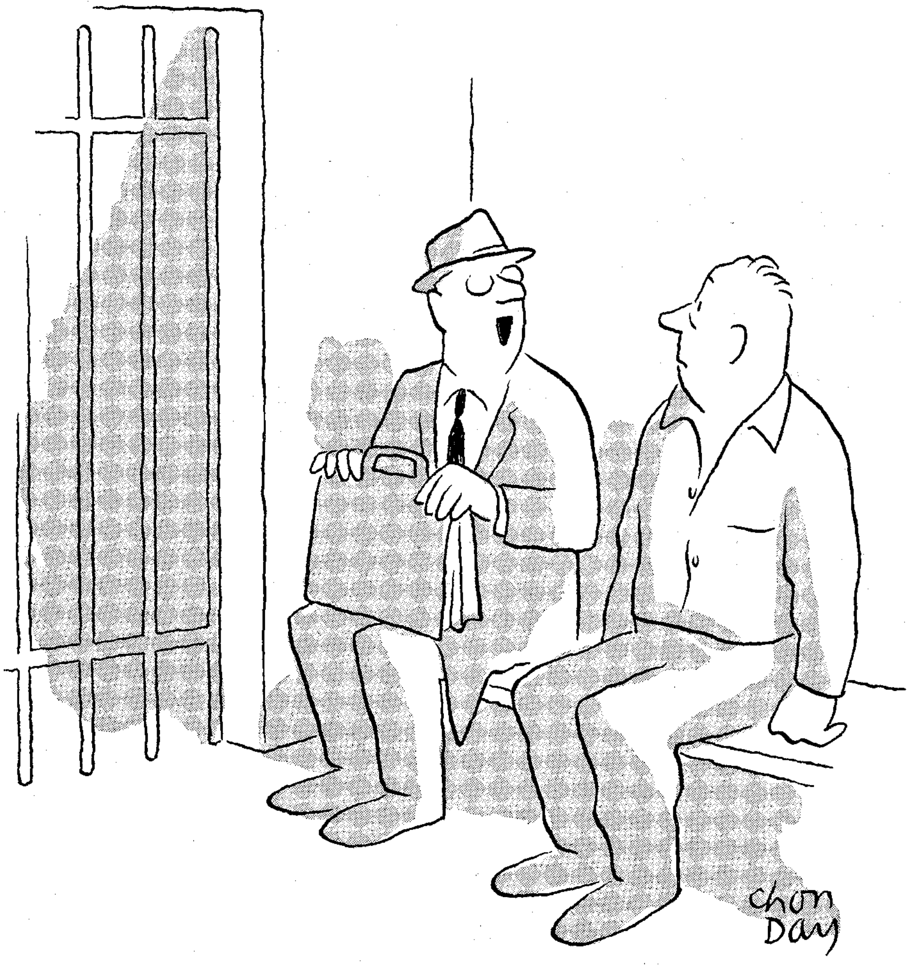
For four days, Aldo slept in her room in an armchair. Sleep came in snatches—deep, numbing sleep, strangely satisfying. After ten days, he helped her into his car outside the clinic and slowly, to avoid any bumps, drove her home. As they got near, she said she hoped the *portiere* wouldn't be at the door—she had been so big ten days before, and now she was slim and a suitcase was all she was carrying. Luckily, there was no one around, and they reached their apartment without being observed. But soon people came and asked questions, the people who had given them presents—the little knitted wear, the hand-size things.

As the days went by, he could see she wanted to know what the child had looked like.

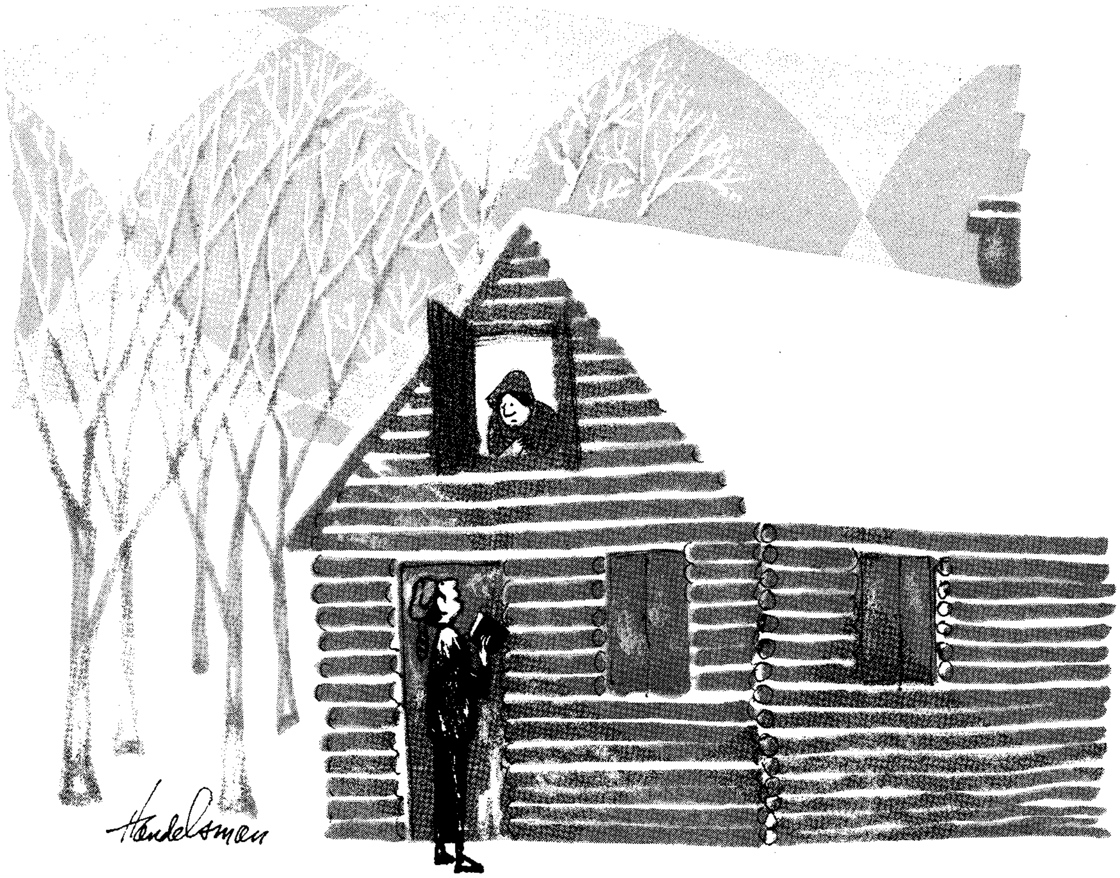
"Nice, nice," he said. "A little like you."

Her lips began to curl. "But was he all right?" she said. "I mean those malformations—he wasn't what they call a . . ." The word stuck in her throat.

"No, no," he said quickly. "There wasn't all that much wrong with him. The word you are thinking of didn't apply." He tried to cheer her up. "He was all right so long as he stayed in the soft, warm womb—he was comfortable there. It took him only a second to know that outside life wasn't for him."



"Just for laughs, we'll plead innocent."



"Mrs. Wheaton, it's me—young Abe Lincoln. I've just trudged eight miles through the snow to return your book. It's fairly well written, but I thought the plot was thin and the characterizations were weak."

• •

It was late September, with a feeling of things to come in the air. Aldo and Jessie hung to Rome by the most tenuous strand. The leaves were more stable than they. He was an Italian, a painter; she was American. They could live anywhere. They decided to leave Rome for America, and after a few weeks they gave up their apartment and, while they waited for his visa, they spent a month at his parents' house in the Tuscan countryside. It was as if by leaving the scene of their sadness they could leave that behind, too. But it clung to them. His mother gave them the best room. It had a terrace and it looked on the garden.

Still, Jessie was restless. Her mind was. "Do you think," she whispered, in a stammer, "our blood really is incompatible?"

"No, no," he said, and cursed the *professore* who had spoken to them so matter-of-factly, as if they were students. "Boston is the best place for medicine, isn't it?" The *professore* had given them a letter to a Boston obstetrician, and the name of a hematologist, a celebrity.

"Yes—Boston or New York."

"In Boston we'll find out," he said. "I have great confidence in Boston. Everything will be all right. You'll see."

Sometimes he would ask her jestingly, "Are we incompatible?"

In no mood for jokes, she would look at him with a half smile, then turn away. "I liked our apartment," she said once. "I was so happy there."

"Were you?"

"Yes," she said, and tears came to her eyes.

One day, they went to Rome for an overnight trip, to see if they could expedite the visa. In the hotel room, she sobbed late into the night and couldn't go to sleep.

She was easily hurt. Back in the country house, he remembered, she ran out of cigarettes late one morning and asked him to drive into town to buy her some.

"After lunch," he said. He only smoked occasionally.

During lunch, in the garden—now that it wasn't so hot, they often had lunch out in the sun—he saw her long, slender fingers missing the cigarette she usually held, her wide, pretty mouth the long draw. But she didn't say a word till lunch was almost over, and then, seeing that he wasn't about to go anywhere for her but was, in fact, pouring himself another cup of coffee, she suddenly got up from the table. His mother, his father, and his brother—a pipe smoker—looked at her inquiringly. A few steps away, she stopped. "I am going to walk into town for a package of cigarettes," she said, "because my husband won't go and buy them for me." His father, seventy, who smoked Alfas, the cheapest Italian brand, rose from his chair. "I have some in my study," he said. "Come." The two left, while Aldo continued sipping his coffee. Later, he went upstairs and found the bedroom door locked. He had had a feeling it would be. He called her. She didn't reply. He stood still while he heard her closing a drawer, then casually walking across the room. Why hadn't she chosen some other place to be alone in? That was his room, too. He had all his things there—his easel, for instance. And now that he couldn't go in, he felt the urge to paint. He contemplated the white wooden panels. With a shove he could knock that door open, but a moment's hesitation and it was already too late. He went back down to the garden, where his mother was embroidering his wife's monogram on a towel—one of a set she had bought them. Aldo looked at the towels and wondered if they would ever be used. Probably not, the way things were going. Slowly, he went upstairs again and knocked gently at the door, hoping Jessie might think it was someone else. But she wasn't fooled.

This wasn't the first time she had locked the bedroom door. In the last few weeks, it had happened several times, and from the hall he would hear her abrupt opening of the closet for her bag and a frenzied attempt to pack. Or she would go to sleep in the adjoining, vacant room, which, luckily, couldn't be locked. Each time, when finally she let him in, Aldo had had to beg her not to leave and, when she didn't relent and her lips remained tight and her limbs stiff, lift her onto the double bed and kiss her till her anger at last gave way.

Frequently, he saw her chin twitching, her lower lip curling, and he knew

SUNDAY EVENINGS

All this indigo, nonviolent light will triumph.

Uneven shadows have fallen out of the darkness that waits,
Continuously created there, as in the whiteness
Of the kitchen, two rooms away, ice cubes are being made
With a humming of generation. Whether, earlier, it had been
Fine, with sunlight infusing the hints of ice incipient
In the blue air, with promises of gleaming winters
Already trumpeting through the blood and singing *"l'Avenir!"*
Unheard, but pounding somewhere within the inner ear,
Or whether the delaying rains and the two-day-old
Grayness of sky, grayness of generality, had
Spoiled the earlier day for being outside an apartment,
Outside a self—no matter. With night unfolding now
In every corner wherever walls meet or dust collects,
What has just been is obscured. The trickle of time and loss
Condenses along the outsides of things: this icy glass
Sweats drops of terror not its own; this room diffuses
Tiny patches of light through its half-shaded windows
Into the winking, myriad galaxies of all
New York on clear October nights—bits of a brightness
It doesn't have, let alone can give. This world inside
These walls, condensing on the outside of my mind,
Has corners and darkenings quite unimaginable,
But visible as Presences in gray and purple light
At this time of day, of week, of year, of life, of time.

Even the usual consolations of Sunday become
A part of all its general threat: symphonic music
On heavy afternoons; the steam heat, blanketing
A brown couch and a bridge lamp and dark bookshelves;
No need for a meal, and too much newspaper to be read;
Rooms around this one, full of what is still undone
And what may never be; the glimpses out at tiny,
Unwise revelations of light from rooms as high up as this,
Several blocks away. And to put an end to the near-
Darkness would hurt too much—a senseless, widening light
From an unfrosted lamp would do it.
But then what?
Why, blinking. Then numbing to the icy fire of incandescence,
Lidded blinds lowering over the windows that overlook
Darknesses of the Park, this room being all the light
In the world now. And then, perhaps, Sunday will have been over.

But then what? Oh yes, once, perhaps, in a month of Sundays,
The exciting stars against a clear, cold, black sky
Shone down like promising, wise, and truthful splinters of mirror.
We saw that the light was good, and meteored across
The starlight of high Manhattan to ordered arrangements of taxis
And blocks of apartments, and parties of frosty eyes like wide,
Entire mirrors, reflecting in joy the twinkling, burning
High overhead at the end of some windy afternoon.

But then what? The next week was full of itself, and ended,
Inevitably, in the darkening late afternoon, indoors,
On Sunday? Ended? Or was it merely the new week's beginning
Come to a bad end? No matter. Whatever ends up like this—
The day, week, year; the life; the time—can't be worth much.

On Sunday afternoons, one can have followed the blackening
Water of the river from eyes along the Drive
And then climbed up a concrete hill to one's own walls
And quietly opened a vein. "*It would be no crime in me*
To divert the Nile or Danube from its course, were I able
To effect such purposes. Where then is the crime
Of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?"
Or the crime of emptying this late-afternoon room
Of all its indigo, not by the light of common
Illumination but by a long pouring of darkness?
Yes, if it is permitted, everything is. So let it
Be. And let it be night now, at very long last,
A night outside the cycle of light and dark and Sunday,
A night in despite of fiery life or icy time
That starts its chilling-out of the heart each week at five
Or five-thirty or so on Sunday, when the big, enlightening myths
Have sunk beyond the river and we are alone in the dark.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

• •

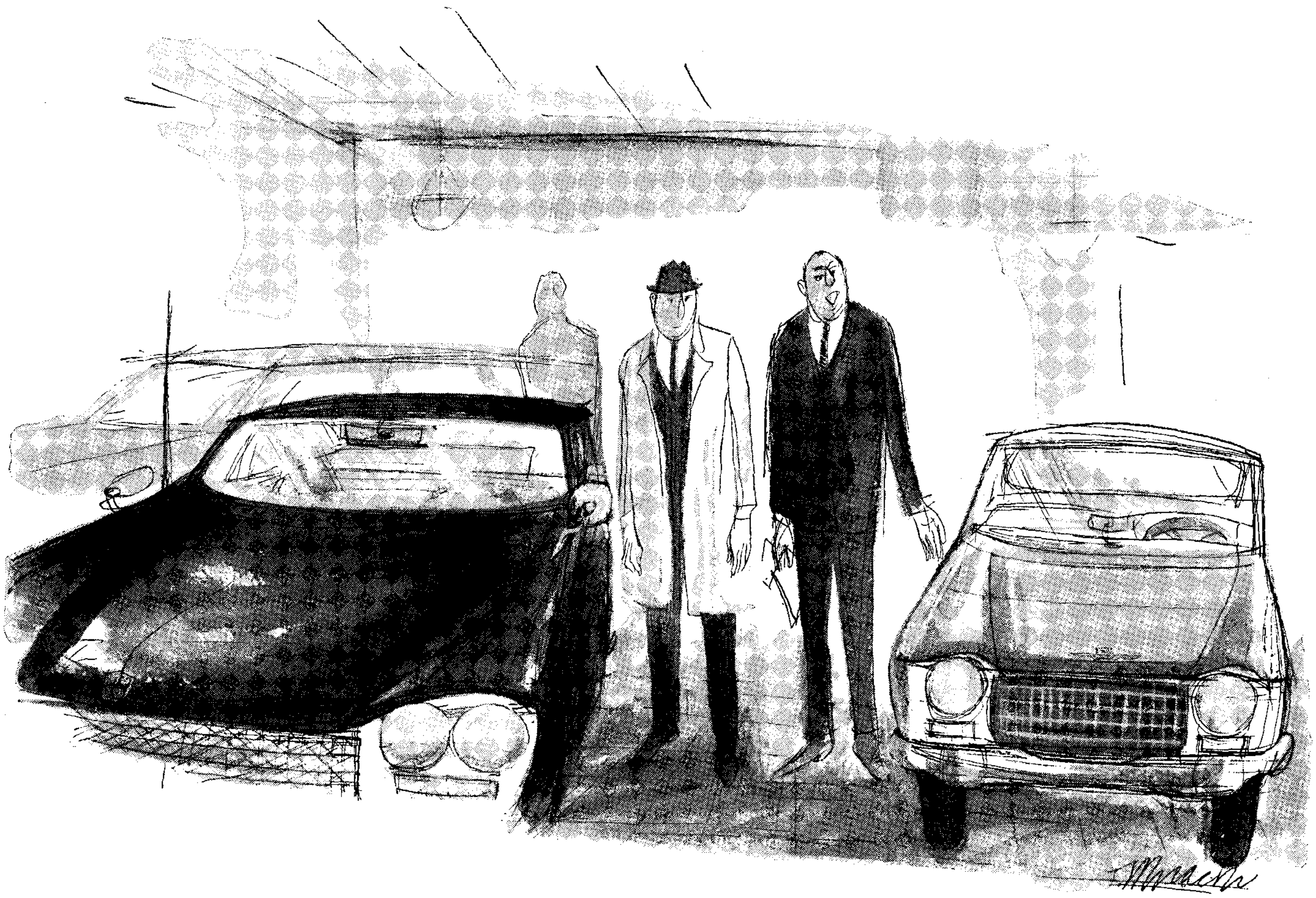
that she was on the verge of tears and nothing could stop her. He lay close to her then, and his cheek became hot and moist with her tears. Sometimes, words and kisses failed to console her and he had to wait helplessly for the weeping to cease by itself. At times, exasperated, he left the room only to return a few minutes later, too anxious to stay away from her long. And once, though it seemed very out of place, he had to tickle her to make her stop crying.

The smallest thing would upset her. And there were times when she cried without reason. But did anyone ever cry without reason? If the reason wasn't apparent, one could be sure there was more reason to cry. It meant that the deep, basic sadness needed no little hurt or scratch—no unbought cigarettes—to disclose it. Time, like a bandage, would hide it in the turn of the years, but for now the grief was too recent.

* * *

Aldo left the locked door and went down to his car. He drove into town. At a tobacconist's, he bought her cigarettes. When he got back, he found that the door was still locked. He called her softly, and she let him in. He gave her the cigarettes, then watched the smoke concealing her sadness.

They flew to America. He remembered, near Rome, the brown fields, newly plowed. The wing of the plane seemed to make little progress upon them. He had never experienced such stillness. Then the outskirts of Rome,



"Oh, that? That's our lousy little economy model."

• •

white and new, which meant so little to him, and the gray or apricot buildings of the center, which meant so much. In France, near Orly, the trees gossamer light, autumn yellow, floating in the thin, bluish November air. The lights of London, scattered horizon-wide with the abundance of confetti—orange, white, and sulphur. The smell of grass and rain at Shannon. Storm after storm buffeting the plane over the Atlantic, and between storms, miles below, through gaps, the beaten silver sea, and, level with the wings, the crescent moon. A few lights off the Newfoundland coast. Then dawn over Nova Scotia—a shimmering of blazing reds and violets. The islands and bays of New England. Boston.

THEY went to see the obstetrician the Rome *professore* had recommended. He seemed too optimistic to be reassuring. "One? One is nothing. It's like sowing grass seed. Try again."

They saw a few other doctors, and learned nothing conclusive. In the spring, they went to Cape Cod. The birds were fluttering over their nesting grounds. A golden dust—pine pollen—settled on the veranda and on the book he was reading. They decided this was the time to conceive—now, when everything seemed bursting with life, was the time to make love and to hope.

Summer came, and she wasn't crying anymore. If they went somewhere for a cup of coffee, she nearly always surprised Aldo by ordering a clam roll, too. She was hungry. She smiled in between bites, and laughed if he looked at her. In the fall, they went back to Boston, where they found a pleasant apartment overlooking the Charles. A specialist whom they consulted said, "You decided to have another baby, and you were right. From what I see, there is no proof that an incompatibility caused the loss of your child, and there is no reason to think that it will happen again." She went to the obstetrician every two weeks, and continued advancing toward term without any sign that might concern them. Yet Aldo was concerned. A year before, too, for a long time there had been no untoward sign. At dusk, from the apartment window, he drew the silhouette of Cambridge, across the Charles, or his wife's thoughtful profile. Sometimes he made a full sketch of her. He loved her present ample lines. She seemed beautiful, rich, copious. She was contented. Soon she began knitting small pullovers and blankets—things that touched his heart.

Then one day she told him she felt a pain up high below the chest, on the right side. They looked at one another. That was where she had felt the pain the year before.

The Rome clinic, the old nun entering the room as if on wheels, the enamelled table came to his mind and stayed. "Call him," he said.

She called the obstetrician, and later saw him, while Aldo waited more anxiously than usual in the car. He saw her through the windshield coming out the front door of the big office building. She wasn't smiling. As she approached, he saw that her eyes were shining with tears. Her face seemed beaten. Only the shadows seemed to show. "He couldn't tell. 'We'll have to see'—that's what he said."

"Did he seem worried?"

"Yes, quite."

"Could he hear the heartbeat?"

"He didn't say. He seemed to search for it, this way and that, lower and higher."

"Didn't you ask him?"

"I asked him, but he didn't say."

"Don't cry," he said. He started the car. Slowly, they drove from block to block. "Didn't you ask him what the pain was due to?"

"Yes, but he didn't say. He doesn't try to explain everything, like some doctors. There probably is no explanation."

"I am sure it's nothing to worry about," he said, but he was certain they were heading for a disaster of some kind.

At home, he made a list of the telephone numbers of the hospital, the ambulance, the doctor. Then, looking at the ground, he walked to the art museum. He went there often, but today he went to take refuge, to find a work of art that he could pause beside, that would hold him for more than a few seconds. The heads of the early Christs seemed filled with gloom. He went on past them. Finally, he came to the large painting by Gauguin. "*D'où venons-nous? Que sommes-nous? Où allons-nous?*" it said. It seemed measureless. For a long time he looked at it, then went home.

"How are you feeling?" he said.

"Oh, all right, I guess."

"Is the pain still there?"

"Yes, it's still there," she said wearily.

"But not so bad."

"No, not so bad."

He watched her—gloomy, drab in the thick, spongy woollen dress her mother had bought her, slumped in an armchair, with her hand cupping her chin and her face sagging, her body limp. He remembered a time in Florence when, under the colonnades of a piazza, they stopped by a cart filled with straw hats. "Shall I try one?" she said, and picked up a hat and put it on and smiled—to him, to herself, and to the world. And though they were in the shade, the sun seemed to be shining between leaves, lighting her face. Had he ever seen her quite so pretty? She tried on another hat, and another, looking to this side and to that, turning her neck quickly, like a bird. They bought one, and she would put it on from time to time and smile like that first time, and be as pretty as she had ever been—prettier, perhaps, because the hat was no longer new but her joy was.

"I know," he said. "Let's go and buy you a hat at Bonwit Teller."

She looked at him. "A hat?" she said.

"Yes."

"You are crazy."

A weight he could never lift seemed to pin her to the armchair. At last, he got her to go out with him for a walk. They went toward Newbury Street. "You are taking me to Bonwit Teller," she said after a few blocks. "I am not buying a hat."

He stopped outside the store. She smiled an amused smile, and soon she was trying hats on and smiling, craning, ducking like a bird. She tried feather hats, and tiny, flimsy hats, and Greta Garbo hats. She bought one that looked like a halo.

"You look like an angel," he said.

"Maybe I am getting ready to go to heaven," she said.

The pain eased some. The doctor, on her next visit, didn't give it much importance. And she, who hung by every word the doctor said, cheered up. She seemed to be soothed by her own state. But, though he tried hard not to show it, Aldo worried. He didn't pray, but he hoped so intensely that his hoping was in a sense a form of prayer. He had an idea that foreknowledge of trouble was at the root of one's worries, and this belief didn't make things any easier. He became superstitious to an intolerable degree. He saw evil in a hundred signs. If he opened a newspaper, it seemed always to be to the obituary columns. Funeral homes arrested his gaze while he was driving about town. A walk, and he would come to a graveyard—Boston seemed dotted with them. A month before term, the doctor went off to Florida for ten days. "This had to happen, too, God damn it!" he said.

The days went by slowly. At last, the doctor came back, and labor hadn't started. Aldo felt he had weathered a storm.

One evening, a girl, an airline hostess who lived in the apartment below theirs, came up to ask if they had seen her cat, the mother of three kittens. They hadn't. "If you like, I'll come down and help you look," Aldo said. He went out with her, and found the cat dead, by the curb, down the street a little way. The girl couldn't bear to pick it up. He did it for her—lifted the stiff, cold body from the ice, and buried it in the park on the bank of the Charles. From there he returned with the girl, his hand over her shoulder, as from a funeral. This incident, too, assumed a strange significance in his mind. Was it some sort of rehearsal? Then one night, when he was in a downcast and apprehensive mood, while Jessie slept, he opened, for a sign, an Oxford edition of Shakespeare that lay on a low table by his armchair, and his gaze fell on three lines from "The Winter's Tale":

> Paulina: A boy?
> Emilia: A daughter; and a goodly babe,
> Lusty and like to live . . .

Euphoric, almost triumphant, he went to her bedside with the book and woke her up to tell her.

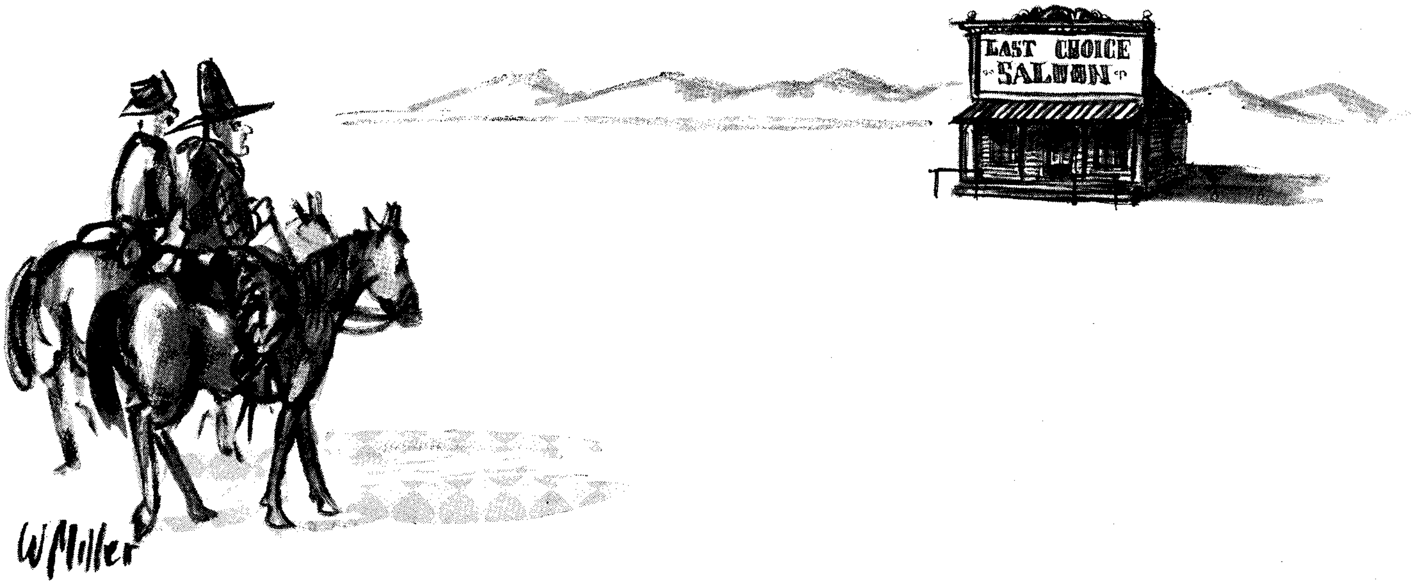
She didn't mind being wakened. She looked surprised and happy. "I know it's going to be a girl," she said.

But as the days passed, his fears came back. Thoughts of life and death occupied him. "Do you know what I think life is?" he said one time.

"No, what?"

"The ability to die. Take a stone—it can't die. Then, since it can't die, it is immortal. Take us—our very ability to die tells

"Who is 'me'?"



"Well, what do you know? An Existentialist bar!"

• •

us we are alive now. The fundamental difference between us and a stone is that a stone isn't able to die."

"Imagine talking to me about death at this time! Aren't you terrible."

"I am talking about life."

She looked at him with her live green eyes that eventually would lose their lustre and die, and she seemed the confirmation of what he had just said—she was so very alive, she was so very perishable, she could so easily, so inexorably die.

She was going to be delivered by Caesarean section, as in Rome. The obstetrician set a date, and Aldo took her to the hospital. The building looked Florentine—not at all what he had expected. Not tall. No glass, no steel, but pink bricks and a wide roof with wide eaves. Nothing like the clinic in Rome. A good building. This reassured him. They carted her up in a wheelchair to her room—a rule of the hospital. He followed behind, and admired the time-tested, time-honored routines. The room was small, but it had everything she needed and nothing that she didn't need. He didn't mind leaving her there when the time came for visitors to go, at nine o'clock. He wished her good night and promised he would be back early in the morning before the operation, which was to take place at ten o'clock.

He was there at eight.

"Oh, hi," she said cheerfully, and she looked well in her white hospital gown.

The chief anesthetist came in—a broad-shouldered, fairly young man. He advised a spinal. After a few questions, they agreed to it. "I am one of the leading anesthetists in New England," he said to reassure them, and left. They looked at one another, amused.

A nurse came and gave her preanesthetic medication. Slowly, her tongue became unwieldy; she began to slur her words while she spoke to him. Without noticing it, she talked on, making him smile. Little by little, confidently, she relaxed in her bed and closed her eyes. Soon they wheeled her out.

ALDO had been in the waiting room for an hour. His chair, so stable, contained all of him but his mind. That slipped away and raced, oscillating between Rome and Boston, the past, present, and future. He could hear the *professore* saying, "It raises the question of a second child. . . . The case needs studying." He could hear the first Boston doctor saying, "Try again." A big round clock stared at him. One hour and a half. The minute hand swept around and around. Certain moments, he was sure he wouldn't see her again—not alive, anyway—and, as for the child, he kept thinking of the other, in Rome, in a graveyard he had never even been to.

A nurse came in. "The doctor wants to speak to you on the telephone," she said.

Aldo followed her to the nurse's office and picked up the telephone. "Hello."

"Oh, hello. Well, you are a father now. It's a girl. Everything went well."

"Thank you, thank you," he murmured. "The child, is she . . . normal?"

"What? Oh, yes. Perfect baby. And the mother is doing well. She'll be down in a few hours."

"Thank you," he said. He could hardly talk.

Aldo had never seen the doctor. He didn't see him now; he just heard his voice. He wanted to see him—the deliverer—but he didn't ask to. Perhaps it was better not to see him. Nothing is as fair as an image.

The nurse was looking at him. He was smiling. "It's a girl," he said.

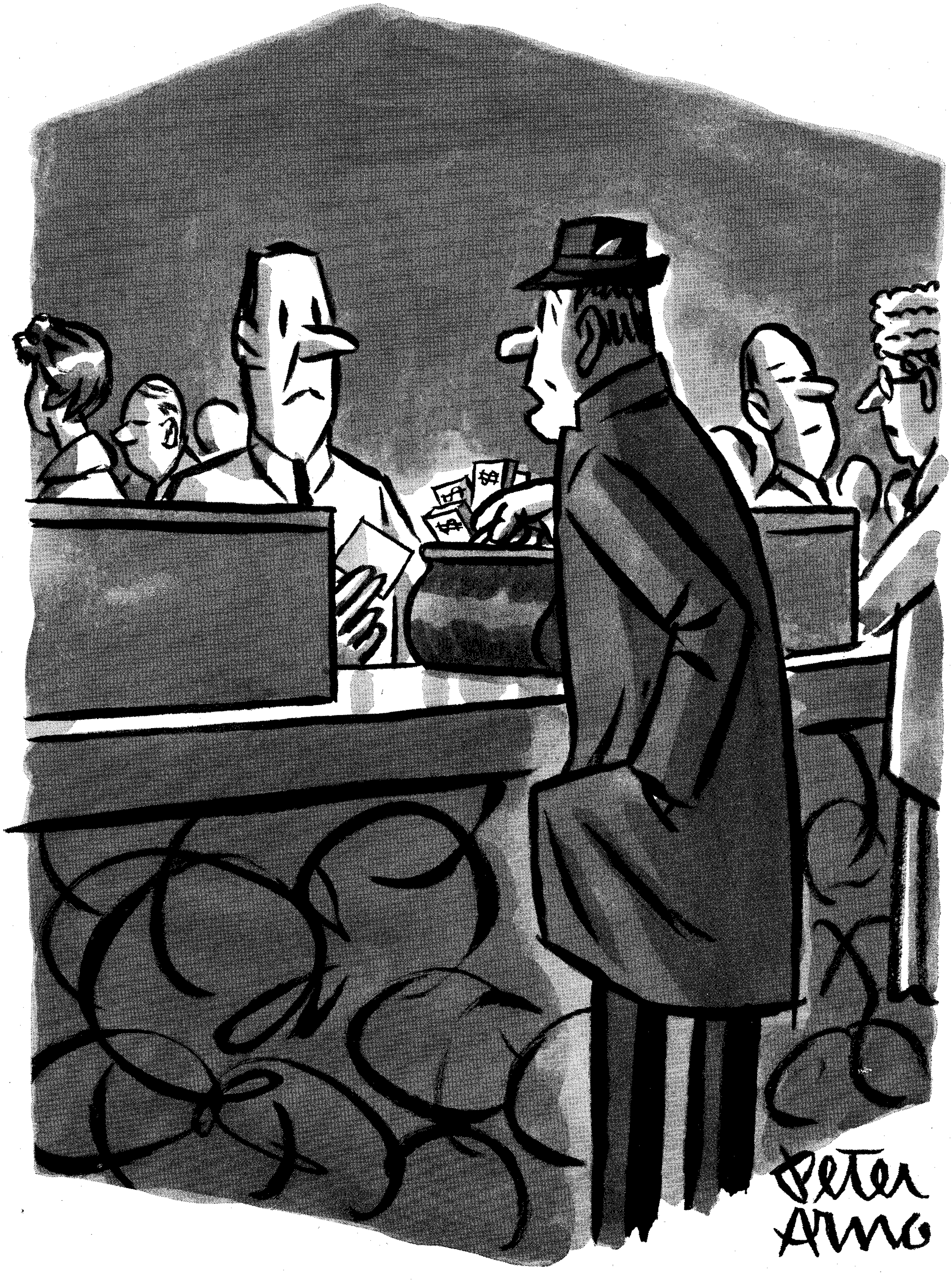
He went back to the waiting room. He felt so light it seemed strange to touch the floor at every step. He waited some more, but such a different kind of waiting. More like expectation. In a little while, the baby was brought down from the delivery room, and he was called to see her. She was in a crib behind a glass partition. He looked at her, over and over, and each time she was shapely. She looked like her mother and like him. She had his hands. He thought of "The Winter's Tale": "Behold . . . although the print be little . . . of the father . . . the very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger."

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

The citizen, when called upon to act as such juror, should always have in mind his (her) grave responsibilities; and, in the important discharge of his (her) duties, should strive to put aside his (her) human emotions and become a cool, unbiased and unprejudiced judge. He (she) must be honest to his (her) oath. He (she) must not permit sympathy or prejudice to sway his (her) judgment and must grant favors to no man.—*Letter in the Christian Science Monitor.*

(woman)



"May I have my note back? I'm keeping a scrapbook."

THE LOST, STRAYED, STOLEN

THE few people who did not like Mr. and Mrs. Beddoes laughed, perhaps jealously, at their ambience of golden wedding, their greeting-card happiness. Even friends teased a little, half irked by the feeling that, in spite of the Beddoeses' hospitality and warmth, all they really needed was themselves. "What is your secret?" friends would ask. "Tell us how you managed to stand it all these years!" But the Beddoeses would smile the secret smile of any long marriage and close the door gently, just as they had been doing ever since he made the trip to England, soon after the depression.

AT first, on board ship, Mr. Beddoes felt upset to be without his wife for the first time in his married life. Then he remembered Perry MacLaren, a tall Scot whom he had met ten years before on this very same ship. They had exchanged speakeasy addresses and had suddenly felt like brothers—as happens occasionally, both on and off ships. Since then, there had been a few disappointing notes, formal and forced. But impulsively Beddoes sent MacLaren a cable, and now there was a wire waiting at his hotel in London: "DELIGHTED CAN PROMISE YOU INTERESTING WEEKEND MEET YOU CARLISLE FRIDAY AFTERNOON."

As Beddoes unpacked his bags, he was stirred by an almost skittish thrill. Almost before he knew it, he had broken two appointments with representatives of his firm and one date with a lovely Swedish woman from the boat and was stepping in a rumpled, excited state onto the gray platform at Carlisle. "Mac, old boy!" he shouted heartily.

"Beddoes, you . . . you son of a gun!"

The two men stood in a sweat of embarrassment, each listening to his own attempt to make the other feel easy—and then everything was all right and MacLaren picked up the suitcase, smiling, and Beddoes said, "My God! Excuse me, Mac, but I forgot you were a minister—a priest, I mean. Or do I mean a padre?"

"No, not padre. It's quite all right. Come along, Beddoes. I've got a neat little buggy since I last wrote—a real beauty."

Beddoes tucked himself into the tight tiny car that stood near the station, and wondered if his legs would go to sleep. They headed into disjointed traffic and then were in the country, and he felt fine, as if time had not come between the two of them.

MacLaren looked sideways at him, sharply. "You mustn't bother about the clericals, will you? These collars are really quite comfortable, you know. Sometimes they help in crowds. And there are other things that are good, too."

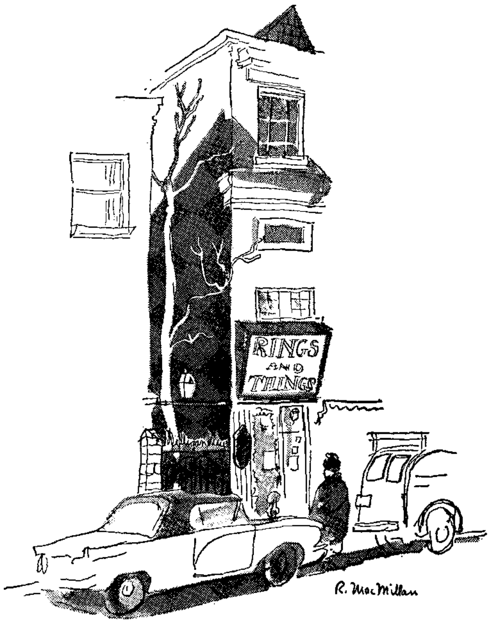
"Sure," said Beddoes. "Sure. Fine."

They headed north. The sun slanted over increasing hills, with great rocks and sweeps of high meadowland—moors, Beddoes reminded himself pleasurably. Mac drove hard, with a gleeful look on his bony red face. They stopped at a tavern and drank some bitter ale and ate an awful snack of cold canned American beans from the bar, and then tooled ahead as if they were pursued. It grew dark. Their talk was spotty and meaningless through the speed until the minister said, "Beddoes, I don't plan to take you home to Askhaven tonight. Of course we could make it, and Sally hopes we will. But I've a job to do. I thought perhaps you'd not mind helping me."

Beddoes clucked and murmured. "Sure thing," he said. He felt comfortable, spiritually if not physically, and his cramped legs and buzzing bones only heightened an inner coziness. He liked Mac, and the thought of being useful to him. He liked the almost sensual way Mac drove the silly little roadster.

"You see," Mac said, "I told some people—a very nice simple woman, as a matter of fact—that I'd come to help her. And since she's on our way home from Carlisle and I was meeting you . . ."

The country grew mountainous. Beddoes swayed sleepily with the skillfully violent cornering of his driver, and was half aware of bare steppes and sudden shouting streams and long heady straight stretches where Mac let out the little car like a demon. Then they pulled up before a dimly lighted inn. "The Queen's Head," it said in a small box with a light in it, the black paint cracking off and blurring the letters.



"Here we are, then." Mac's voice sounded falsely hearty, like an echo in a cave. "That's the village, over there."

Beddoes looked into blackness, and then hopefully back at the dour tavern sign. He untwined his prickling legs. He felt tired and vaguely peevish, and yet there stirred in his mind a strange excitement: he, son of the wide Midwestern prairies, stood at last in the heart of an English village, on a green. "God, it's wonderful to be an American—to have this heritage, to come back to it," he told himself solemnly.

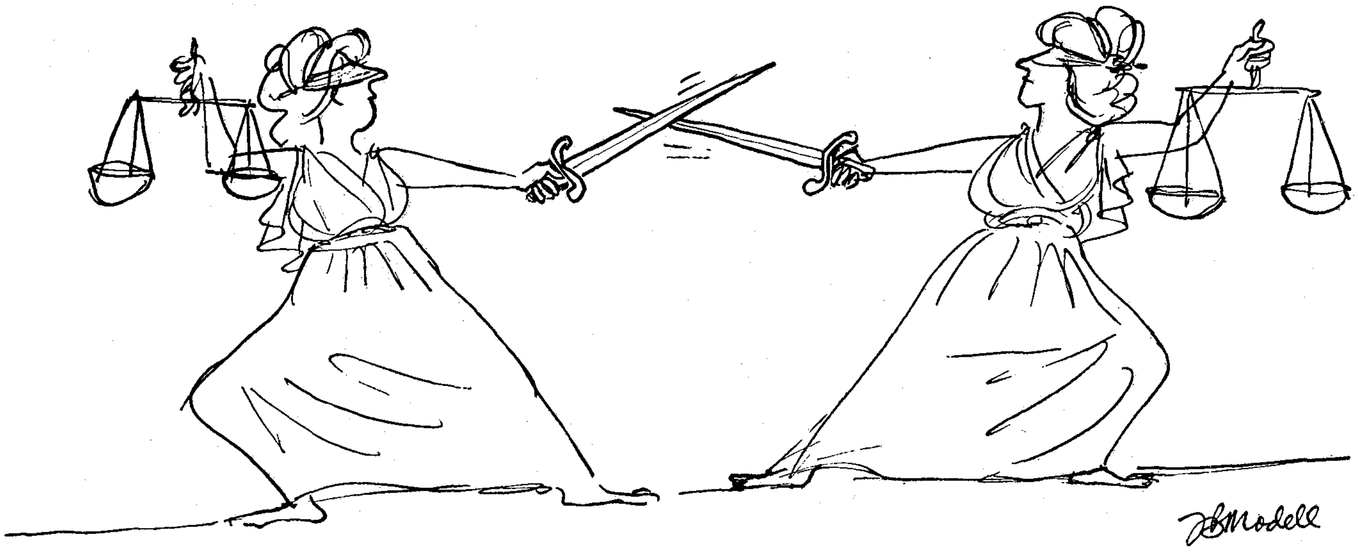
Mac walked toward the black closed door, and slapped at it. The peremptory sound echoed across the darkness and settled thinly down. Somewhere a toad croaked. Mac pounded again. "Mrs. Protheroe," he said. His voice was sharp but low, almost secretive. "Mrs. Protheroe, are you there?" His voice was still low but now deeply urgent.

Then the door clanked open and warm light poured out, and Beddoes, who had begun to feel uncomfortable, blinked and staggered into it, with bags in either hand.

"Here, sir. Let me help you." A short woman with dark eyes took the bags. He followed her up a flight of narrow stone steps harshly lighted, to a small bedroom. The woman poured water into a basin, and left him.

He sat for a minute on the side of his bed. He was dog tired. His hands dropped between his legs, and his lips felt as if they were made of feathers. Mac is quite a driver, he thought wryly. There was a banging on his door. He jumped up, and then laughed at his nervousness as he recognized MacLaren's quiet, full voice calling him to open. Soon, washed and slicked, Beddoes felt better—strong and in an odd way excited.

The two men went down the stairs, which seemed friendly now, and into a small parlor. There was a fire burning in the tiny grate. It caught with gold the corners of the fussy antimacassared chairs and the



• •

ugly piano and the round table laid with silver and plates. A lamp on a chain hung over the table.

"My God, Mac, it's like a fairy tale! You can't possibly know what this means to me." He saw MacLaren looking at him remotely, and he stopped, choked by a thousand conditioned reactions, from Christmas cards and history in school to his own mother's saccharine reminiscences of her "trip through the Lake Country." He wanted to tell Mac what England meant to a middle-class, sentimental, moderately sensitive American salesman. Instead, he gulped awkwardly, feeling young and naïve before the minister's tired friendliness, and said, "Well, Mac, I'm certainly glad to be here!"

"So am I, Beddoes, glad you're here. It's been too long. I asked Mrs. Protheroe— Ah! Here she is!"

Before he knew it, Beddoes had slipped back in his chair under the delightful impact of a double Scotch and was watching Mrs. Protheroe's black shadow come and go in the lamplight, and then was tucking into two chops and some crisp pickles and pretty plum tart with cheese. He felt like a million dollars. Almost at once, it seemed, he was in bed, and comfortably, to his mild surprise. He had meant to talk with Mac—what about Chamberlain, and this business of Hitler or whatever his name was, and L'Entente Cordiale, and . . .

Then Mac was sitting on the edge of his bed, with a candle. It seemed quite natural.

"What's up?" Beddoes asked.

Outside in the dark of the village green, the toad honked and gargled. Mac sat for a minute. His eyes were shadowed, but Beddoes felt the trouble in them. His head was clear as a bell. Nothing like good liquor, he thought.

"Beddoes, I need your help." Mac's voice did not sound solemn, but at the same time it was not light. He looked down at the candle in his hand, which flared and sputtered in the window's draft and lighted the bony solidity of his good Scottish face. "I meant to tell you before—Mrs. Protheroe wrote me to come. She's had to close the Queen's Head, and she needs my help."

As Mac talked quietly, his friend thought of the silent dark-eyed woman who had unlocked the inn door for them and led them to their rooms and served them.

". . . and I knew that as a man of God it was my duty. And you, Beddoes . . ." Perry MacLaren hesitated, and looked full into the other's eyes. He sighed sharply. "Your coming was an answer to my prayer. I need you—your good, honest, unspoiled soul—for company. Come along." The candle flickered as he stood up.

Beddoes, confused but keenly awake, pushed his legs into his trousers, feeling almost virtuously sane and sensible.

They walked in their stocking feet down a cold, silent corridor. It seemed longer than Beddoes remembered—or were they going into another part of the inn? He was bewildered. He put his hand on MacLaren's strong thin shoulder and felt comforted and indirectly hilarious, as if he were a character in a French comedy in a dream. The candle lit numbers on dark, heavy-looking doors. The corridor turned, and grew even colder.

"Here we are," Mac muttered. "It's this one."

As they stood for a moment while the candle wax formed slowly into a burred tongue over his fingers, MacLaren turned irrevocably into a priest. Beddoes, facing him before the closed door in the guttering light, knew probably for the first time in his life that he was in the company of a vessel of the Lord. He felt overwhelmed, not with shyness as at the railroad station but with an inchoate terrible respect, as before a great stone or a sudden inexplicable light.

"Yes, this is the door," the priest muttered again. He stared calmly at Beddoes. "Are you ready? You can help me, perhaps. We can try." He turned the handle of the door.

The bed in the room was like something in a movie—tall, with a flat tent top, and curtains half pulled around its high mattress. Queer, but even in the candlelight, steady now though feeble in the cold, still air, the curtains were pure blue, with silver threads woven here and there through their stiff folds. MacLaren set the candle on a table and stood at the foot of the bed. His face was long and dreadful. He raised his hand.

Beddoes' heart seemed to flop like a trout against his ribs, and his breath moved cautiously over his dry lips.

"Thomas and Martha Gilfillan!" The priest spoke earnestly, entreating someone named or something unnamed to listen to him.

Beddoes' eyes saw more and more clearly: the fluted lines of the panelling and of the chimney, and the soft impenetrable blueness of the bed curtains; his old friend, straight and thin, standing with head bent into his hands; the bedspread, dimly white; and at last he saw the things beneath the bedspread. There in the blue-hung bed lay two people. Or were they dead bodies? Or were they shadows? They made sharp mounds, surely, under the coverlet. The lengths of their thighs, the sharp peaks of their feet and pelvic bones pushed up the cloth and shifted in the candlelight. But over their two still skulls it did not move.

Beddoes put out his hand again, like a child, for his friend's shoulder, but MacLaren stood away from him, tall and stern. His hands hung now at his sides. His head dropped like a ripe fig from the stem of his spine. "*Remember not, Lord, our iniquities,*" he prayed, "*nor the iniquities of our forefathers . . . neither take thou vengeance . . .*"

Beddoes looked wildly at the ridges and mounds and hollows under the counterpane and then at the emerging shell of the room. There was an electric clock on the wall. He could see it, round and plain as a piepan, and it said twelve-twenty and then whirred tinnily, so that he wondered why he had not heard it before. It made him feel almost real again.

"*. . . and be not angry with us forever,*" MacLaren went on, and then answered himself, "*Spare us, good Lord. Let us pray!*"

Beddoes kneeled, peering up into the well of light around the candle on the table. He watched MacLaren now with trust and a kind of hypnotized belief, and thought, This isn't the Burial Service. For prisoners, is it? Or dead murderers? "*Christ, have mercy upon us,*" he heard himself responding.

The two men prayed there by the bed, as unself-conscious as savages, and after they had said the Lord's Prayer, MacLaren went on in his flat, sombre voice through all the Visitation of Prisoners and the mighty words for those under sentence of death, and Beddoes sweated beside him, knowing that he was wrestling with the Devil. The electric clock whirred occasionally, and outside on the black village green the old toad croaked. "*O Saviour of the World, save us and help us.*"

Beddoes held his hands before his face now, and his eyes were shut, but still he saw like fire on fire the outlines of the two ghosts beneath the coverlet. They lay there, finite and evil, resisting him and MacLaren and all the words of God. "No!" he cried out. He could stand no more.

The priest stopped his supplication. He seemed not to be breathing. "*Save us and help us!*" he cried toward the dreadful bed. "*Save us and help us!*"

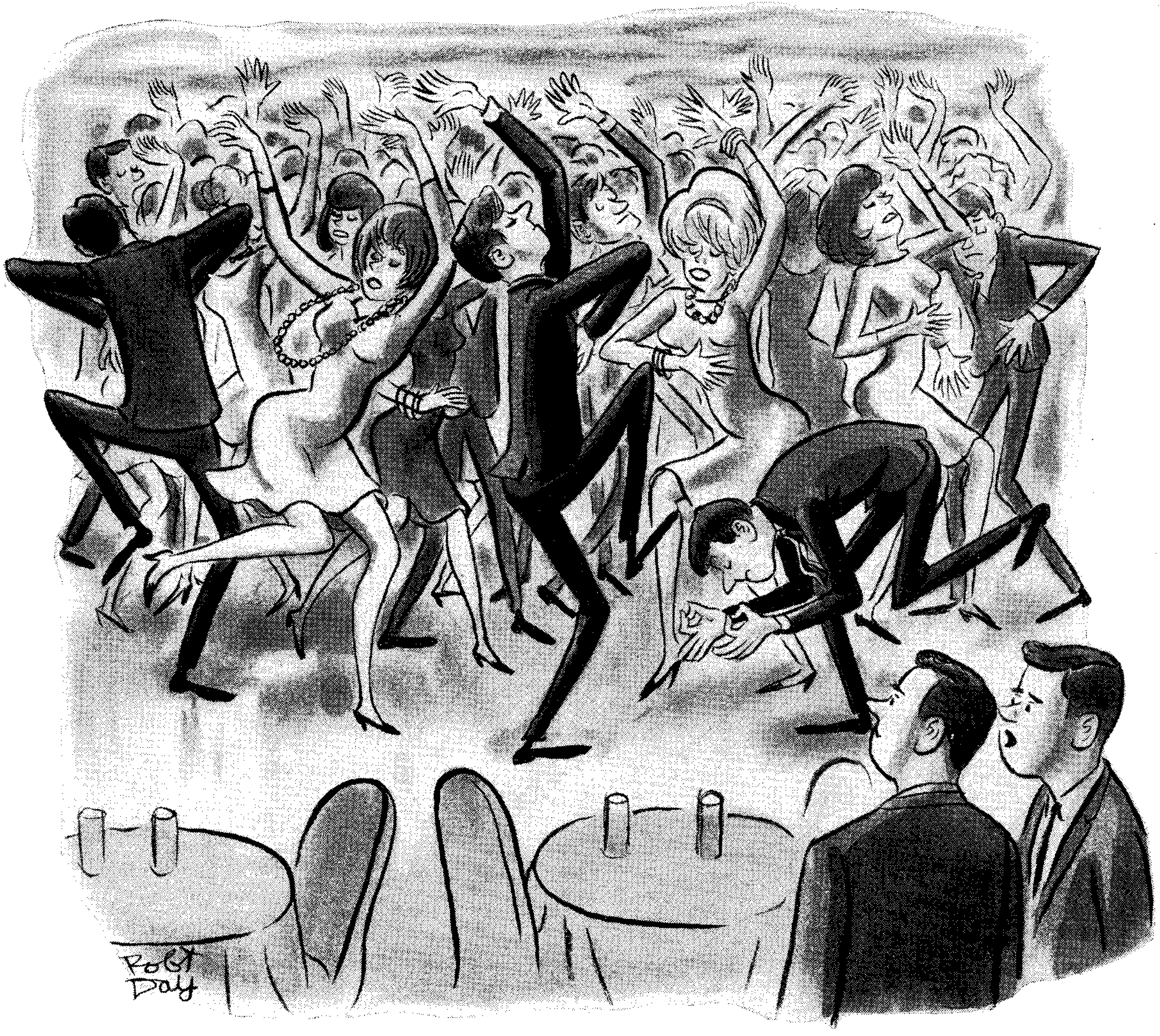
The electric clock whirred. The toad belched again in the weeds outside. Sweat started from the men's armpits and foreheads and spines. And from the bed rose such a wave of hatred, such foul resistance, that they backed away, Beddoes still kneeling, until they touched the stone of the hearth.

Hurriedly, MacLaren raised Beddoes to his feet. "I have failed," he said softly. With his left hand he pulled the American after him. His right he raised high, and his voice shouted out, stern, flat, awesome, "*In the name of the Father . . . and of the Son . . .*" From the bed rose a horrible feeling—like a stench, like a shriek. But the bony shapes still lay under the coverlet. The curtains were unruffled. The clock whirred. "*. . . and of the Holy Ghost.*"

Beddoes never knew how he found his way back to his room. The priest followed him blindly, his hand on Beddoes' shoulder, and then lay on Beddoes' narrow bed. His face looked like a death mask. Beddoes covered him with an ugly, lump-filled quilt, and went to the washstand and stood for a long time in the dark, listening to the priest's exhausted breathing, forgetting England and his friend and even himself in the abysmal realization that some souls are lost souls.

THE next morning, Beddoes felt bright as a dime, although he had spent the remnant of the night sitting in various agonized positions on a prickly black horsehair chair. Mac had lain like a snoring corpse on the narrow bed, and only once did Beddoes feel any of the earlier horror, when his friend's raucous breathing suddenly beat in his sleepless ears with the same whirring as the clock. He straightened in the discomfort of the armchair and pulled his topcoat sensibly over his knees.

Now, as the little car roared out through the dim, dawn-bound village,



"I'd sure like to cut in, but how?"

the struggle of the night seemed misty. He made himself forget it. He listened to the engine with fresh ears, and smelled the brightening air delightedly. "That was a good breakfast!" he shouted, grinning.

Mac laughed and drove faster. "You're right there, old boy. Mrs. Protheroe—poor woman, I failed her. She knew my father, you know. She'd never let us creep out, as I wished, without waking her."

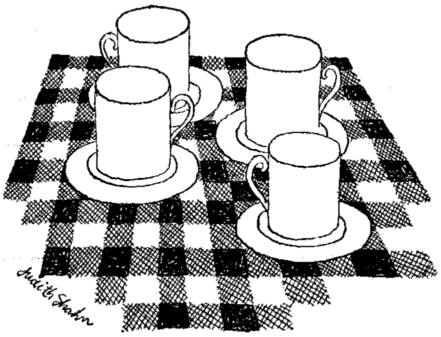
The silent woman with tear-reddened eyes had lighted the lamp in the sitting room and blown on the warm coals and set before them such a breakfast as Beddoes had never had. Tea, and a round fat loaf of country bread with a great knife stuck in it, and butter in a pat! And bacon as thick and lean as ham. They ate, and as the fire mounted and Mac's face took on its usual ruddiness and his eyes looked less pained, Beddoes felt exhilaration creep like smoke or some strong wine into all his intimate corners. "That little lady admires you, all right," he said now, his belt snug and his mind serene. "You say she knew your father? Was he a—that is, have you followed in his footsteps?"

Perry MacLaren let out a good yell of laughter, tightened one arm on the steering wheel to bang Beddoes roughly on the back with his other, and said, "Old boy, you're wonderful! Sally will love you. Yes, by damn, she will!" He laughed again, and the little car swerved upward merrily into the mist. As the sun touched the hills with a thin light, bluish and pure, snippets of fog caught on the occasional oaks in the glens, and on the bushes, and then, like music or perfume, disappeared. Once, a lark sang, startlingly near and clear above the impertinent racketing of the car. And then suddenly they went through a kind of gorge and Mac stopped the car. "Askhaven," he said.

Below them, in a narrow valley, lay a village so much like all the things that meant "village" in Beddoes' somewhat muddled Anglophilic mind that he almost shouted. The wee houses, rosy brick and tile, straggled along a grassy street, and smoke rose from their doll-like chimneys, and there was a tiny church with a steeple, and there was a green in front of it, with a fountain and a cross—and then, miraculous and perfect, in the still air rose the jewelled, dream-familiar notes of a hunting horn. Beddoes drew in his breath sharply. "God, Mac," he said softly. "It's—it's England!"

"Yes, yes, it's a decent little spot. Bad drains, of course."

Mac started the car, resolutely British, and Beddoes felt silly. Then, as they coasted down into the valley and the houses became sturdy reality, he peered keenly about him. He saw children and old people at the windows, and once a woman flapped her apron in the doorway to scare away three pecking hens. There were early-summer flowers everywhere. The church door was open. They were off the street now, and wheeling into a lane behind the small buttressed chancel of the church. Then Mac stopped violently, sprang out of the car, and ran up the path toward a small ugly house, his face young and dazzling with love. "Sally!" he called.



Beddoes watched without any modesty while his friend folded himself around and against the woman in the doorway. Their embrace was in itself so without shame that it never occurred to him to turn away his eyes. Instead, he smiled dazedly, and then crawled with stiff joints from the car and carried the two suitcases up the path.

"Beddoes—Sally." Mac kept his arms for a minute around his wife, and then the three of them laughed and scrambled into the narrow darkness of the hallway, which smelled, like narrow dark hallways of English literature, of wet woollens and cabbage.

Soon Beddoes was alone in his room, which smelled faintly like the hall and had one window looking across and through some yews into the stoniness of the church wall. It was a cheery cubbyhole, with a high narrow bed and

THE KITE

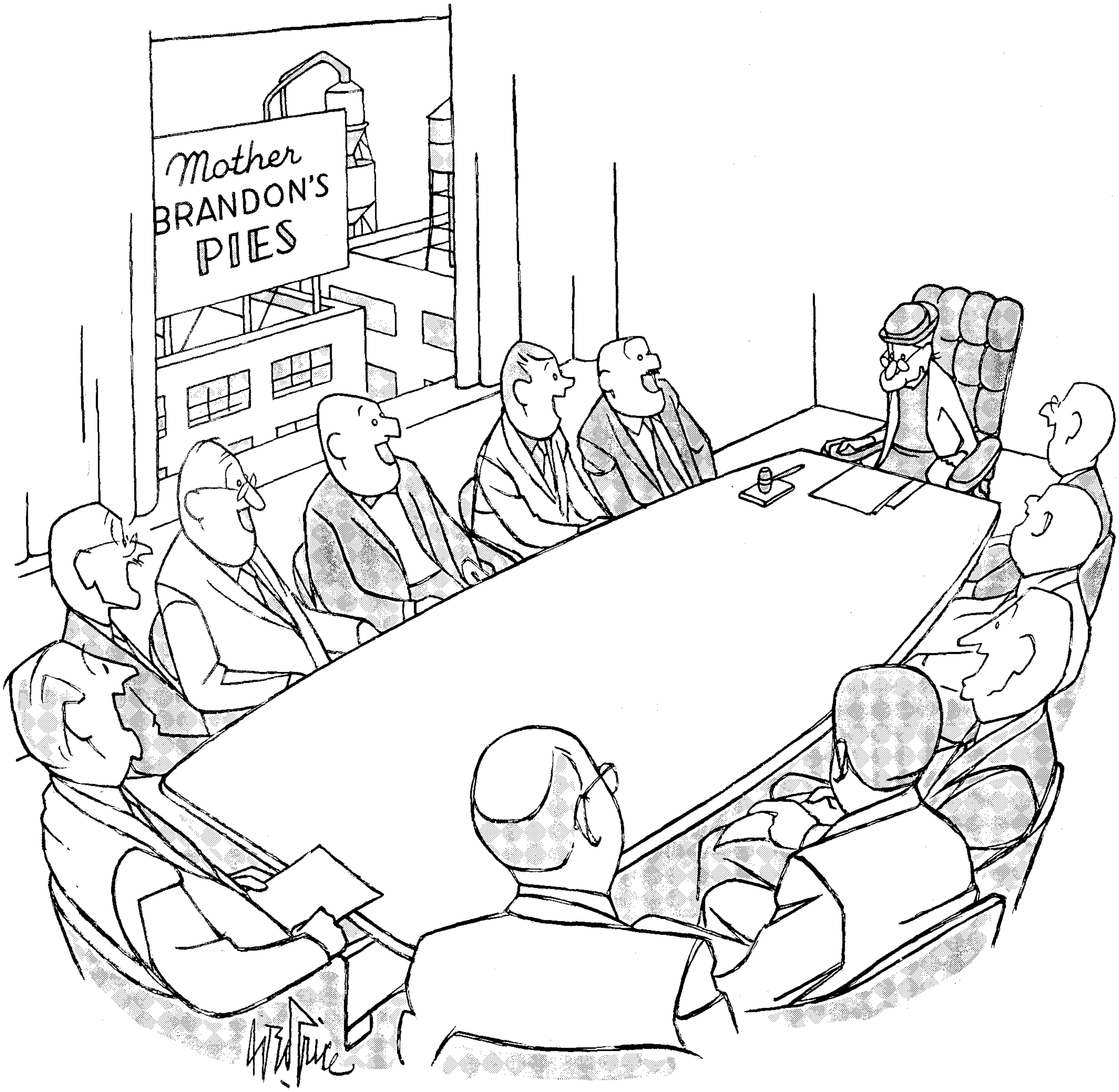
It rises over the lake, the farms,
The edge of the woods,
And, like a body without arms
Or legs, it swings
Blind and blackening in the moonless air.
The wren, the vireo, the thrush
Make way. The rush
And flutter of wings
Falls through the dark
Like a mild rain.
We cover our heads and ponder
The farms and woods that rim
The central lake.
A barred owl sits on a limb,
Silent as bark.
An almost invisible
Curtain of rain seems to come nearer.
The muffled crack and drum
Of distant thunder
Blunders against our ears.

A row of hills appears.
It sinks into a valley
Where farms and woods surround a lake.
There is no rain.
It is impossible to say what form
The weather will take.
We blow on our hands,
Trying to keep them warm,
Hoping it will not snow.
Birds fly overhead.
A man runs by
Holding the kite string.
He does not see us standing dark
And still as mourners under the sullen sky.
The wind cries in his lapels. Leaves fall
As he moves by them.
His breath blooms in the chill,
And, for a time, it seems that small
White roses fill the air,
Although we are not sure.

Inside the room
The curtains fall like rain.
Darkness covers the flower-papered walls,
The furniture and floors
Like a mild stain.
The mirrors are emptied, the doors
Quietly closed. Asleep
In the heavy arms of a chair,
The man runs by and does not see us
Out in the freezing air
Of the dream he is having.
The beating of wings and the wind
Move through the deep,
Echoing valley. The kite
Rises over the lake,
The farms, the edge of the woods
Into the moonless night
And disappears.
And the man turns in his chair,
Slowly beginning to wake.

—MARK STRAND

• •



"'M' is for the million things she gave us, 'O' is for . . ."

• •

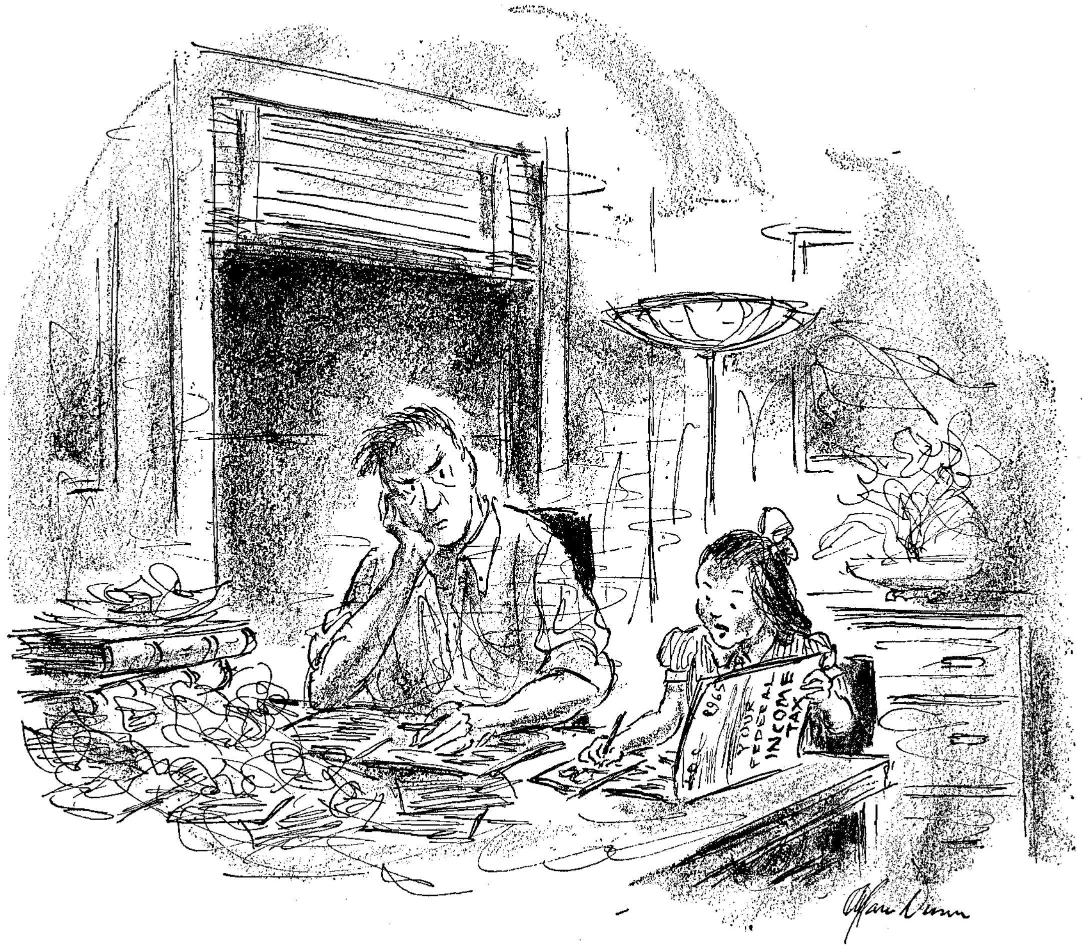
a small fireplace twinkling with polished brass fittings, and an armchair drawn up, cramped but comfortable, between the fire and the dresser. There was chintz all over everything, just as it should be in the vicar's guest room of a village in—yes, Beddoes assured himself happily—in the heart of England. He opened his bag, yawned, and stood looking down into its familiar tidiness, its sterile order of a salesman's allotted shirts and ties and razor blades, with the cabinet photograph of his wife on top.

Beddoes' mind filled, suddenly and completely, with his first real sight of Sarah MacLaren. Now *there,* he thought helplessly. Now *there!* Ripe and beautiful, her voice like warm honey . . . He shook his head. Then, as he listened to new sounds in the tight little house, his thoughts swerved toward normal nothingness again.

There was a subdued tussling and giggling outside his door, and a kind of whispering, as if two or three children were in the midst of some secret. A voice said, "The water's hot for your bath, sir."

"All right. Thanks!" Beddoes felt like adding jovially, "O.K., you kids. No more fooling around out there, either!" He pulled open the door to speak to them, but they had gone. He felt foolish, and stood rather crossly for a minute, certain the next door hid his watchers. The hall was too dim to see whether there was a crack open. He laughed self-consciously, and went back into his room. A bath at eleven-thirty in the morning was nonsense anyway. He soon flapped obediently down the hall to the bathroom, though. It was a bleak barn, probably once meant for beds and now draftily occupied by an ancient oak flush toilet on a raised platform, a shabby armchair with a huge towel draped over it, and the tub. It was of green tin, and enormous. The geyser hissed and let occasional blobs of soot into the water. For some reason, the whole place was delightful.

With the good hot water running slowly into the tub, Beddoes lay back and felt like Leviathan awash. It was damn nice of Mrs. Mac to think of this for him. Funny he hadn't seen



"You see, Daddy, this set equals all the dollars you earned; your expenses are a sub-set within it. A sub-set of that is your deductions."

• •

the children. But *hey!* Whose children? That wasn't a thing people kept quiet about. Certainly there had been giggling and tussling outside the door before one of them said, "The water's hot for your bath, sir." Beddoes sat up in the tub. He suddenly felt chilly. *Had* he heard a voice say that? Or had he just thought so?

He dried himself hurriedly and, not waiting with his usual tidiness to wipe the tub, flapped back to his room. He closed his door firmly, forcing himself not to look back at the other closed doors in the dark hall, and went straight to the bottom of his suitcase for his flask of good bourbon. He lifted the bottle with practiced courtesy to his wavy image in the mirror, took a firm pull, and shuddered pleasurably. Never take baths so early in the day, he decided; steam gets in the brain.

He dressed quickly, strapped on his watch and found that it marked past noon, started downstairs, and then remembered the tub. But in the bathroom it was as neat—and almost as cold—as if he had not sloshed about in it a few minutes before. Damned efficient maid, he thought wryly, even if she runs off tittering. Rather to his surprise—for he was a moderate man—he took another ceremonious swig from his flask, and then descended almost gaily into the increasing cabbaginess of the vicarage.

And true enough, there was cabbage for lunch, or dinner, or whatever the badly cooked meal was called. Beddoes hated the stuff, but this noon, for some reason, it tasted very good. Perhaps it was the way it lay all higgledy-piggledy with onions and carrots in the big bowl of stew, or perhaps it was the bottle of ale that he drank with it—or the bourbon he had drunk before. Probably, though, it was because he was eating it with the MacLarens.

He had never been with two people like them. Everything they said sounded musical to his enchanted ears. When they looked at each other, which was often, their eyes darkened and widened with an almost audible protestation of love. They seemed wrapped around with bliss, so that the whole stuffy little dining room was transfigured. He felt a part of their passion, just as he had when he first saw them melt into each other in the doorway, and the fact that he now found himself in love for the only time in his life, and with Sarah MacLaren, was a part of the whole. He did not feel disturbed, only a little dizzy. He ate solidly of the watery, ill-cooked stew, and clicked glasses now and then with Mac, and spooned his way in a kind of happy vertigo through a tough apple tart with some clotted cream that had waited on the sideboard.

"Agatha made it," Sarah said, laughing softly and looking sideways at her husband from her long brown eyes.

"Then no wonder it's so . . . That is, my dear Sally, you must admit it's pretty dreadful." MacLaren stared at the glutinous pile on his plate.

"Yes," she said placidly. "That's why I got the cream. I thought it might help. But you know Agatha's so anxious . . ."

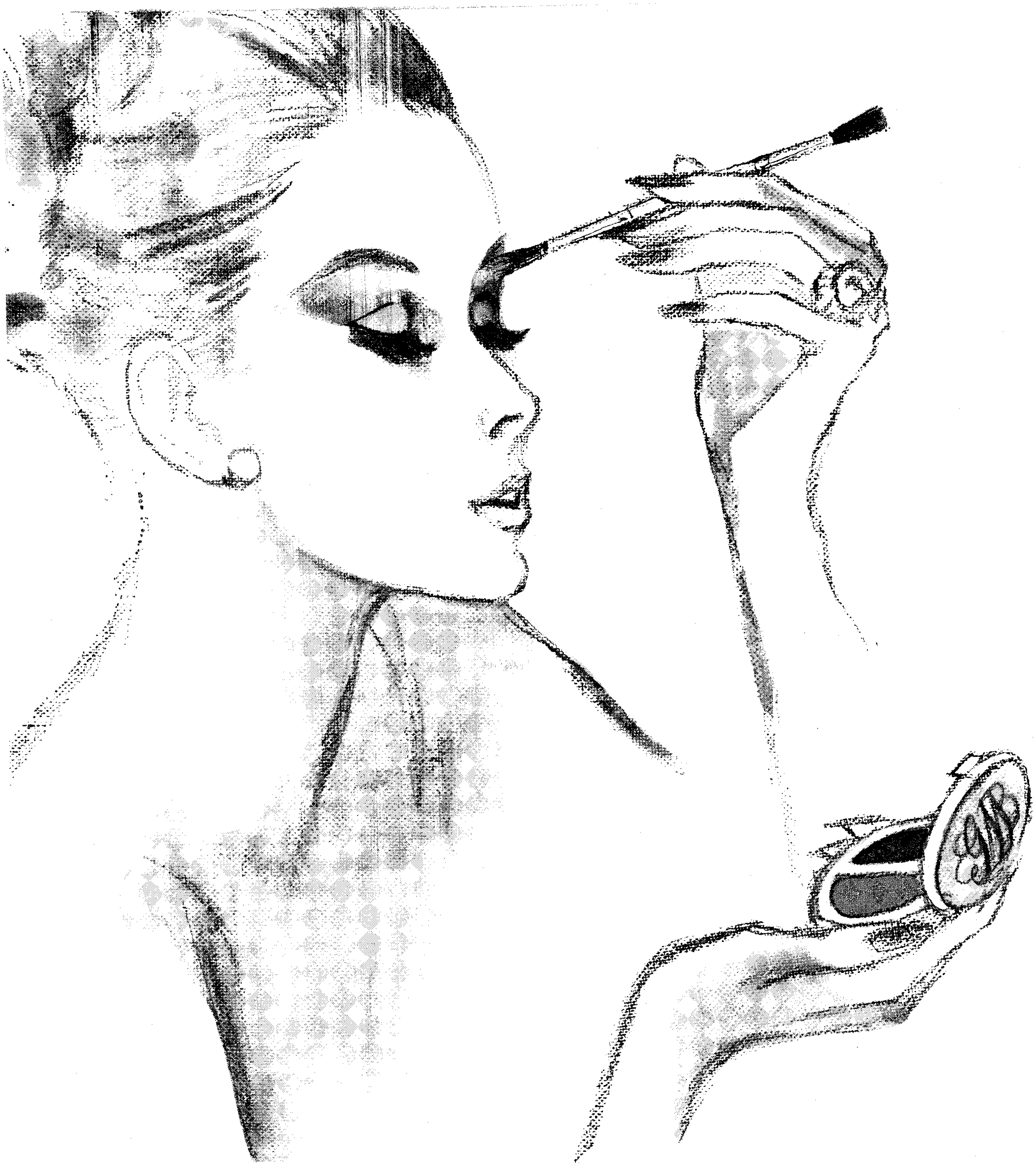
"Of course, darling. It's just that I do love decent tarts."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Beddoes, Perry's really rather a humbug. He idealizes himself as the simple parish priest, but often he has to pretend dreadfully hard that he's having supper at the Café de Paris in order to stand it. And, of course, I'm a rotten cook."

"Rotten, my dear. But Agatha's worse." Mac pushed back his chair. "Let's get out of here before I begin to idealize myself as a peppery old colonel and call for my digestive powders."

Beddoes looked with some faint worry at Sarah, expecting that she might seem unhappy, but she smiled at him and pushed her hair from her forehead gently with her plump hands. "I thought Mr. Beddoes might like to watch me show off with my Turkish coffeepot," she said vaguely. "I told Agatha, so everything's ready for it in the parlor. Now, Perry," she exclaimed, laughing so that her cheeks shook up and down, "you know very well that she can boil water!"

Beddoes followed them across the hall and into a surprisingly comfortable room, somewhat cluttered with small tables but with all Mac's books at one end in a kind of study, and a big couch in front of the fire, so that it seemed intimate and pleasant. It looks

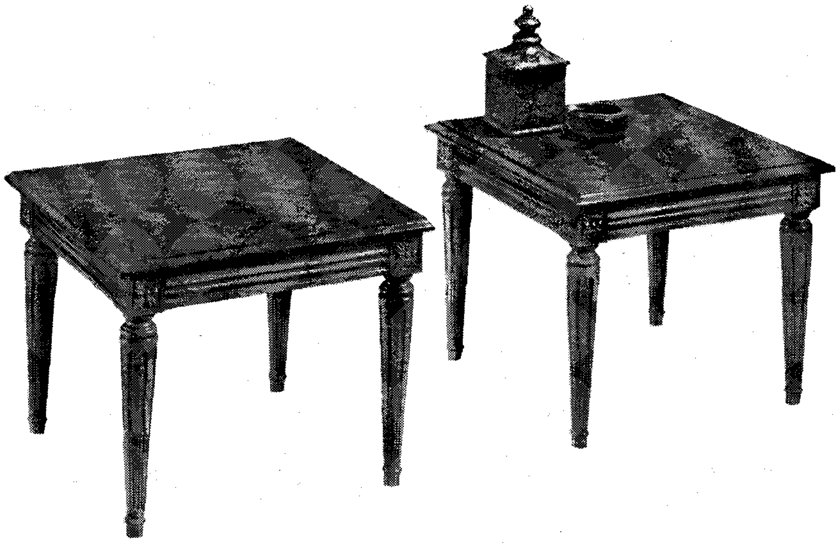


IDOL-EYES CAKE EYE SHADOW

Brush-on eye shadows so easy to use you *can't* go wrong, because each color comes in two tones — one dark and one light, to help you blend from dark to light to nothing with a finesse impossible to crayons. If you've always been the wide-eyed ingenue — try being a sultry siren for a while. It could be fun!

Germaine Monteil

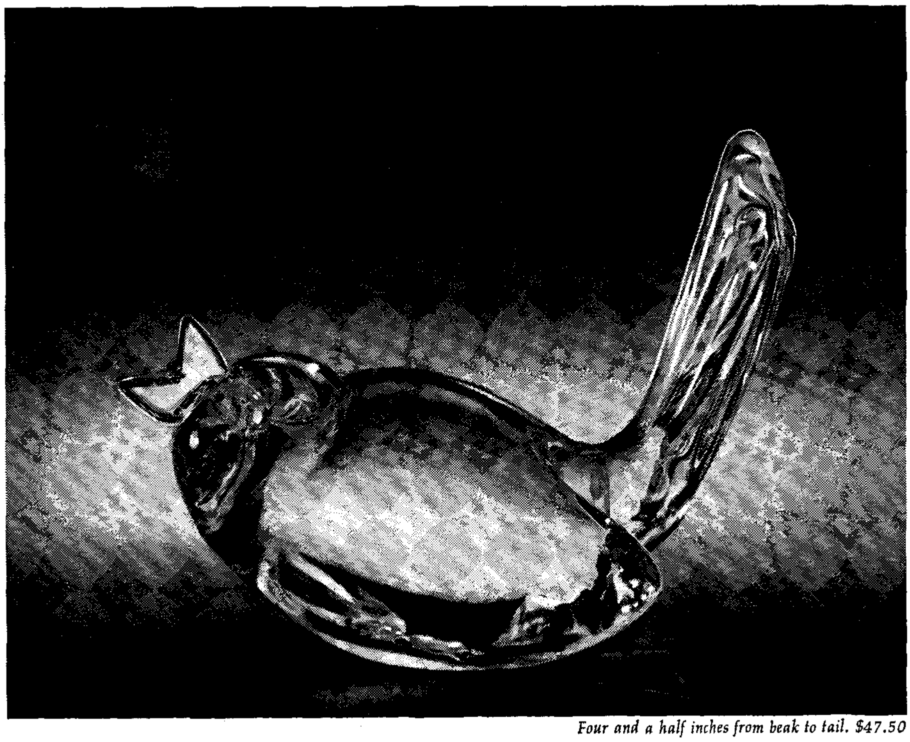
There's a quality about a home with Henredon



Two for cocktails in weathered mahogany, topped with marble and carved with Henredon skill. Pair them up in front of your sofa.

Henredon fine furniture

For occasional furniture brochure, send 50¢; for portfolio of Henredon collections, send $2.00; to Henredon, Dept. NY3-20, Morganton, N.C.



Four and a half inches from beak to tail. $47.50

Crystal songbird: jaunty, plump, and full of unsung songs

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

lived in, he decided with serene banality.

"Milk, too," Sarah added, after she had stuffed a pillow with absent-minded hospitality behind Beddoes on the couch and seated herself in front of her low coffee table. "Agatha boils milk well, too."

"Yes, that she does, darling. Where in hell's my pipe? Any mail while I was gone?" Mac rummaged about on the top of his desk, humming gently; then he wandered back to the hearth and folded himself into a big chair.

The fire burned with clear flame in its grate, so different from the fireplaces at home, and Beddoes stuck his feet as far toward it as he dared without appearing oafish, and managed to wiggle Sarah's well-meant pillow into a less uncomfortable spot. He watched her tenderly as she sat, completely absorbed with the various boilings and fussings and spoonings of her coffee routine. She was beautiful and, he decided, very much like a little fat hen at the moment. He started to ask, "Who's this Agatha?" but, instead, said mildly, "I heard the children in the hall this morning."

There was complete silence.

Beddoes did not realize it for a few seconds, and then he sat up straighter and looked miserably at the MacLarens. They did not notice him, but seemed as if they were talking silently to each other. Finally, Mac sighed and shook his head a little, and Sarah poured three cups of coffee almost nervously, and Beddoes said, "What did I—"

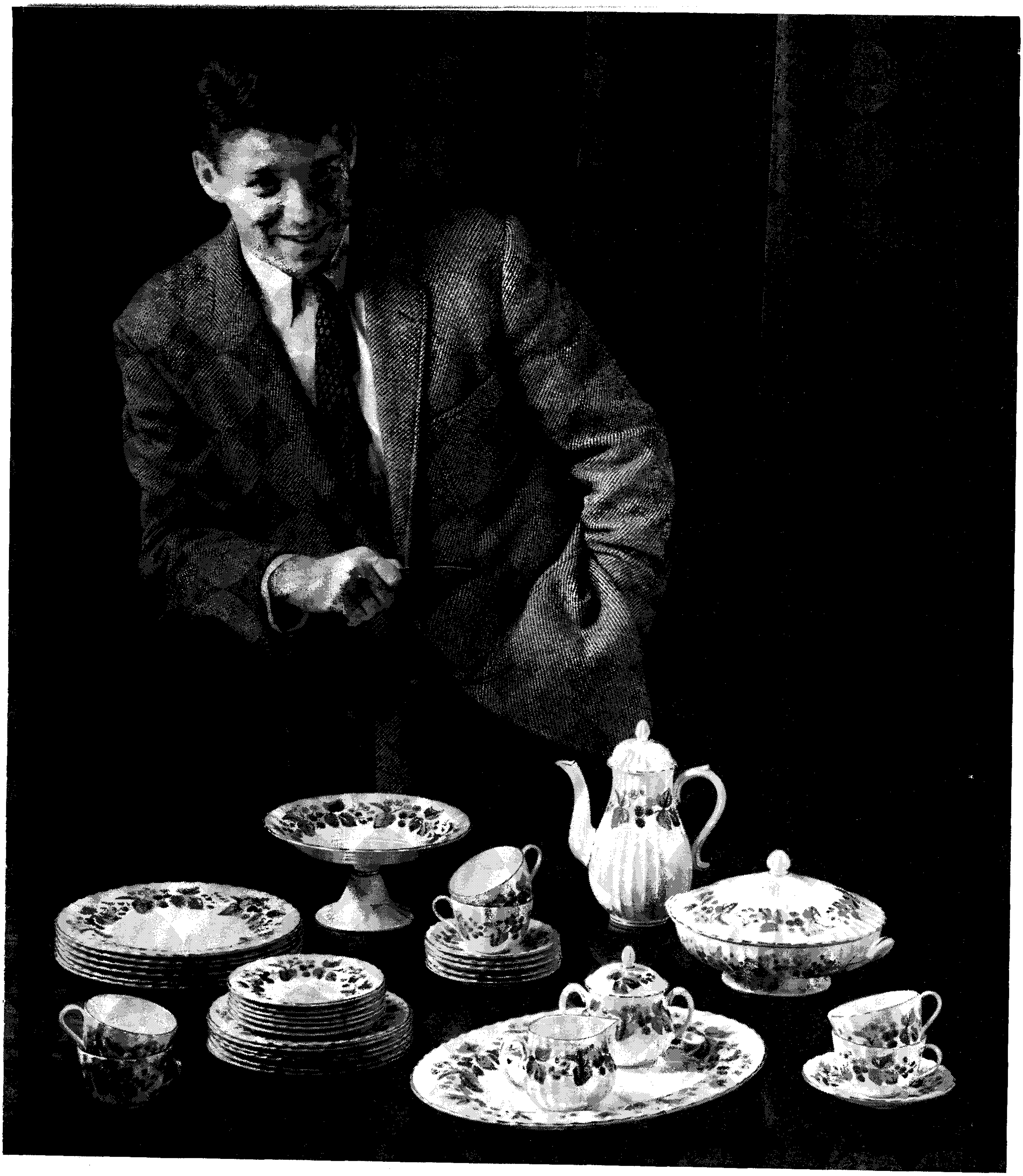
"Yes, quite," Mac interrupted him firmly. "And Beddoes old boy, I was hoping for a couple of rounds with you this afternoon—there's a decent little course near here—but I see a note saying that old Mrs. Timpkins has 'come over worse, sudden-like,' as she says."

"Again? That old silly! Mrs. Timpkins is always coming over worse when we have visitors." Sarah frowned, and then went on brightly, "How's the coffee? *I* think it's delicious!"

"I do, too," Beddoes said. It was strange and awful, but he echoed quite sincerely that it was delicious.

"Delicious, darling. You get better all the time. When you're an old lady, you can wear a veil—or several might be better, good thick ones—and you can make coffee in a seraglio or a big French restaurant. Don't you think so, Beddoes?"

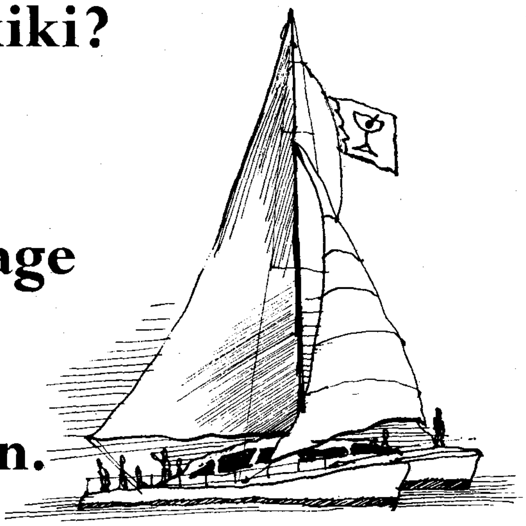
Beddoes giggled shrilly, and then before he could help it he yawned an enormous, engulfing, noisy yawn. He was sickly embarrassed and put



Are you the kind of girl hubbies give Royal Worcester to?
(even if he has to ask you for the $260.50)

Yes ☐ No ☐ He's given you the best years of his life. And now the purest and whitest bone china England sends America. Tap a teacup. Hear your wedding bells again. Hold a plate against the sky. And see the sun skip through. Look at all the Lavinia he's bought for $260.50: six 5-piece place settings and enough bowls and comports and platters for 50 years of marriage. $23.75 brings home a single Lavinia place setting, and others start at $15.75. All at stores where even hubbies feel at home.

For pattern folder and booklet on care of fine china: send 25¢ to Royal Worcester, Dept. D2, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10010. In Canada, 131 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5.



Going to Waikiki?

At the Hilton Hawaiian Village have a cocktail party on a catamaran.

Bill Charlock, the genial islander who runs the Hilton Hawaiian Village, has a whole fleet of catamarans, outriggers and power boats. Also five swimming pools and a magnificent beach. For the evenings, in addition to the cocktail party, Bill has several Oriental and Polynesian restaurants and night clubs. And twice a week an authentic Luau feast. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

HILTON Hawaiian Village

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

WHIRLING FROM SPRING INTO SUMMER—A PLEATED SKIRT UNDER A SLEEVELESS SHELL, $35

Two easy parts to span the seasons—a frog-trimmed top over box-pleats breaking from a camisoled skirt. Of wicker-weave rayon in curry, red or black. 6-16 sizes. Young Elite® Dresses. Mail and phone orders filled.

down his cup, trembling, blinking his wet eyes. "I'm *sorry*," he said. "*Please* excuse me. It—"

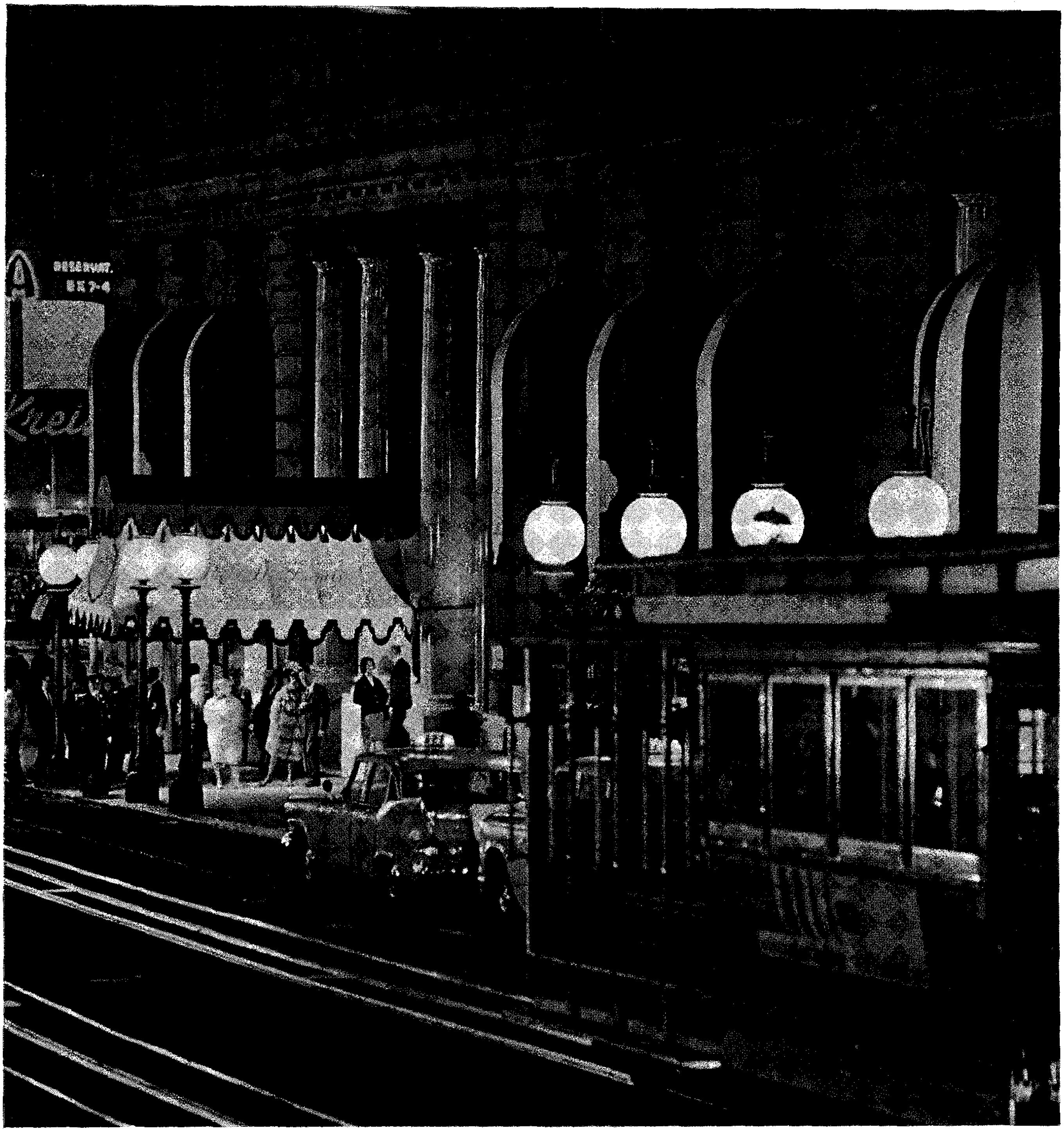
"It come over you worse, sudden-like," Sarah said. "I know. It's just as well Perry can't drag you around the golf course. Perry, you go comfort old Mrs. Timpkins—she's in love with *you*, not the Church—and Mr. Beddoes and I will curl up on the couch. That is, he'll curl up for a nap, and I'll sit here and mend every damned sock in the whole house!" She took one last sip of coffee, licked her full lower lip delicately, murmured "Delicious!" again, and withdrew into a kind of trance, like a cat.

Beddoes saw Mac kiss her forehead and then the back of her neck, and tiptoe out of the room. But almost before he put his feet up onto the soft couch he was asleep, with Sarah MacLaren's image, like a brown butterfly, behind his peaceful eyelids.

When he wakened, it was to the sound of coal embers falling whisperingly from the grate under the weight of fresh fuel. Someone was poking the fire. But when he opened his eyes, almost at once, Sarah sat quietly across the hearth from him, and the coals burned all by themselves in the odd little iron basket. He lay looking at her, and in spite of a strong sense of bewilderment he was very content. His eyes felt as fresh as a child's and, indeed, his whole body tingled and cooled as if a gentle wind blew privately over it from some other world. He had never felt so alive. He lay easily within his skin, and if anyone had told him that he looked the same as ever—an average man—he would not have understood.

He gazed calmly at Sarah and thought without pain of his love for her. It was strange, of course, but in some way quite natural that he should have waited so long to fall so utterly in love with any woman, let alone with this chubby little hen of a creature. What would his wife think of her? Sarah's hair was long and unstylish and seemed to slip out of its pins pretty easily, and her knitted dress had a definite and matronly bag behind. He smiled and stirred, and veiled his eyes as she looked up quickly at him from her darning. He wanted not to talk for a few minutes longer. It seemed to him that he had talked all his life and never said anything until today—and at that he could not remember what it was that he had said. Perhaps nothing. But he felt potentially able to say, to utter at last, some of the thoughts that all his years had been lying like eggs in a nest, ready for this hatching. What they

AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!
CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BRO! & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 St JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF
From Scotland's Best Distilleries
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.



Passing THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL across from Union Square, cable cars add to the excitement of San Francisco's cosmopolitan night life

TONIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO . . .

Union Square! Catch a cable car. Listen for gulls and throaty foghorns. Pick a plump, red crab from a steaming Wharfside cauldron. Walk across the Pacific and back —on the Golden Gate. Find soft lights and spotlights. Jazz, Puccini, Bach. Play or ballet. Wend homeward to leather and oak, satin and silk. A place that's nothing like home. Where you don't lift a finger. We'll do it, please. Old world grace and new world flair. Enchantment! This is The St. Francis. This is San Francisco.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

Owning and managing fine hotels throughout the Western World

These are
Western International Hotels

UNITED STATES

ANCHORAGE	Anchorage-Westward
BELLINGHAM	Leopold
BILLINGS	Northern
BOISE	Boise, Owyhee Motor Inn
BUTTE	Finlen Motor Inn
CAREFREE (Scottsdale)	Carefree Inn
CHICAGO	Continental Plaza
DENVER	Cosmopolitan
GREAT FALLS	Rainbow
HONOLULU	Ilikai
JUNEAU	Baranof
LOS ANGELES	Century Plaza (1966)
NEW YORK	Savoy Plaza
PALM SPRINGS	Oasis
PHOENIX	Caravan Inn
POCATELLO	Bannock Motor Inn
PORTLAND	Benson, Multnomah
SAN DIEGO (Coronado)	Del Coronado
SAN FRANCISCO	St. Francis, Sir Francis Drake, Maurice
SEATTLE	Olympic, Benjamin Franklin Space Needle Restaurant
SPOKANE	Davenport

CANADA

CALGARY	Calgary Inn
VANCOUVER	Bayshore Inn, Georgia
VICTORIA	Imperial Inn

MEXICO

ACAPULCO	Caleta, El Mirador
CIUDAD JUAREZ	Camino Real Motor Inn (Spring, 1965)
CULIACAN	Los Tres Rios Motor Hotel
HERMOSILLA	El Encanto Motor Inn
MEXICO CITY	Alameda, Francis, Majestic, Ritz
MORELIA	Virrey de Mendoza
SALTILLO	Camino Real
TAMPICO	Camino Real

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA CITY	Biltmore

JAPAN

HAKONE	Kowaki-en
KYOTO	International
NAGOYA	International
TOKYO	Kokusai-Kanko

FOR CERTIFIED RESERVATIONS, SEE YOUR WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS CERTIFIED TRAVEL AGENT, OR CALL THE WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTEL NEAREST YOU. RESERVATION OFFICES ALSO LOCATED IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES:

Boston
Buffalo
Cincinnati
Dallas
Detroit
Edmonton
Hartford
Hong Kong
Kansas City
London
Los Angeles
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Montreal
Philadelphia
Sacramento
St. Paul
Toronto
Washington, D. C.

LOS ANGELES IN 1966—THE CENTURY PLAZA
NOW IN NEW YORK—THE SAVOY PLAZA
NOW IN CHICAGO—THE CONTINENTAL PLAZA

WESTERN
INTERNATIONAL
HOTELS

Edward E. Carlson, President
Executive Offices: The Olympic, Seattle
682-9400

would be he did not know and certainly did not care. It was enough to realize that they were there.

He must have dozed again, because he woke to hear Sarah scolding, in a muted, exasperated voice. "*No*, Tom! You've been very good today, and I'm proud of you, and indeed you've managed beautifully with the others. But *no!*"

Beddoes watched her poking her needle against the sock she darned, frowning and clucking as she did it.

My love is a madwoman, he thought, and asked quietly, "Who are you talking to, Mrs. MacLaren?"

"Tom's pestering me to play the gramophone," she said, and then dropped her mending and put both hands against her lips. Her eyes stared at him. They no longer looked placid or merry or mysteriously deep, but round as plums with consternation. Finally, she put down her hands and folded the mending carefully into the basket and then came over and sat on the floor beside Beddoes.

He lay absolutely still, not fearful at all but listening as if every pore in his skin were a little ear.

"Go away now, Tom," Sarah said clearly. "That's a good soul." She waited a minute, and then started to talk, in a rather strained way at first and then almost eagerly. "I *told* Perry we'd have to explain to you. You're a friend, or I suppose we'd never have let you come at all. These last few months, we've been so absorbed in this job that we've rather forgotten how strange it may look to people who don't know about it. Of course, here in Askhaven everyone understands. Everyone knows Perry for the dear godly man he is. He *is* a man of God, you know, Mr. Beddoes. He could be a bishop if he wished—a *good* bishop. But I've no ambition for him—and I'd be such a ninny as a bishop's wife! And Askhaven is his whole life. Mine, too."

Beddoes held out a cigarette to her, and she lit it for herself and then said, "They really seem to like me, too. Vicars' wives are often disliked. Of course, I do most of the things I'm supposed to—Girls' Friendly, and Guild, and those ghastly boxes for the missions. And I visit. That helps Perry. I'm really a *very* good vicar's wife, now I think of it." She leaned sensuously against the couch, and let the smoke curl up her cheekbones from her slackened fine lips.

"What about Tom?" Beddoes asked it softly, as if afraid to scare her away—or into plain friendliness again.

"Oh, Tom." She looked vaguely at

Bank on
Coin®
The "2-FACED*" Fabric

Mayfair of
California does

What is COIN? The quality way of bonding two fabrics permanently as one. As shown in this elegant evening coat of lace bonded to COLLINS & AIKMAN CERTIFAB® 100% nylon tricot. You can be sure its regal look and flowing lines are there to stay. White, black, beige. 6-16. About $80.

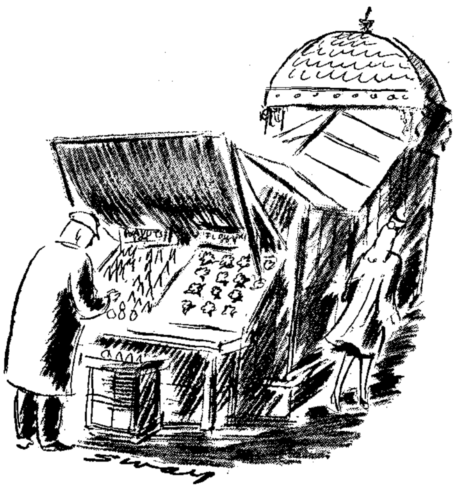
At NEIMAN-MARCUS, Dallas; HARZFELD'S, Kansas City, Mo.; BULLOCK'S STORES, Los Angeles; I. MAGNIN Stores.

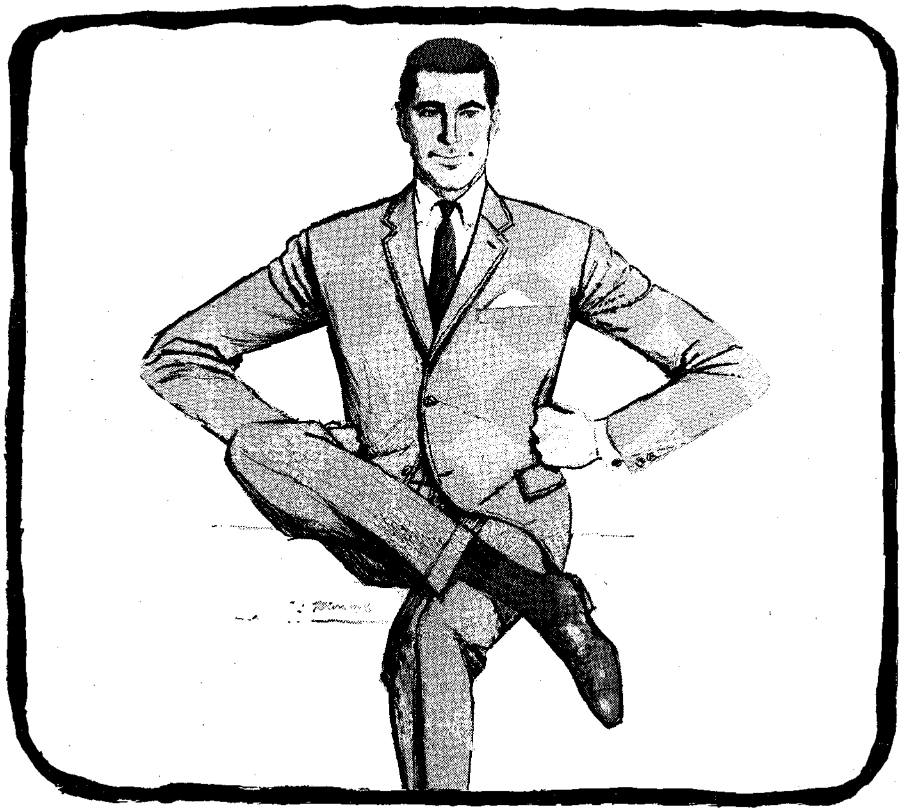
COIN INTERNATIONAL Div. of Coin Sales Corp. 450 7th Ave., N.Y.C.
*T.M. COIN SALES CORP.

him, and then shook herself. "Yes, Tom. Well—it's rather hard to start. I do hope he is not listening. He's so terribly sensitive lately. You see, it's getting time for him to leave us, and he doesn't want to. But of course Perry says he must. Oh dear! Mr. Beddoes—Mr. Beddoes, Tom is . . ." Sarah looked earnestly at him, as if she was praying that it was all right to hurt him in some way or frighten him, and without even knowing that he did it he took one of her hands. She smiled at him. "Tom is a lost soul. There are a lot of them, everywhere. When they're really lost, completely, hopelessly, they're usually what people call ghosts. They're terribly unhappy, Mr. Beddoes, and they do mischievous things, or bad things. It's a kind of rage they're in. They haunt people. It's wretched. The two at Mrs. Protheroe's—Perry feels so depressed about them that he's almost ill, Mr. Beddoes. Poor darling. You see, Mrs. Protheroe called him because she knows how he is helping, and of course she has to support herself and run the inn alone, and the two . . . They were a man and woman in about 1620 who owned the Queen's Head and sent all the decent women who stopped there to London, doped, for the sailors. These two horrible souls have come back, and they are driving away all the trade. They just lie in that bed, which isn't really there, of course, and . . ." Sarah shuddered, and threw her cigarette into the grate.

Beddoes closed his eyes for a moment. He felt nauseated and cold, remembering the waves of hatred that had risen from the blue-canopied high couch last night, and hearing his own voice heavy with prayer against the impossible whirring of the electric clock upon the wall. "Yes, those were damned souls," he said at last, and looked at Sarah.

"Well, Perry will try again. And he has helped many, you know. Agatha is

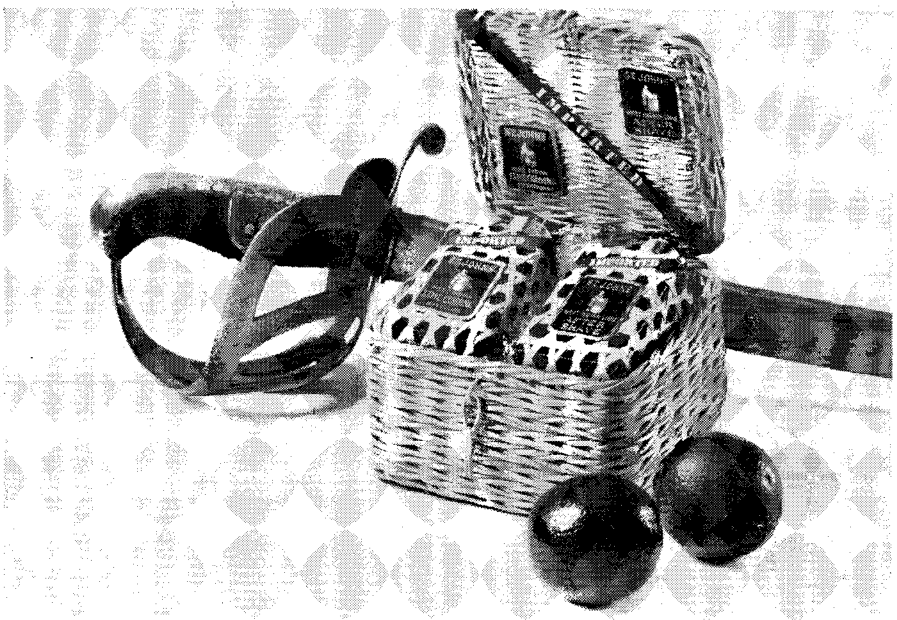




Gordon Ford's suiting for a gentleman—distinguished by herringbone of polyester and cotton from Galey & Lord. For your nearest retailer write us at 1407 B'way., N.Y.

Burlington QUALITY

Galey & Lord

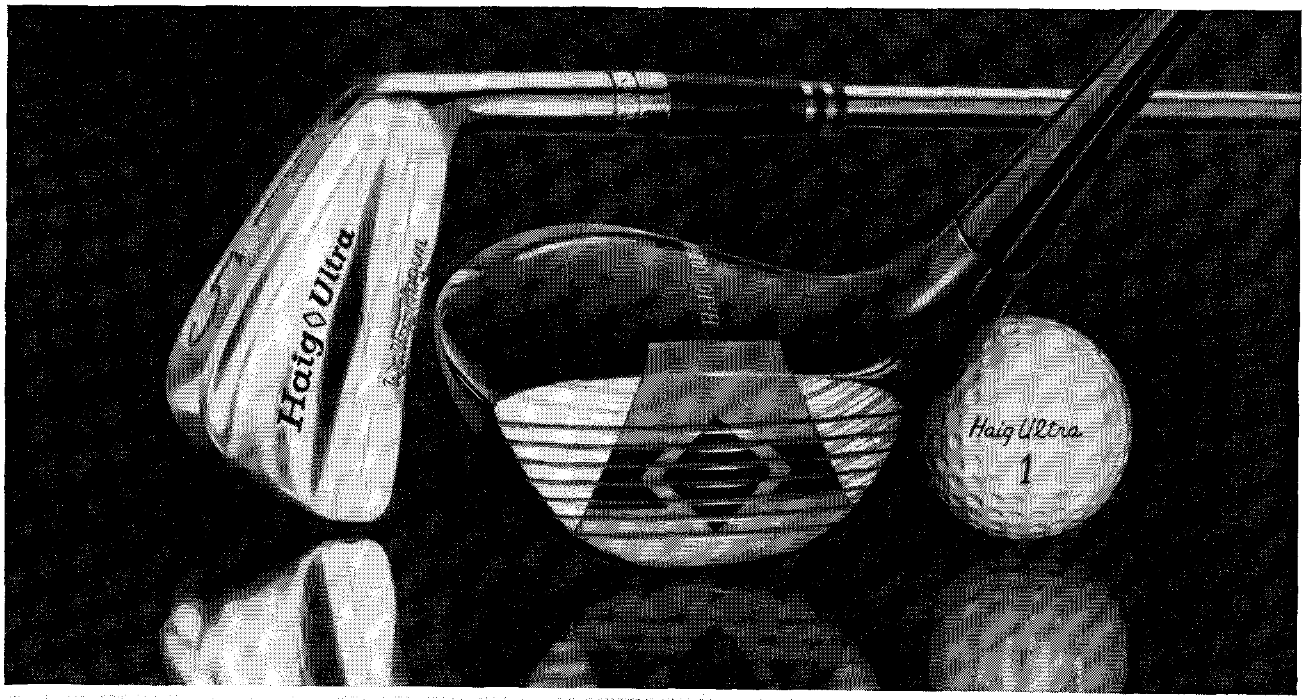


Sailors' secret becomes grooming sensation

The West Indies lime, storied rejuvenator of the English sailor, has reappeared as a new sensation in grooming. Our St. Johns Lime Cologne* is the essence of West Indian lime and tropical spices. Tart and tangy, mysteriously soothing. Our St. Johns Lime After Shave is as cooling as a daiquiri at dusk. Its aroma is mouth-watering. Lime After Shave and Cologne, imported in handwoven hamper, $8.50 up. *Sensational.*

St. Johns

West Indies Bay Co., Div., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Available at America's finest stores. *Exclusive Trademark



"You don't have to be a millionaire to play like one."

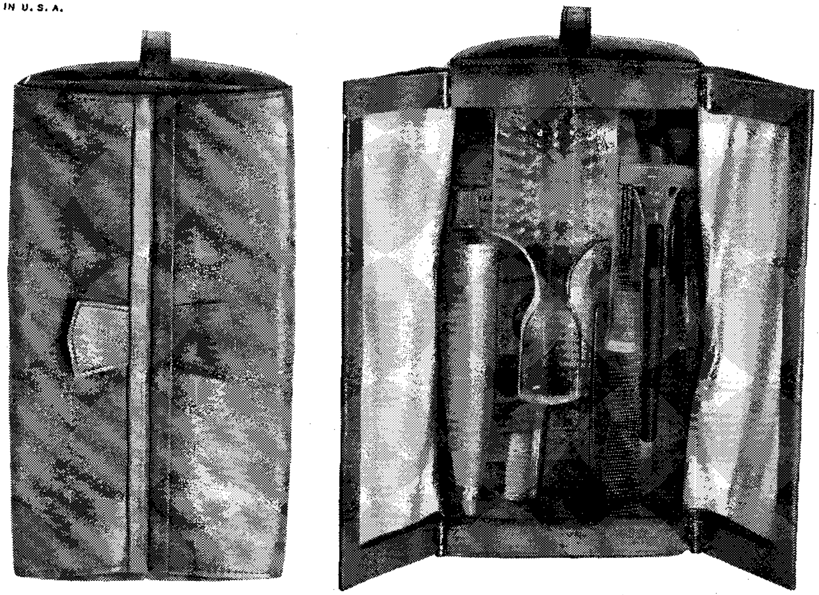
Walter Hagen

STRIDE down the fairway with pride when you carry a new Haig Ultra® wood or iron. With a Haig in your hand you can feel the sensitive balance, delicate touch and powerful response that never vary within the set. Each club is perfectly balanced because the flex of its shaft is individually matched to the weight of its club head. Each wood is hand-finished in bold Presidential Black. Each iron is polished to a gleaming, jewel-like finish. Swing a set of Haigs today. They cost no more than the next best clubs. And they're a great way to lord it over the fairways.

Haig Ultra

Walter Hagen Golf, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Available only through golf professional shops

design and process patents applied for
MADE IN U. S. A.



When you see how much you can cram into this Travel Kit

you'll flip!

New Flip Top® Travel Kit in soft, supple Mello Touch Cowhide, with strong, washable vinyl lining. Flip—it opens, making every bit of inside space useable. Flip—it shuts, for a light, smart carry-all that packs everything, including a wallop. About $12. At well travelled stores or write St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, N.Y.

ST. THOMAS

THE EASIEST ELEGANCE . . .

BONWIT'S OWN TUCKED SHIRT

Our exclusive roll-sleeve, pin-tuck shirt is a new drip dry polyester-and-rayon that looks like silk, adds casual chic to suits, skirts, what you will. By Adelaar. White, natural, rose, yellow, aqua, bright or pale green. 8 to 18 sizes, 11.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

BLOUSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT TELLER

one of the best. She *came* to us! Usually Perry discovers where there is trouble and goes and rescues the poor tormented thing and brings it here. But Agatha came by herself, and asked to stay. Of course, she's more like a guest, you know. It's a queer mess. We hardly feel that we can ask her about herself. But she's never been sly, like some of the others, and she's getting clearer all the time. She insists she was a cook! She'll soon leave us, too. You see, they grow clearer as they find themselves. Some of them, even if you can't see them, you know they're tiny and hideous, more like ideas than things—ideas of pain, perhaps. And then as they find themselves they grow straighter and clearer until they're almost like children, but with old minds, of course. I can see Agatha lately. Today, when she wanted so much to make the tart, she was *there*, Mr. Beddoes—so little and sincere that I knew she'd be honest about it. It was a *terrible* tart, but it was a *tart*. Some of them, even when they promise to be good, do naughty things, and might use salt instead of sugar. Or rat poison. Or drain cleanser . . ."

"My God!" Beddoes looked angrily at her. "You're in danger, then!"

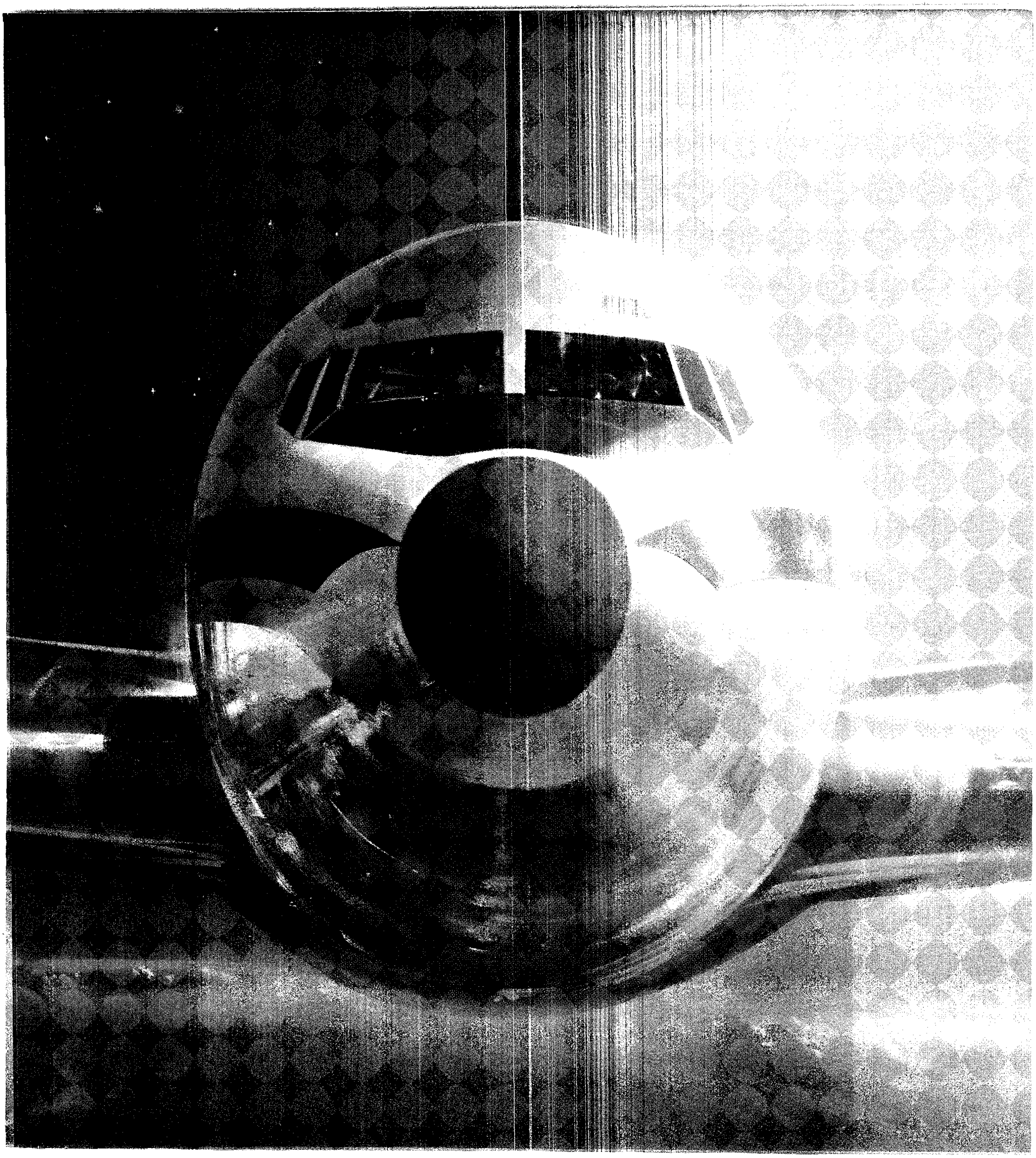
"Of course. It's risky business, really. But we must do it. You could tell, couldn't you, the dreadful suffering of those two at Mrs. Protheroe's, caught as they were in their own evil? And Perry can save them. He has had worse. He'll bring them here, and gradually—I think it's probably my quiet nature, and of course I'm patient when eggs get broken because I *often* break eggs myself—gradually they begin to be less cruel and twisted, and I give them little jobs to do. In fact, they can become very helpful. I don't hire anyone at all now." She smiled at him.

He could see her only dimly against the soft glow of the fire, but her eyes looked sure and steady into his. He gave her another cigarette and then said fretfully, "But I don't like your being in danger. I don't like it."

"There isn't much, really. And of course Tom is here."

"Yes. What about Tom?"

Sarah watched smoke rise from her cigarette toward the chimney, and then she laughed. "It's really simple, you know. He's been with us several months now—almost since Perry began this. But every time Perry tells him it is nearly time to go, Tom breaks something, or pretends to be naughty, and then we have to start all over again. At least, he means us to. And of course I have to be stern with myself, because



PIA Boeings make 'firsts' in routes, flights, services

A PIA Boeing 720B fan jet holds the world record for the fastest time between London and Karachi, London and Beirut and Beirut and Karachi. PIA are the first international airline to pioneer a new route with modern jets through Canton and Shanghai; the first service through Moscow and beyond. And the first airline to show inflight films to both First *and* Economy class passengers. It is this kind of modern and imaginative enterprise which explains why last year PIA—a consistently profitable airline—carried over 14% more passengers and why seasoned travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

LONDON FRANKFURT MOSCOW GENEVA ROME BEIRUT TEHRAN
KARACHI BOMBAY DELHI CALCUTTA DACCA KHATMANDU RANGOON CANTON SHANGHAI

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

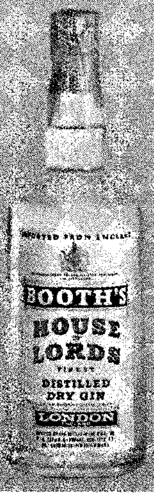
GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH

608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK
323 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
1 PLACE VILLE MARIE, MONTREAL
1028 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

If Booth's House of Lords is such a great gin, how come a lot of people never tried it?

Maybe we need a new bottle.

Booth's House of Lords, the non-conformist gin from England.


IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE
LORDS
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W.A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.

really I wish he could stay forever. I depend on him—too much, I know. He should have a real home, one he could run correctly. No. 1 Boy. But he's wonderful with the others. I told him this afternoon about the silliness outside your door. I think it must have been Lady Donfellows and the Negro girl, Odessa. They've only been here a few weeks. They're not bad at all, just idiotic—completely zany. Nitwits. They got lost before they died, and then fluttered around wondering what was wrong with everybody else—for *centuries*, probably. I told Tom. He felt rather badly. But he'll keep them in order. I'm sure of him."

Once more the soft sound of falling coal ash whispered in Beddoes' ears, and he felt a little prickly, as he had once after an injection of adrenalin. "Where is Tom now?" he whispered.

Sarah looked around. "I can't always see him, you know," she answered rather impatiently. "And I can only feel him here if he wants me to. Tom, are you here?" They waited for a minute, Sarah on the floor, with her soft plump hand warmly in Beddoes', which suddenly felt rather damp. "No, he isn't here. Or else he is but is shy with you." She grinned. "You don't have to *hear* them, you know. I know it's annoying. It annoys me sometimes. Even Tom will tease me a little. I'll think I'm alone and suddenly he'll steal the last bite of a bonbon I've been saving for after supper." She jerked her hand away. "Oh, Mr. Beddoes! Tea! I haven't even told them about tea for you!"

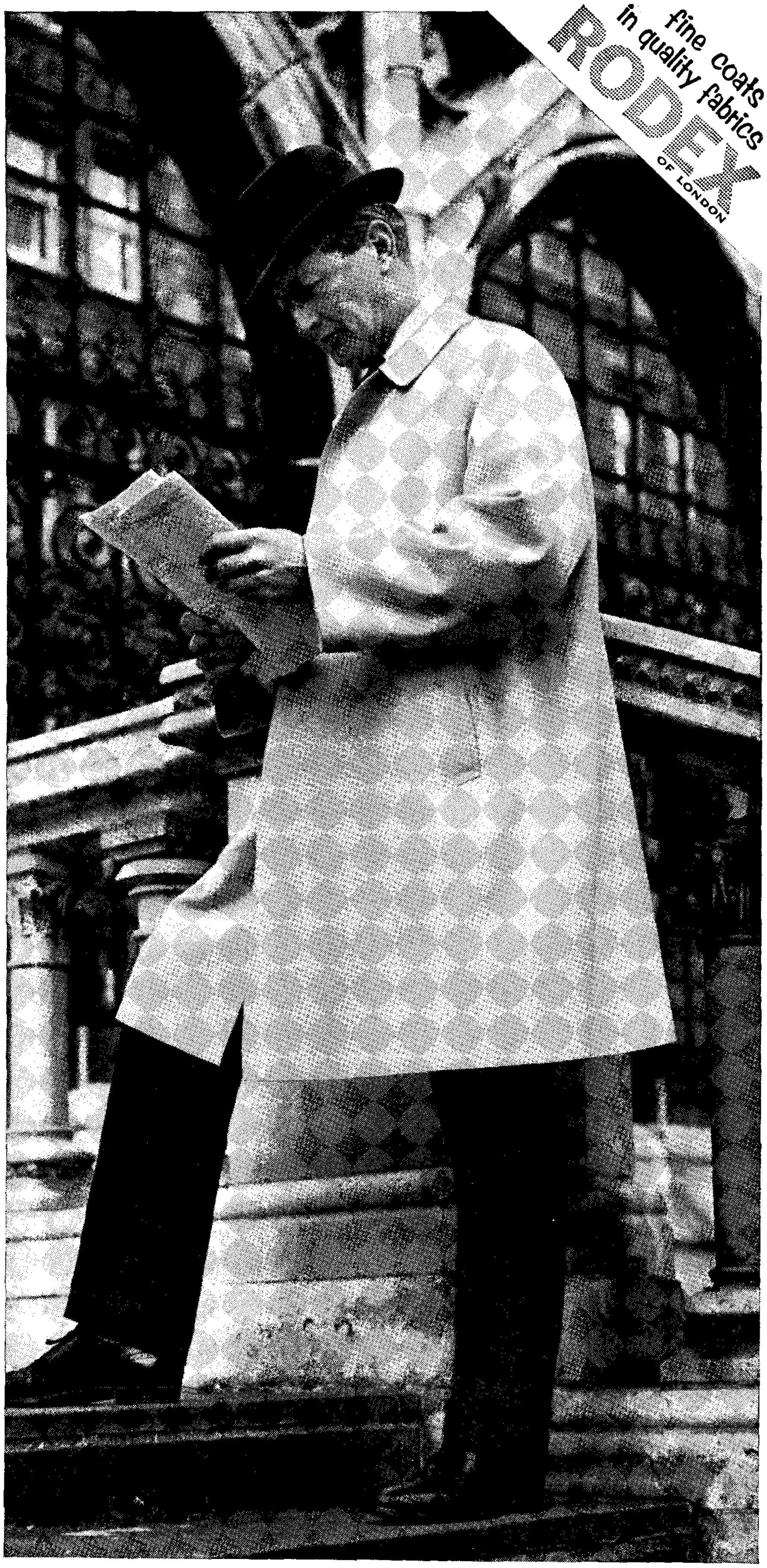
Beddoes laughed. "I'm not used to afternoon tea," he said. "We don't have it much back home, except for company from England!"

"But Perry will be furious with me! Don't tell him, eh?"

He felt delightfully secretive, and grabbed her hand hard. "In cahoots!" he cried. "The tea was delicious, Ma'am! As I live and breathe, it was indeed!"

Sarah laughed excitedly, and then bit at her lip, her eyes bemused. "Yes," she murmured. "Today's Saturday. I have some beautiful fresh eggs. We'll have up an egg to our tea, as Mrs. Timpkins says. And that'll be instead of supper. And you and Perry can go down to the Golden Duck and play darts. He likes to go Saturday nights. The men are easier then. They can tell him about—"

The door into the hall opened quietly, and Mac stood dark against the light that streamed in past him. Beddoes started to sit up, feeling vaguely guilty, but Sarah held his hand



Seen today outside the Law Courts, London, tomorrow changing planes at Paris, next week at the U.S. Embassy, Rome—a globe-trotting coat by Rodex of London in the new international look. Tailored with stitch-by-stitch care in Britain's most finely woven cotton gabardine. Price about $65. Study this and other Rodex coats, all in outstanding cloths, at America's foremost stores.

RODEX OF LONDON · 7 EAST 37 STREET · NEW YORK 16 · TEL: EV 3-8700

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000
INSURANCE CORPORATION

Who adds 9,000 customers each working day?

The 4400 FSLIC-Insured Savings and Loan Associations throughout the United States do.

36,000,000 people now save profitably at FSLIC-Insured Savings and Loan Associations, and in 1964 this number increased at the average rate of 9,000 additional customers (net) each working day throughout the year.

All Savings and Loan Associations do not have their accounts insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. The above emblem means that the association which displays it is a member of the FSLIC, a Government agency established by Congress and administered by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board of Washington, D. C.

This emblem is your assurance that the Savings and Loan Association displaying it has met the qualifying standards for membership in the FSLIC. Such associations are under continuing government supervision and are subject to periodic examinations by governmental authorities.

This emblem of safety is also your assurance that your savings are insured up to $10,000 by the FSLIC in each Savings and Loan Association which displays this emblem.

Since the FSLIC was established in 1934, no one has ever lost a penny in savings insured by this Government agency.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000
INSURANCE CORPORATION

Savings and Loan Associations

©1965. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

tighter. "Perry!" she called. "Perry, I've been telling him about our ghoulies. He knows about them."

"Good," Mac said. "That's all right, then. Beddoes, old boy, how about a wee nip before supper? I could stand one myself."

"And I'll go see about things," Sarah said. "I'll tell Agatha about the eggs."

THE rest of Beddoes' weekend passed in a pleasant blur. He helped clear the table after meals, at which he ate heartily of the bad food, and he never went into the kitchen, feeling shyly that Agatha and the others might not like it, but instead stacked dishes and cups with his customary neatness on the sideboard. They always disappeared soon after.

Saturday night, he played interminable darts in a crowded smoky saloon—pub, he should say. He drank an astonishing number of double Scotches, but none of them seemed to hit him, and afterward, in a solemnly clear-headed mood, he walked home through the sleeping village with Mac. He thought a long time and finally started to say that it was queer how well he understood the garbled accent of the village men, but Mac cut into his half-formed words. "Wait here, Beddoes, eh? I'll be but a minute." And, in his tweeds and round white collar, MacLaren hurried into the church through the unlocked door.

Beddoes waited, leaning against the cross by the sweetly dripping fountain. He knew Mac was right to leave him; he was drunk, even if he did not feel so in the least. "Tipsy souls must go to pray all by themselves, inside themselves, if they can find the door," Beddoes said.

Mac came out in a few minutes, his face serene, and they went home to bed.

After morning services the next day (Beddoes did not go, feeling strangely shy about seeing his friend in vestments at the altar), they played golf a few miles from the village with a pair of fat tweedy old boys who scowled for eighteen holes and made Beddoes feel stiffly foreign and oafish, and then relaxed completely in the stuffy little clubhouse and told innumerable jokes so fast and mumblingly that he could only guess when to laugh.

He went to Evensong, rather to his surprise. The church was dim and musty, and two musty dim old women prayed alone on one side of the aisle, while he and Sarah sat, discreetly parted by an untidy pile of hymnals, in a pew across from them. At the back of the

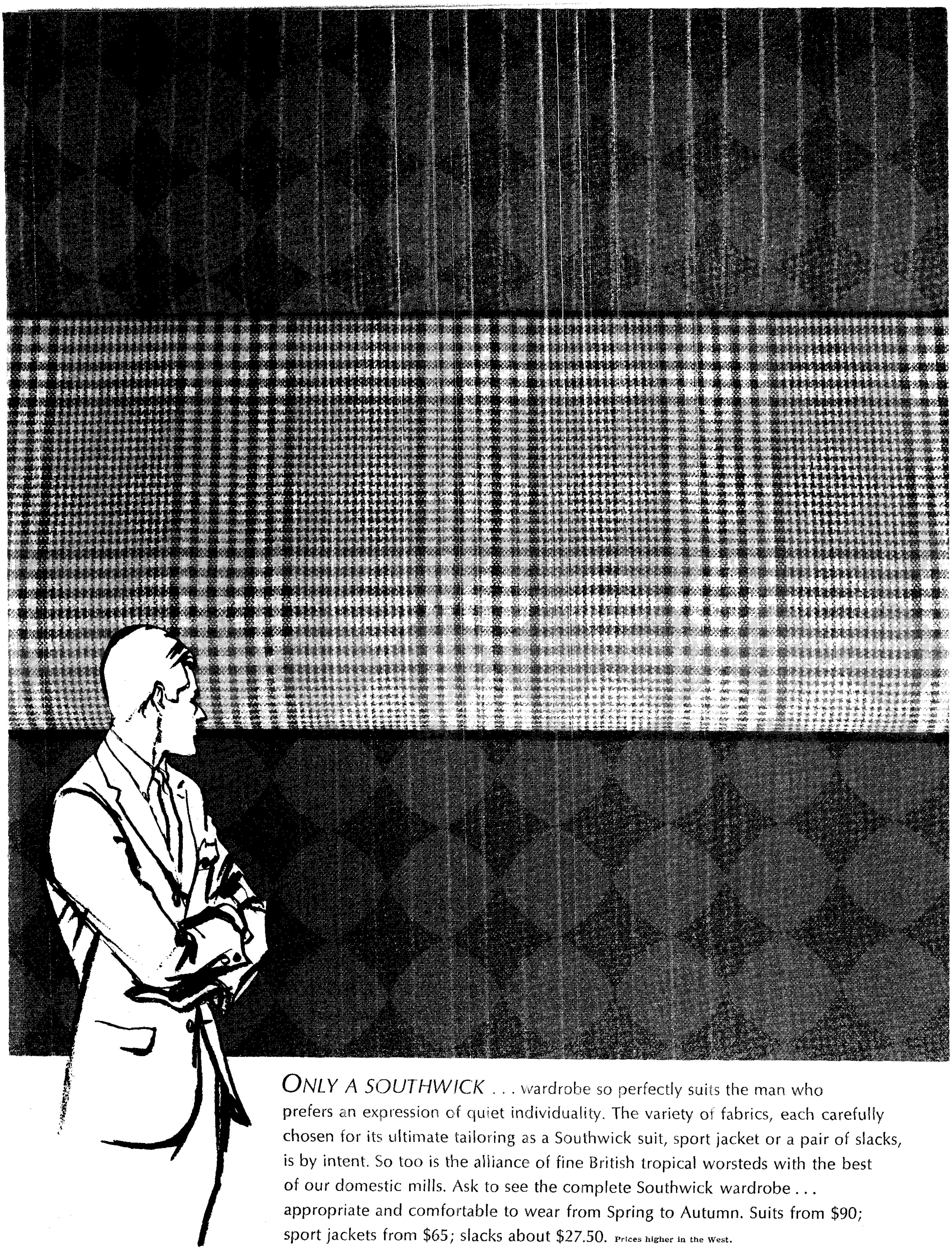
Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Texas	The Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Huntsville, Ala.	The Madison Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	*Robertson's*
Lakewood, Cal.	Norm Meager
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	*Sims, Ltd.*
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	*Narragansett Clo. Co.*
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co. Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.	Jack Lane
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lee, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	*Howard A. Heller*
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	*John Wanamaker*
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

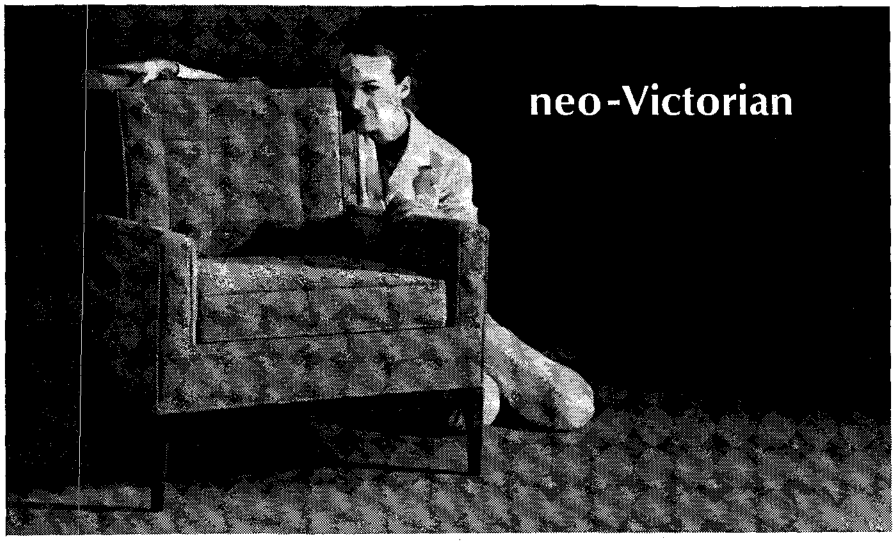
TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



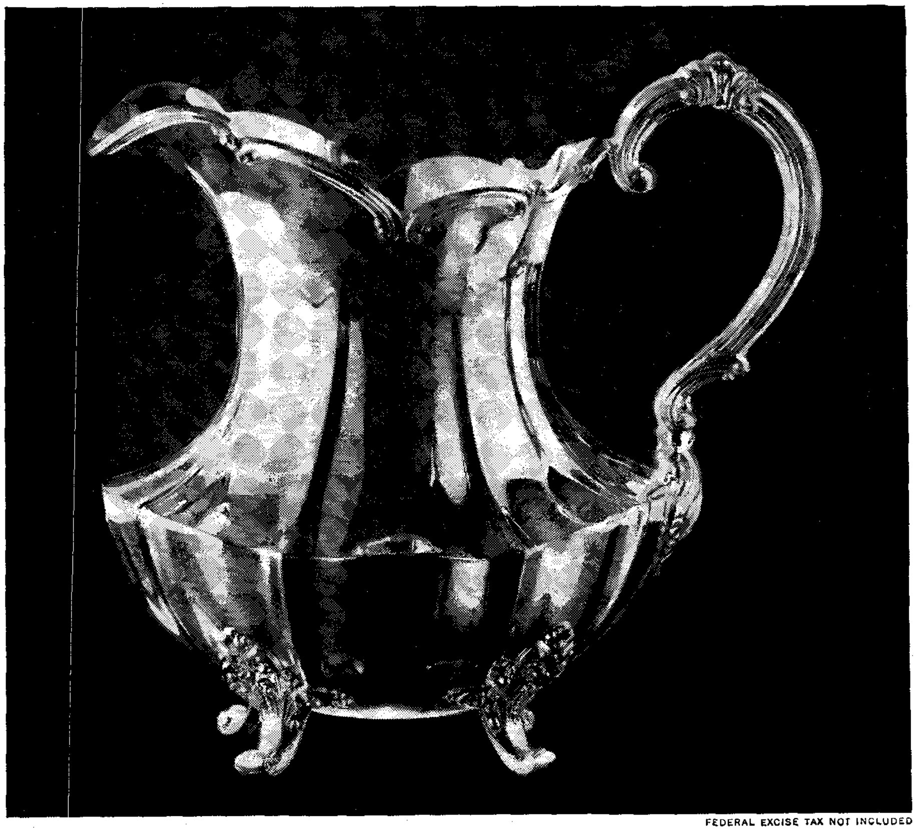
ONLY A SOUTHWICK . . . wardrobe so perfectly suits the man who prefers an expression of quiet individuality. The variety of fabrics, each carefully chosen for its ultimate tailoring as a Southwick suit, sport jacket or a pair of slacks, is by intent. So too is the alliance of fine British tropical worsteds with the best of our domestic mills. Ask to see the complete Southwick wardrobe . . . appropriate and comfortable to wear from Spring to Autumn. Suits from $90; sport jackets from $65; slacks about $27.50. Prices higher in the West.

Southwick *Clothes*
BY GRIECO BROTHERS



"Guess what," said Victoria Jones, ruler of a split-level Connecticut domain, to her husband, Al, one recent evening. "What," he replied. "I've done away with our Grandmother Gothic armchair and our Early Attic sofa, because I've discovered the furniture that says *me*, Metropolitan, imported from San Francisco, and I feel like a new woman." Here's the Metropolitan chair that triggered Vickie's revitalization. Note the positively slenderizing effect of its thin-line dacron back, foam seat, and walnut legs. Achieve similar suburban renewal: Send for our free brochure of face-lifting furnishings, or splurge $2 on our new 102-page catalog. Metropolitan Furniture Corp., 1355 Market Street, San Francisco. Visit our New York showroom at Trendage, 232 East 59th Street.

METROPOLITAN



FEDERAL EXCISE TAX NOT INCLUDED

"VICTORIAN" PITCHER IN SILVERPLATE (CAPACITY 4½ PINTS, HEIGHT 10 INCHES) $75. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

church, an ancient man—the sexton, perhaps—snuffled and creaked. Beddoes found himself following automatically the ritual that meant his childhood and then an occasional service with his wife back home. It was wonderful how some things never faded. And it was queer how little he felt at the sight of Mac up there, hunched like a great white quiet bird over the lectern. He had counted on being awed, and instead he felt only a desire to yawn. It was disappointing.

"*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*," Mac was saying deeply, his voice echoing from the damp walls, "*and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, evermore.*"

"Amen," said Beddoes and Sarah and the two old dim shadows in the pew across the aisle. The invisible sexton at the back of the church cleared his throat sanctimoniously and threw open the doors as for a fine wedding. Beddoes hurried away from Sarah. He felt wildly, urgently depressed. He almost ran around the buttresses of the little church and into the twilit garden, which lay sombrely between the high stone structure and the vicarage.

A few minutes later, when Sarah came slowly to join him, she found him sitting on a bench under a tall privet tree. He stared strangely at her, and she saw even in the twilight that his face was almost luminous with emotion. "What is it, my dear Mr. Beddoes? What is it?" she cried, sitting quickly down beside him.

"Mrs. MacLaren—I have just seen Tom!"

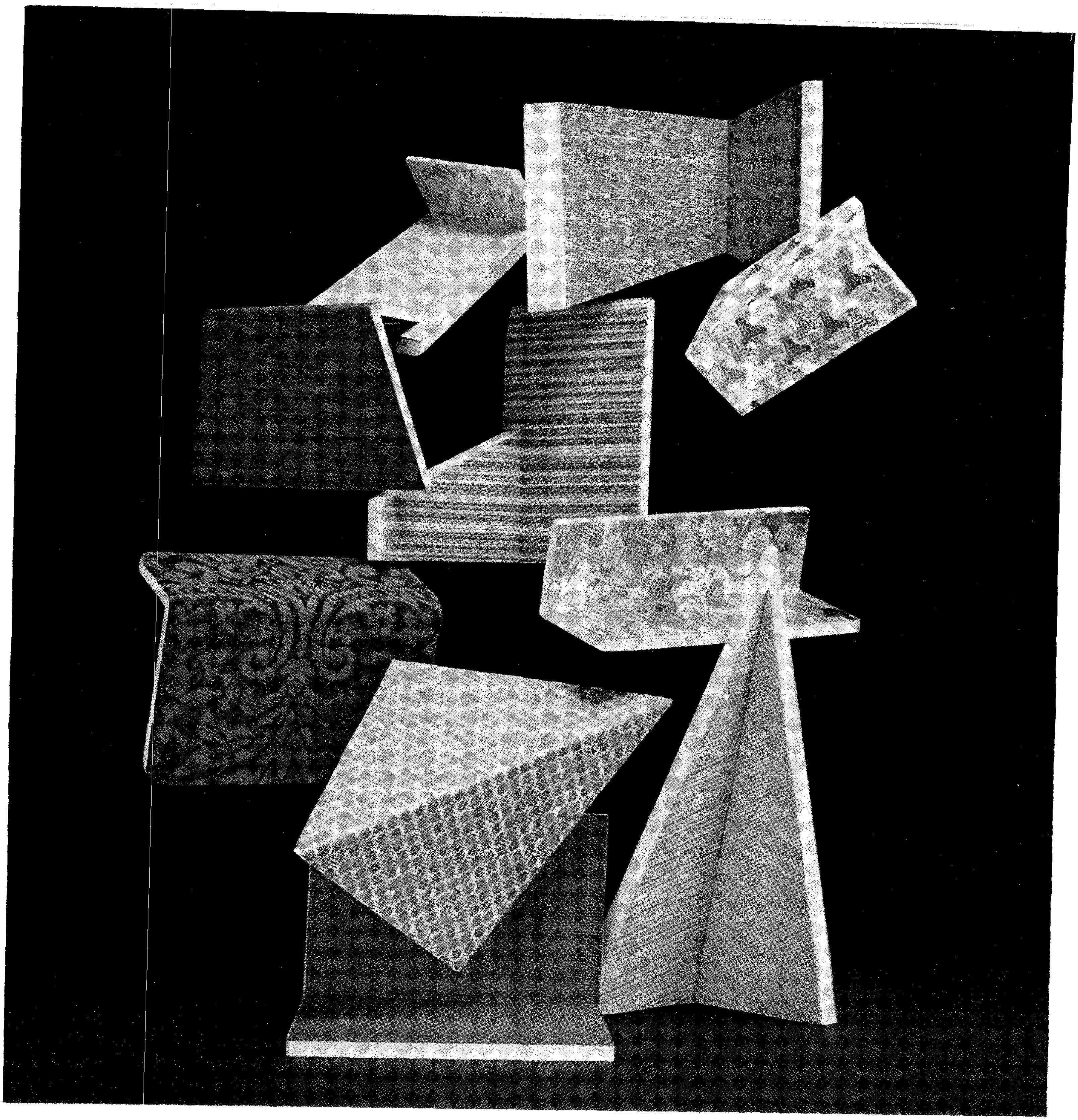
For a minute, neither spoke, and then Sarah laughed. "But how good! That is wonderful. Tom must like you very much. As we do, Mr. Beddoes,

JAGUAR CARS INC., NEW YORK

lockwise
ower ste

… more powerful version of the race-proven XK engine. $5,525. The 3.8 'S' Sedan, with overdrive and … 26. The … with automatic transmission and power steering. $6,990. See and drive the new Jaguars at your dealer's.

Jaguar 1965:
the different breed of cat.



Freedom!

Your talent for decorative interiors deserves wonderful, washable Wall-Tex, Satinesque or Guard. These fabric-backed vinyl wall coverings give you freedom to create walls that are distinctively beautiful yet resist scuffing, staining and fading. They give you unlimited scope, with an infinite choice of colors, designs and textures for the walls of any room. If you're looking for the widest range of exciting effects to give your imagination free rein, you'll find it in our family of fine vinyl wall coverings. Architects and interior designers are invited to write on their letterhead to Dept. NY-35 for samples and complete technical specifications.

Columbus Coated Fabrics Company
Division of the Borden Chemical Company, Columbus, Ohio 43216

you know. That's really dear of Tom, I think!"

"I didn't think it dear at all, at first," Beddoes answered rather severely. "I was damned upset, I can tell you. I was sitting here, wondering why Perry didn't have some of his . . . his . . ."

"His ghoulies?"

"Yes, why he didn't have them go to church. And then Tom said—and I heard him as clearly as I'm sitting here—Tom said, 'Because we ain't ready yet, you damn fool!' And damn it, Mrs. MacLaren, he's as American as I am! He's no Limey. What's he doing over here?"

Sarah only shook her head, smiling softly, her eyes dark in the gentle round fullness of her face.

"And then I sat down here feeling sort of queer, and I looked up and there he stood. It's pretty dark, but I *saw* him, all right. He's short and twisted, like a little old jockey, only smaller. There was a sort of blue outline. Oh, hell!"

Sarah sighed, as if she felt tired. "Yes, he's like that. But they all are, for a while, Mr. Beddoes. They all are. But it's good that you saw him. He trusts you. He's still very lost, poor ghoulie, but he's beginning to trust Perry, and me most of the time, and now you. He's beginning to find himself." She sighed again, and stood up. "Let's go in. Perry's not coming for a time; he's helping the doctor with a poor woman in labor. I wish I'd had children. I'd have been a fine mother, I think."

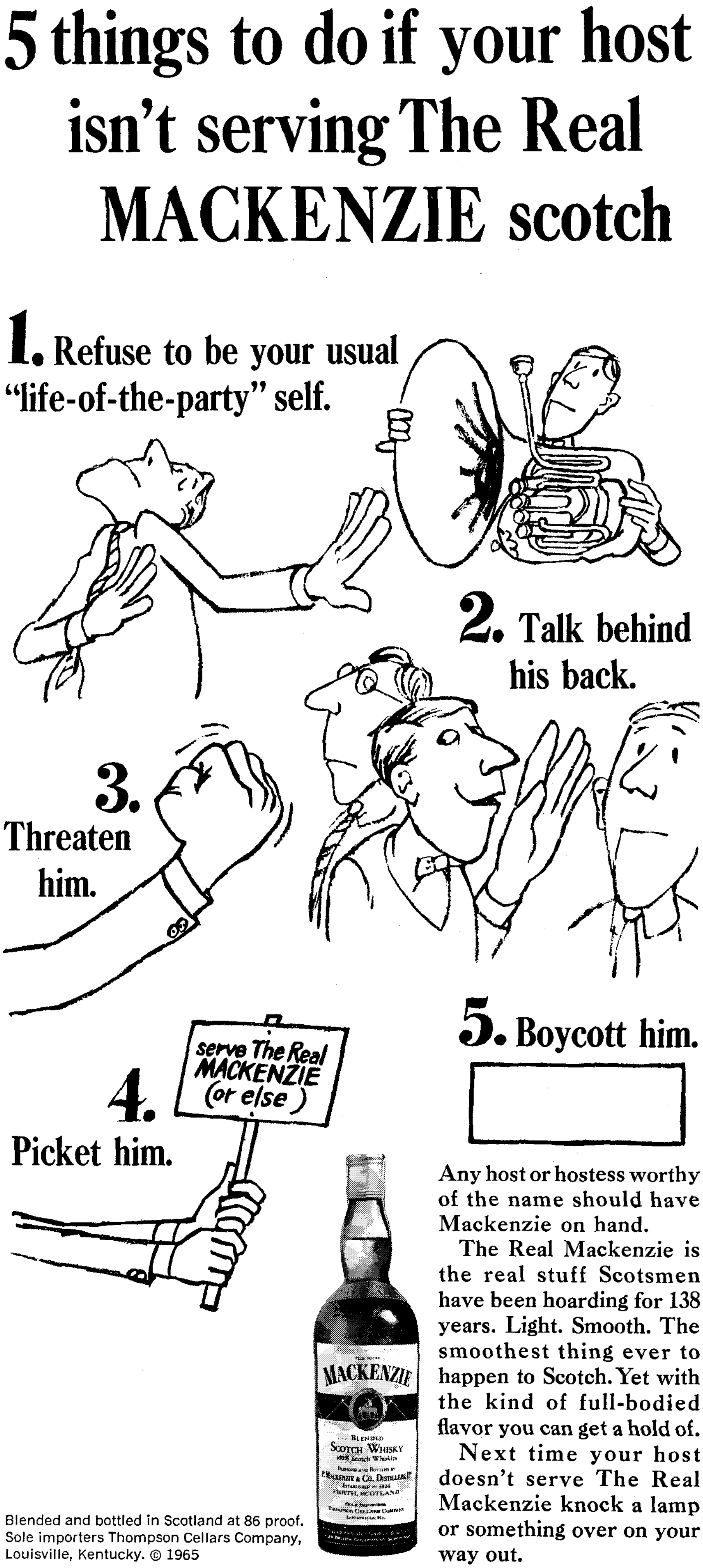
She walked up the path, talking as if to herself, and Beddoes, following her, felt a deep wrench at his heart. Poor Sarah! She was right. All that rich fullness of her body should have fed something other than lost souls.

"Turn on the switch there, dear Mr. Beddoes," she went on. "Right by your hand. We'll find a plate of cold toast. I like cold toast, especially when it grows a bit chewy, don't you?"

He had never thought about it, but now it was plain to him that he did, indeed, like cold toast. I wouldn't mind a good drink to wash it down, though, he thought.

"Tom says you'd like a drink." She stood in the doorway of the kitchen, with the toast on a blue plate in her hand. "Get a glass, then, and we'll pour a wee bit more from the vicar's bottle. We'll blame it on Tom." There was a faint sound of giggling in the hall, and she laughed, too. "He's a canny one," she added, and disappeared.

Beddoes found a tumbler and half



5 things to do if your host isn't serving The Real MACKENZIE scotch

1. Refuse to be your usual "life-of-the-party" self.

2. Talk behind his back.

3. Threaten him.

4. Picket him.

serve The Real MACKENZIE (or else)

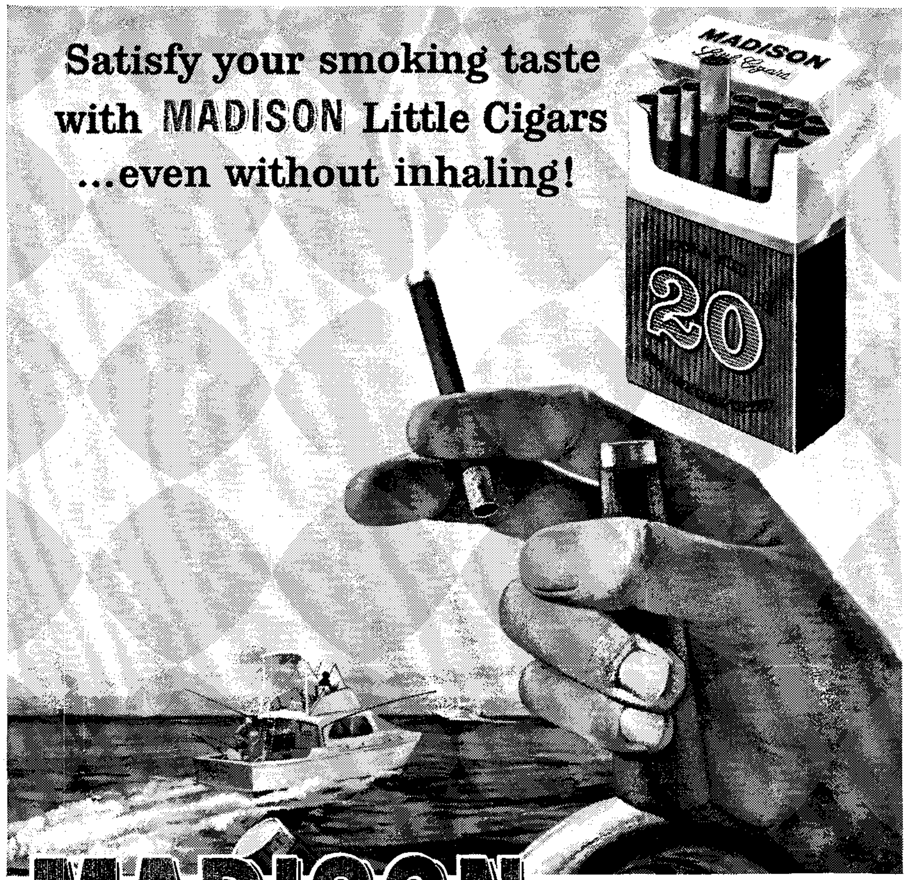
5. Boycott him.

Any host or hostess worthy of the name should have Mackenzie on hand.

The Real Mackenzie is the real stuff Scotsmen have been hoarding for 138 years. Light. Smooth. The smoothest thing ever to happen to Scotch. Yet with the kind of full-bodied flavor you can get a hold of.

Next time your host doesn't serve The Real Mackenzie knock a lamp or something over on your way out.

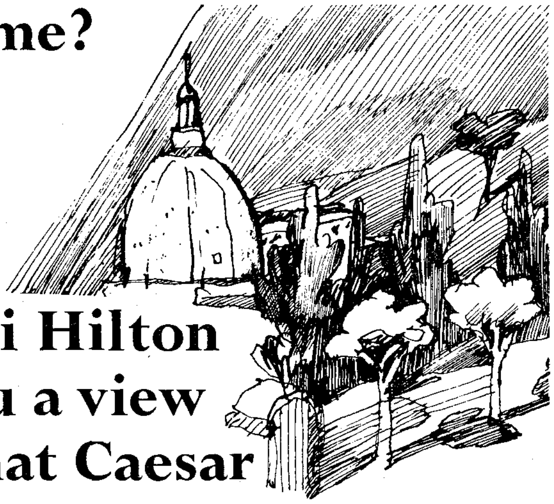
Blended and bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Sole importers Thompson Cellars Company, Louisville, Kentucky. © 1965


Satisfy your smoking taste with MADISON Little Cigars ...even without inhaling!

MADISON LITTLE CIGARS

- Satisfying cigar taste
- Slim, trim cigarette size
- Genuine Cork tip

Going to Rome?


The Cavalieri Hilton will give you a view of the city that Caesar never saw.

At the Cavalieri Hilton, high on Monte Mario, manager Olaf Bonde has an incomparable view of Rome. He also has landscaped gardens, a swimming pool, tennis courts, excellent restaurants and night life as exciting as a Roman candle. Even a free private bus service to the heart of Rome, minutes away. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

CAVALIERI HILTON

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton

filled it with water, and then followed Sarah down the narrow musty hall, to the parlor. He felt tired, but when he saw her sitting as if broken in the low chair by the hearth he wanted to cry out and fold her to him tenderly and mightily, like a cloud or a giant. Her little round arms lay down along her sides, and she looked up at him with a faint frown, as if she were trying to remember who he was and what he expected her to say. "Where is Mac's bottle?" he asked her.

"In the cupboard on the left—or is it on the right? On *your* right of his desk. Isn't it nice there's a fire? I think we'll have a storm soon. Poor Perry. But he loves to drive in storms. He took the doctor in his car with him."

Beddoes poured himself a good wallop from the bottle, and swirled the glass around. Then he walked down the long room to Sarah and said, "Here, you take a little of this."

She smiled, and sipped generously. "I like it," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Beddoes. It's fine now and again, I think, and I could easily do more of it. There's my position to think of, though." She sat up, quickly refreshed. "And now, what do you think of a little music until Perry's here again? Would you like Haydn, or are you noisy and disordered after your sight of poor Tom and ready for Tchaikovsky, perhaps?"

Beddoes felt dull. "I don't know much about music. My wife—she always goes to the Philharmonic, of course. But I haven't had much time for music myself."

"I've heard that of you American men. It's a pity, isn't it? I can tell, Mr. Beddoes, by the bumps on your brow, that you've a fine feeling for it if you'd had the chance. We'll start with Tchaikovsky, then; he'll stir you and not bother your brain much. That's always best at first—not too much thought."

She went quietly to the study end of the room, and he could hear her sliding records out of their envelopes and fussing in a measured way, and then, as she walked back through the half-lighted room nearer to the fire, the first tempestuous strains of a piano playing with an orchestra crashed against his ears. He felt his hair prickling all over his head, and even under his arms. He lay back and let himself wash like seaweed in the tide of the music. Now and then, he sipped at his Scotch, but he did not think. He didn't even feel anything identifiable, but only a great weakness and fulfillment. Then, gradually, he began not to hear. His untrained ears were exhausted; the music became noise, and he looked about him once

Milano Bankers Model—for U.S. Tycoons:

People with a flair for money have a special feeling for Fiat—Because Fiat was made for men who enjoy *saving a buck* as much as they enjoy *zipping around in smart imported cars*. It's impressive to money people on both sides of the pond because it stretches every dollar or lira almost beyond belief—in operation as well as original ownership. At $1262*, this model 600D is 1965's biggest imported car value, and you get all these expensive features for not a cent more: 4-wheel independent suspension, white wall tires, leatherette upholstery, dual electric windshield wipers, self-cancelling turn signals, undercoating, safety belt anchors, bumper guards, courtesy lights, ashtrays and emergency tool kit. Take it from a worldly wise Milano banker and try Fiat today. Always have at least one Fiat. **FIAT**

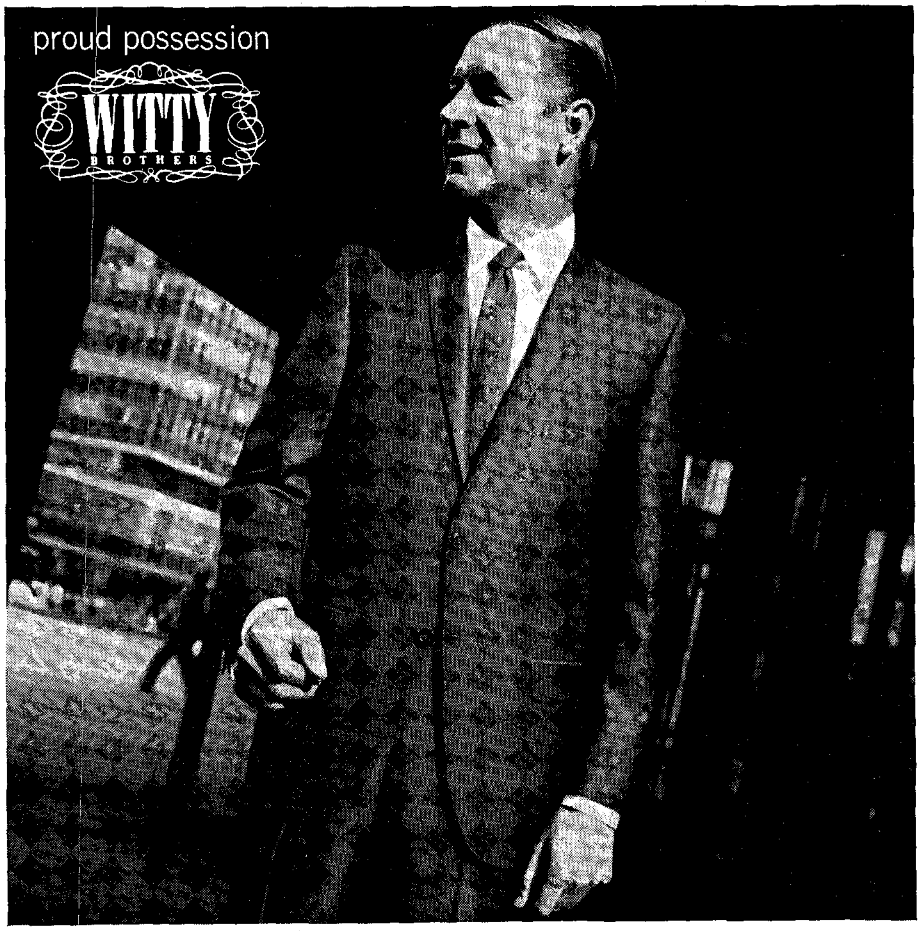
*Suggested prices, p.o.e., New York. Sales and service throughout U.S. and Canada. For overseas delivery see your Fiat Dealer, travel agent, or write Fiat Motor Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N.Y.

'Arden for Men' is the greatest thing Elizabeth Arden has done for women.

ARDEN for MEN
HAND and BATH SOAP
MENS Arden HAND SOAP
MENS Arden BATH SOAP

Elizabeth Arden's princely Hand and Bath Soap for men, with the Sandalwood scent women remember; 1.50 to 6.00, plus tax; at

Arden for Men
1 East 54th Street



silk-enriched sharkskin at fine stores coast to coast
WITTY BROTHERS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

more. "Is it a Panotrone changer?" he whispered. "I knew a producer in Hollywood with one. It flashed red and green lights, I remember, when it was running out of records. Scared hell out of me."

"No," Sarah murmured. "It's Tom. He loves to change them. But listen—this is 'Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.' " She bent her head back again, so that it rolled slowly sideways.

Instead of listening, Beddoes looked at the smooth flow of her cheek. There must be a tiny down upon it, to catch the firelight with such gold. He wished he could see it more clearly, or perhaps touch it.

The music went on, with hardly a pause between records, and then there was a small crash, which sounded sharply in the peaceful room. Sarah stiffened, and Beddoes sat up nervously, the empty glass jerking in his hand.

"It's a record, I'm afraid," she murmured. "Tom, I'm coming. Never mind. Never mind, my dear!" she called out as she hurried to the other end of the room. "It will be all right," Beddoes heard her whisper urgently. "I'll tell Mr. MacLaren. Think no more of it, my darling, but play us the Mozart again. Then we'll stop. Come along now, don't mope!" She walked back to the fire again, and Beddoes, who had thoughtfully kept his eyes away from the phonograph, saw that she was shaking her head a little. "He feels dreadfully. This time it wasn't on purpose," she told him. "We'll listen to just one more, to buck him up a bit, don't you think?"

"Sure, poor fellow." It did not seem at all queer to Beddoes to be commiserating over the hurt pride of a ghoulie.

They listened dutifully, and then sat without talking by the fire. The man watched the woman and she watched the fire. "I'm sorry you must go tomorrow," she said finally. "Perry will have to call you at five, I'm afraid. The train leaves Carlisle early. We'll miss you, all of us."

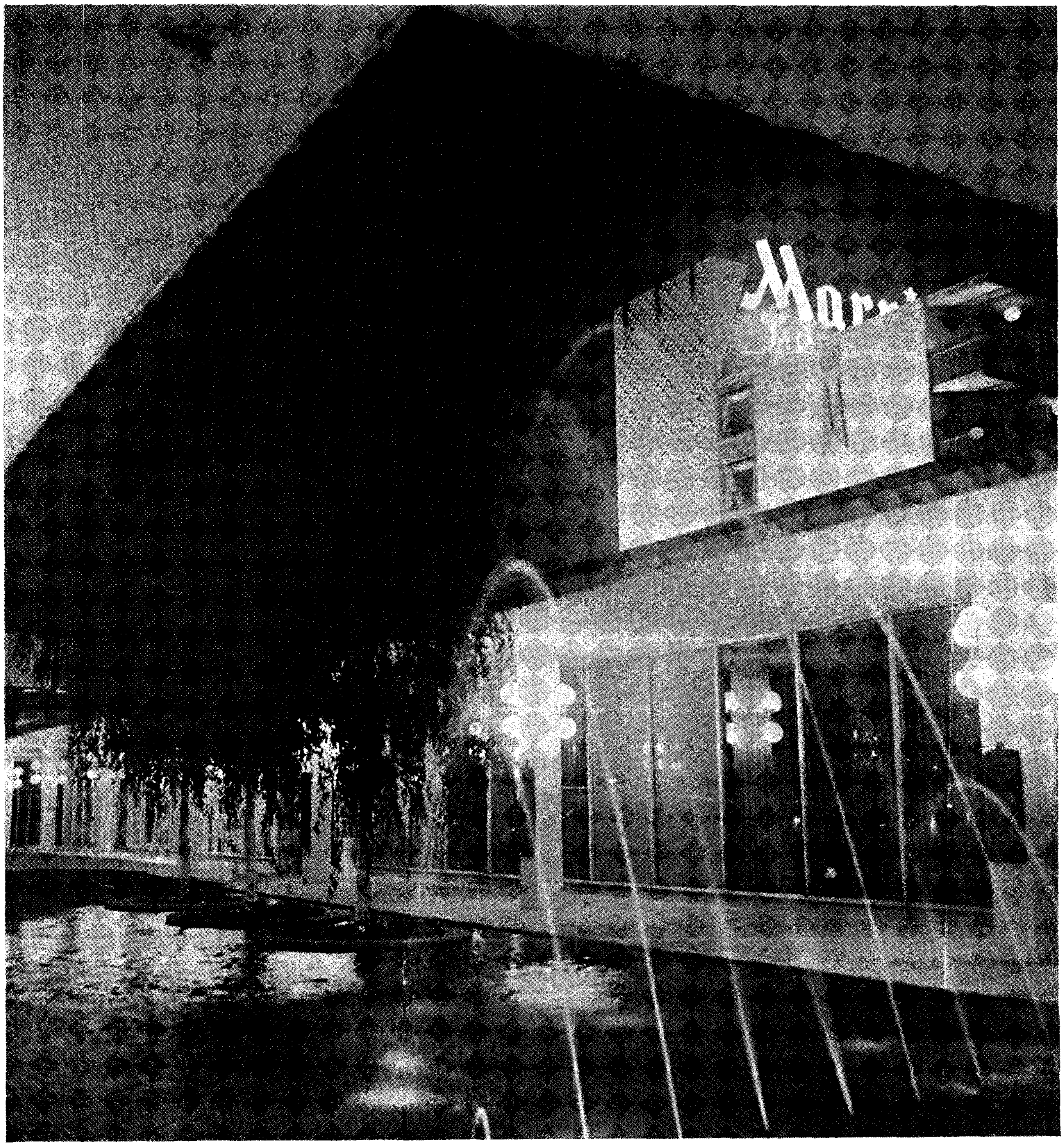
They talked for a minute or two of trains and travel, but Beddoes had no feeling that he was actually leaving, and so soon. It was like reading a book—the words were all there, but he himself was not.

THE train trip down to London was longer than he had remembered. Fog hid the landscape, except for quick hideous flashes of factories and an occasional hedgerow leading thornily into more fog. He twisted and steamed alone in his compartment until

Compare your brand with the Rare one
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
J&B Rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST · WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

There is a very special quality about J & B Rare that sets it apart . . . a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So we ask you to try J & B Rare and then to compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery.

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20



We honor expense accounts.

Also credit cards, conventions, exhibitions and company functions of any kind. In other words, helping you conduct your business is our business. If you're covering your territory, we invite you to stop over at a Marriott Motor Hotel or use us as headquarters. (Inducements: luxurious rooms, specialty restaurants and we're-old-fashioned-about-it service.) Or, if you're convention-minded, we again invite you. (Inducements: same as above, plus tremendous meeting rooms, banquet rooms and all meeting facilities . . . P.A. systems, special lighting, etc.) Whether you're one man or 2350, contact the Marriott near you. We'd be honored.

This is living... this is **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D. C. • Dallas, Texas • Philadelphia, Pa. • Atlanta, Ga. (Fall '65) • Saddle Brook, N. J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Washington, D. C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

about noon, when an old man in a silk hat climbed angrily in beside him and, after one bitter stare, hid himself behind a paper.

A steward brought Beddoes a piece of cold ham with little pickles, and a bottle of stout. It tasted fine, and there was not enough of it. In spite of that, he was on the point of offering a part of it to the silent old man across from him when he saw a crumb or two fall between the discreetly striped thighs and realized that all the time the man had been eating, like a secretive rabbit, at bread and cheese, without another sign than the few crumbs from behind his stiffly held paper. Beddoes laughed to himself. Tea was the same—hot and bitter and welcome to the American, and a matter of hidden nibblings to the silent old man. British reserve, Beddoes decided; if he can stick it, I can.

Once, between luncheon and tea, something that had been mounting in him for more hours than he could count rose like a frightful wave, and for the first time since he had met Sarah MacLaren two days before, desire conquered him. He lay back palely against the cushions, his eyes closed. Every bone in his body ached as if he were catching influenza, and his brain swam. He was helpless, drowning, and he knew that although he had slept well with his slender wife, and would again, he had never felt passion for a woman until now. Gradually, he grew calm, resigned.

It was after dark, with steam on the windows and the old gentleman still inflexible behind his paper, when Beddoes first knew that Tom was in the compartment. He could not remember later whether Tom spoke to him or not, but there he was. Beddoes, who was wondering whether it was worth a glare from his fellow-traveller to get up and open his suitcase and pull out the flask and take a good swig, clearly felt Tom say, “I'll get it down for you, sir.”

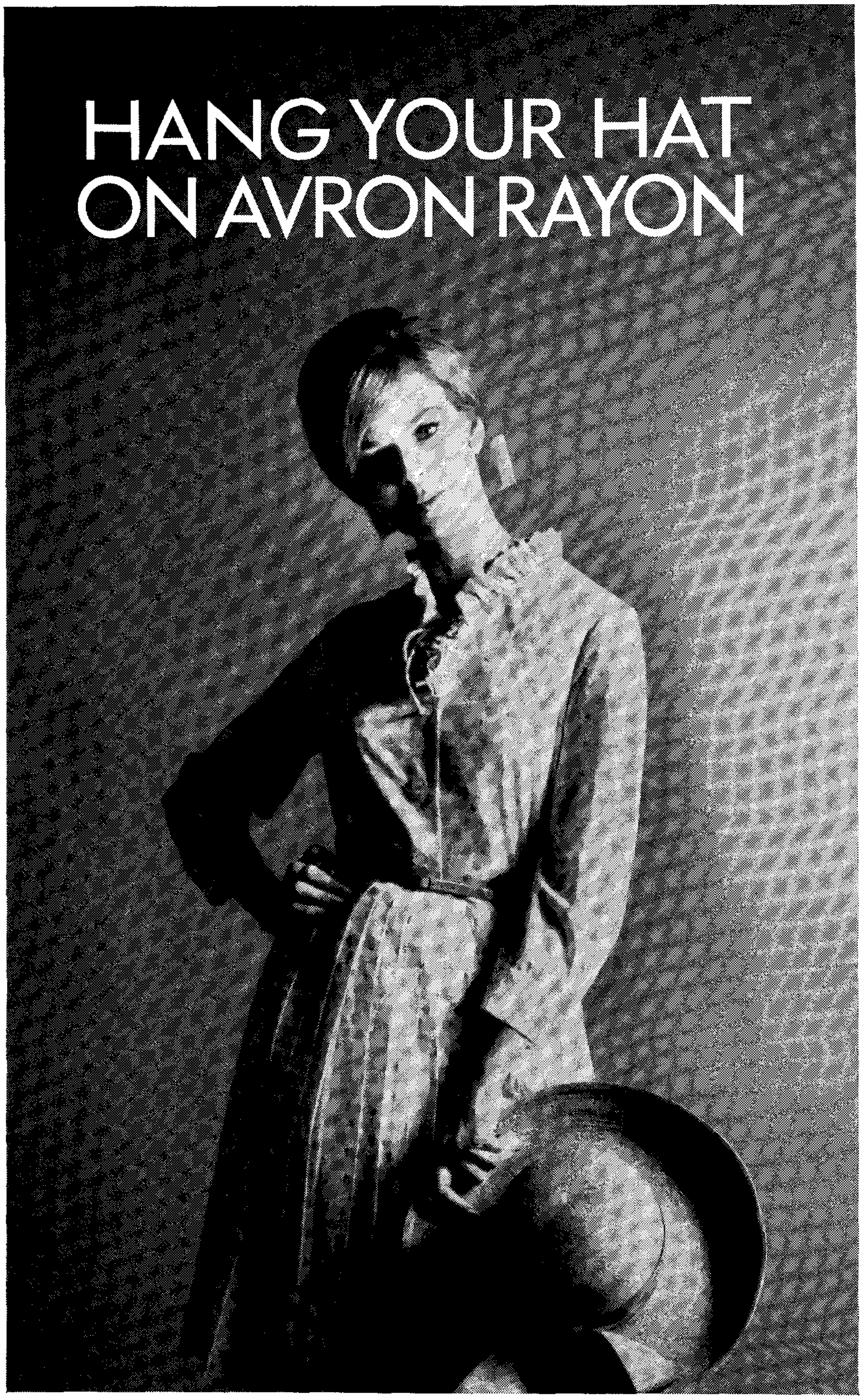
“You will not,” he snapped.

“What's that?” The paper finally lowered itself, and the old gentleman looked rather shyly over the top of it. “Did you speak, sir?”

Beddoes cleared his throat, rather like a butler being discreet in a bedroom farce, and smirked apologetically. It worked. The old man disappeared again.

From then on, the conversation was silent, but no less violent. “What in hell are you doing here, Tom?” Beddoes asked furiously.

“Well now, sir. Well, listen. I

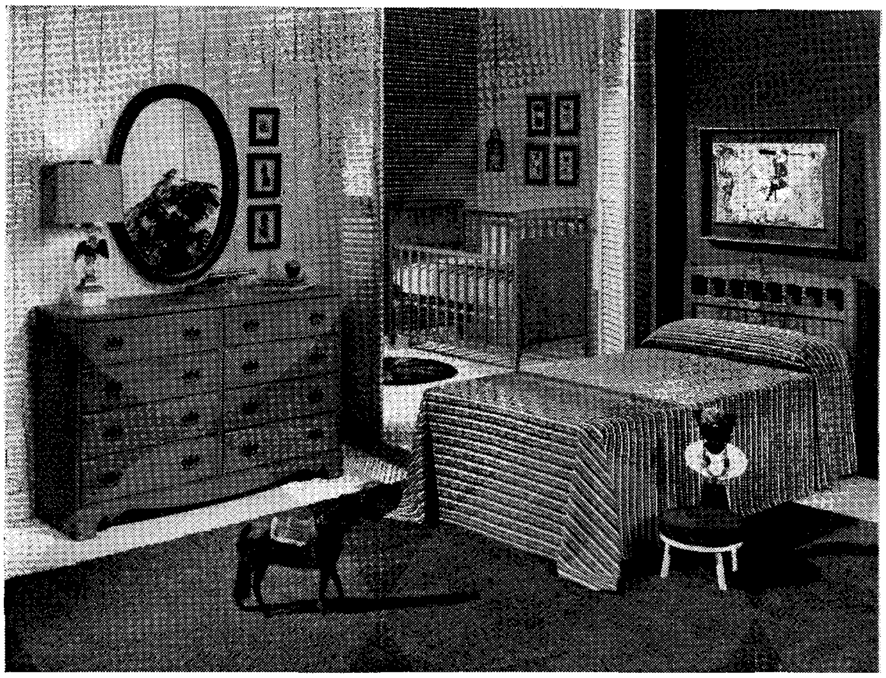


Country Set does.

When Country Set designs an outfit they leave nothing to be imagined. Here's fashion, terrific femininity, craftsmanship, fit. And, a print in which you won't see yourself coming and going because it's theirs alone. Woven of Dacron with Avron® rayon, of course, for the most color, luster, smoothness, comfort, coolness, and simple care imaginable.

American Viscose Division fmc CORPORATION ®

Crown Fabrics' "Sinhue," woven of Dacron® polyester/Avron rayon. White, yellow and blue dot in sizes 3-15. Skirt about $12, blouse about $8. Country Set available at *Franklin Simon*, New York and all stores.

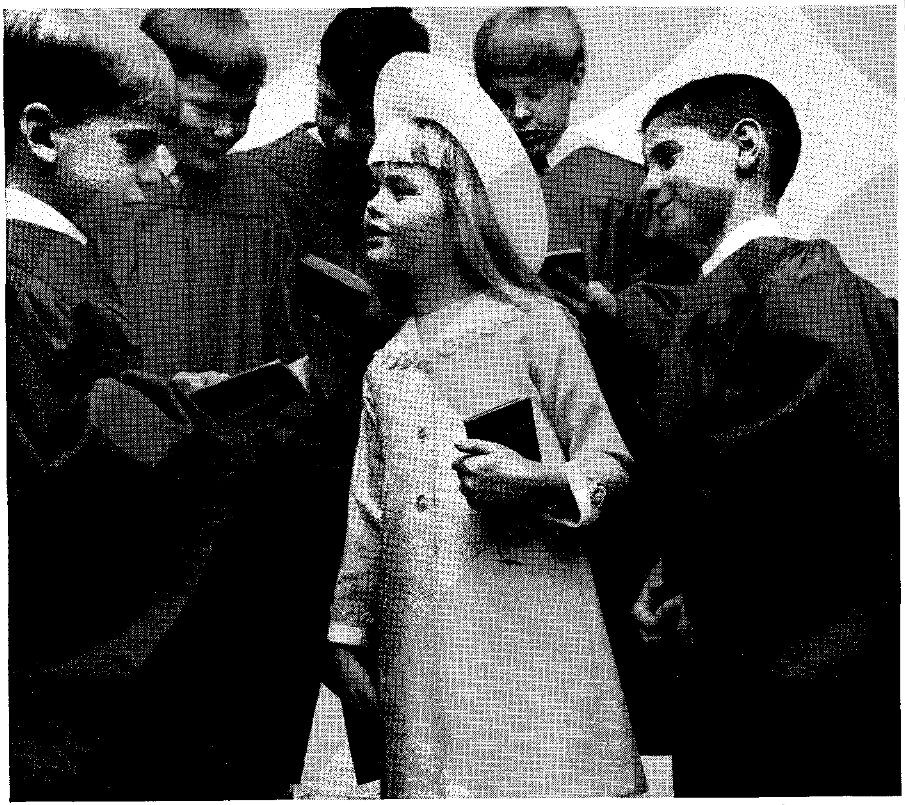


The Nantucket Ensemble

Early American is your favorite for the rest of your home . . . why not for baby's room, too? Ideal for boy or girl, Nantucket grows along beautifully with just a natural change from crib to twin bed. Fine hardwood construction with a warm Cape Cod maple finish.

Send 10c for colorful booklet

child craft the grown-up furniture for children
SALEM 61, INDIANA



Radiant as Easter morning, this coat and skimmer ensemble by Cinderella of 74% acetate, 26% cotton. Irish lace trims the coat and the sleeveless dress. Pink or blue with white. Sizes 3 to 6X, about $11.
At B. ALTMAN & CO., New York and branches; and other fine stores or write ROSENAU BROTHERS, INC., Fox Street and Roberts Avenue, Philadelphia 29, Pa.

it's the magic touch of Cinderella

summed you up, see, Mr. Beddoes? And I figured—"

"Oh, you figured, did you? And what do you suppose Mrs. MacLaren is going to do without you? Who's going to keep them in line—Odessa and the old Duchess or whatever she is, and Agatha and all of them? So you walk out! A *fine* way to treat a woman who's—"

"We'd say 'lady' here in England, sir," Tom interrupted slyly, showing himself with a faint blue grin just above the seat level.

"Oh, you would, would you? 'We,' you say? You're no more English than I am, damn it! What in— Tom, what am I going to do with you? That's the hell of it." Beddoes saw the old gentleman lower his paper perhaps an inch and peer at him with a timid bloodshot eye.

"That's just it," Tom said softly. "You don't know yet, sir. But you may sometime. The hell of it, I mean."

Beddoes felt him grow sad and dim, and he was humiliated to remember Sarah's kind, tender ways. "O.K.," he said gruffly. "O.K., Tom. But you'll have to go back to Askhaven, you know. I mean it." And that was the end of the incident, as far as Beddoes could remember later.

In London, he felt the muted exhilaration he always knew there, as if he were a happy ghost himself. He sent his bags on to the hotel, and took a cab to the New Clarges on Half Moon Street for a small bottle of rather warm champagne at one of the little green tables in the street bar. Then he went back to his room, with only a sleepy nod from the night clerk and not a thought in his head of Tom. Inside his room, though, he saw that the stolen ghoulie—lost, strayed, *and* stolen, he thought solemnly—had been hard at work. Pajamas lay neatly ready, and on the marble dresser top were his toothbrush, his tubes of toothpaste and shaving cream, and the cabinet photograph of Mrs. Beddoes.

He felt coldly furious. The nerve of the fellow, to follow him to London and then try to weasel his way into things so that he could stay, when all the time Sarah needed him in Askhaven, and God knows what his wife would think, to have him land home with a ghoulie! He stood for a minute before he closed the door, cursing. There was no sight of Tom.

At last Beddoes saw the letter, which was leaning up against the photograph. It was smudged and cheap-looking, and he turned it over curiously a few times before he saw that the postmark

One For The Road

One thing you have to say right away about the 3,000-mile Inter-American Highway: nobody ever calls it Sixth Avenue.

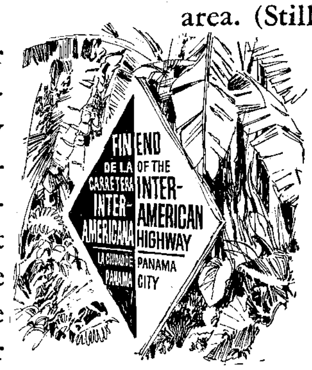
Stretching all the way from Laredo to Panama City, it's a road on which you're likely to start out with a tiger in your tank and wind up with an iguana in your ignition.

Changing Panorama

In the course of its lengthy journey (covering seven middle-American countries) it is everything from super-highway to country road. And just as varied in nature are the peoples and scenery to be found along its route and byways.

It is these fascinating variations that NBC viewers will be exploring next Tuesday night, March 23 (10-11 PM EST) by way of the NBC News color special, "Inter-American Highway: Bridge of the Americas."

The idea for constructing such a highway began taking shape almost four decades ago. But it wasn't until two years ago—when the last bridges were erected across the swollen jungle rivers of Costa Rica—that it became possible for a standard truck or sedan to make the entire trip in all seasons.



Producer-writer Lou Hazam's special—narrated by Frank McGee—will permit viewers to make that same journey in the easiest possible manner. But, for Hazam's NBC News crew (headed by director Ray Marsh, photographer Dexter Alley and researcher Huston Simmons) it wasn't all tequila and skittles. Among the hazards they ran into: uncertain precipices on which they had to perch themselves and their equipment to shoot the most spectacular vistas; hostile Indian tribes to whom a TV camera was as remote a concept as pinochle; and flying ash from Costa Rica's Irazu Volcano, which was no more hospitable than those Indians.

The documentary's exciting camera work will encompass such features as a fishing expedition on Lake Nicaragua (home of the world's only land-locked, fresh-water sharks); a tour of Honduras' rarely-seen Mayan ruins at Copan; a Little League game in Costa Rica; religious rites in Chichicastenango (a sequence directed by NBC's Tom Priestley); and an unusual look at the Panama Canal area. (Still lying in the mud there are the barges abandoned by French engineers at the turn of the century after seven cruel, disease-racked years had made the Canal seem like a nightmarish impossibility.)

This "Inter-American Highway" along which the NBC viewer will be travelling Tuesday night stretches through Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama.

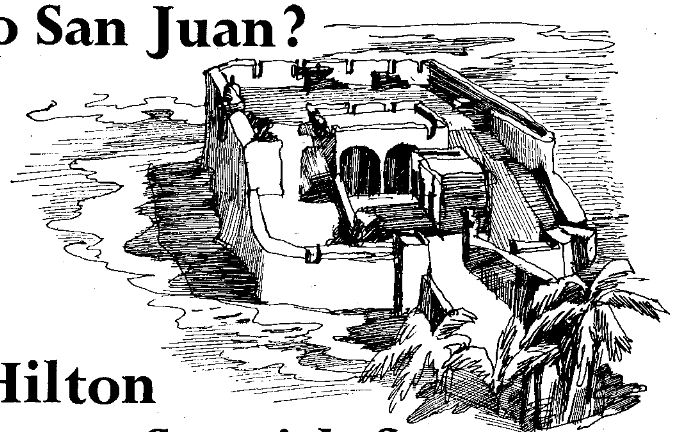
Coupling the Continents

In time, it is hoped, the road will be a link in a much longer *Pan-American* Highway carrying commercial and passenger traffic all the way from Alaska through South America. (One good turnpike deserves another.) Completion of such a project would undoubtedly mean an even stronger rapport among the peoples of the two Americas. Indeed, one can even envision a day when *the* restaurant for gourmets to go to in Rio de Janeiro will be the one where all the Alaskan truck drivers eat.

NBC

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, entertainment and sports.

Going to San Juan?

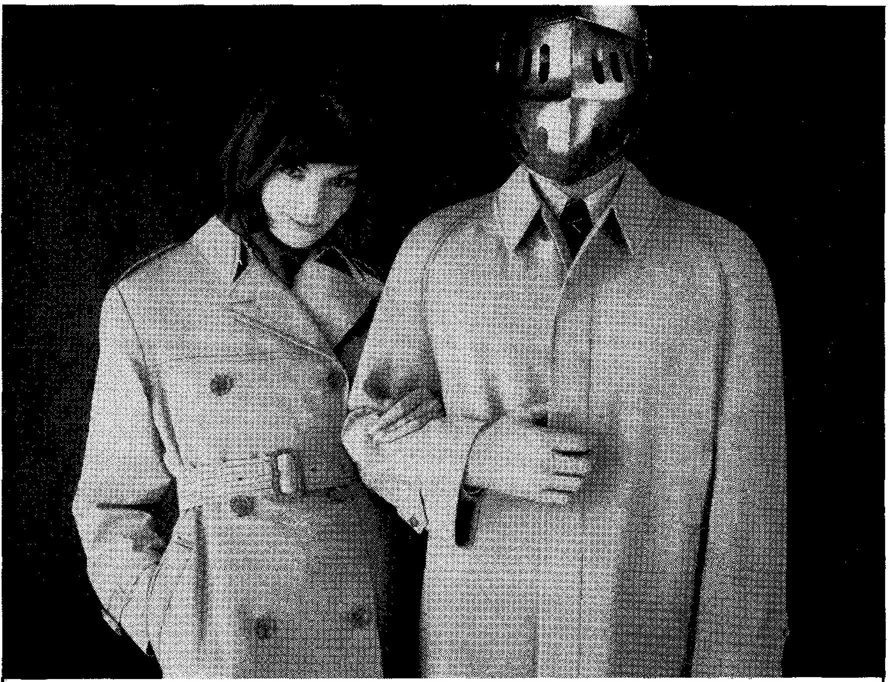


At the
Caribe Hilton
you'll have a Spanish fortress
right on your doorstep.

This is just one of the unexpected delights that General Manager Roberto Lugo has for you at this world-famous resort. He'll also give you a sweeping reef-protected beach, 2 glamorous pools, 4 tennis courts, a million tropical flowers, marvelous restaurants, the fabulous, newly remodeled Club Caribe and a guest list that reads like Who's Who. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

Caribe Hilton
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton



Hold to *the* British line

Driway admit to zealotry in defending the British tradition in elegant rainwear. And those who must look well in any weather stand with Driway to a man—and woman.

Come rain, come wind, take *your* stand in these crisply modern classics of stout English tailoring. In finest poplin, gaberdine, whipcord, tweed. From $32.50 to $115 at discerning clothiers. Importer: William Reid Co., 17 E. 37 St., New York 10016.

DRIWAY® WEATHERCOATS
MADE IN ENGLAND

was Askhaven. Askhaven, Thursday. Then it had been written before he went up there—mailed a day before he even started. "Dear Mr. Beddoes and Honor'd Sir," it said, in a sloping, pompous hand:

> I regret to inform you that as postmaster and former keeper of the public house none nown known as ye Golden Duck now closed that your telegram being duly received re your visit I regret to inform you that the reverend Mr. Perry MacLaren our dear pastor and his good wife were immediately killed some eleven months five days ago in a dreadful motor accident in the highlands near us. Please believe me honor'd sir your ob't servant and hoping to serve you if I but had the pub still but trade has gone to nothing lately so I remain,
>
> Yours the postmaster,
> JOHN GATES
>
> P.S. The accident was in new car and all knew Mr. MacLaren was not a slow driver.
>
> Yrs.
> J. G.

Beddoes sat quietly for a long time. Outside the windows, partly open, an occasional taxi tooted, and, inside, the little glowing tube of the electric fireplace glowed like a scar against the wall. He felt, without thinking about it, as if he had in the last few days or minutes lived more than a thousand years. The letter lay like a grimy leaf upon his knee, and he looked dispassionately at it and at his hand beside it—his hand still firm and strong. He thought wearily of Mac and Sarah, and of the cold toast on the blue plate, and the whiskey and the music.

"O.K.," he said at last. "All right, Tom. Come on. My wife and I . . ."

—M. F. K. FISHER

•

These two computers ("information machines," IBM prefers to call them) can process data in a variety of astonishing ways. After a mere flick of the wrist by the girl at the console, 705 introduces himself in typewritten script, thus:

Welcome. I am the 705 Data Processing machine. I can work rapidly and accurately. As a demonstration of my speed, I am now going to multiply 3168432 by 84365239428. The answer is 2673055883-329901457948. That was fast, wasn't it? *—A guide to New York called "Where Shall We Take the Kids?"*

We'll tell you later.

•

Q—Was "Swiss Family Robinson" written before or after "Robinson Crusoe"?

A—It was published in 1813. "Robinson Crusoe" was inspired by the earlier book and was completed by the Swiss author J. R. Wyss, whose father had started it. *—Manhattan (Kan.) Mercury.*

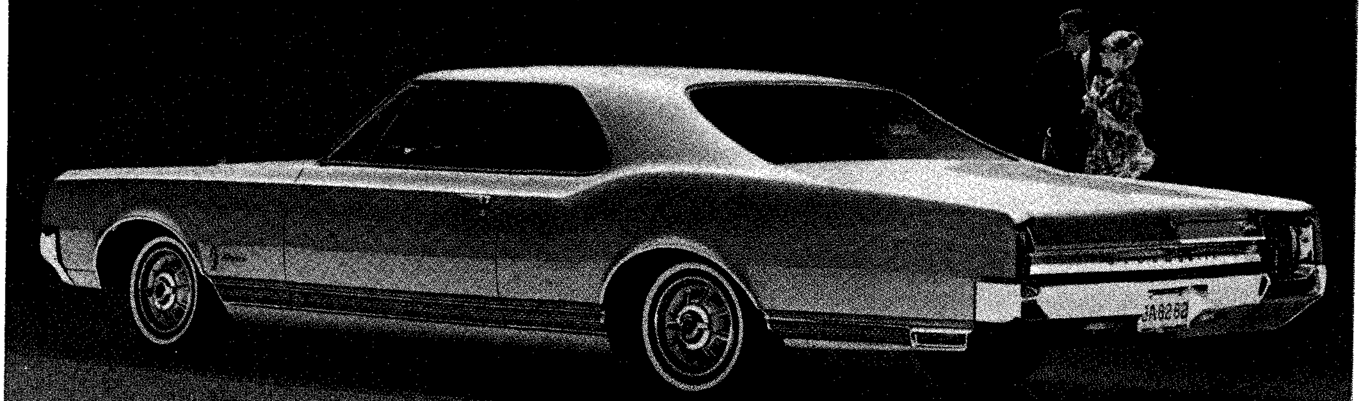
Next question.

Starfire

Look at it.

A car for just anybody?

Hardly.



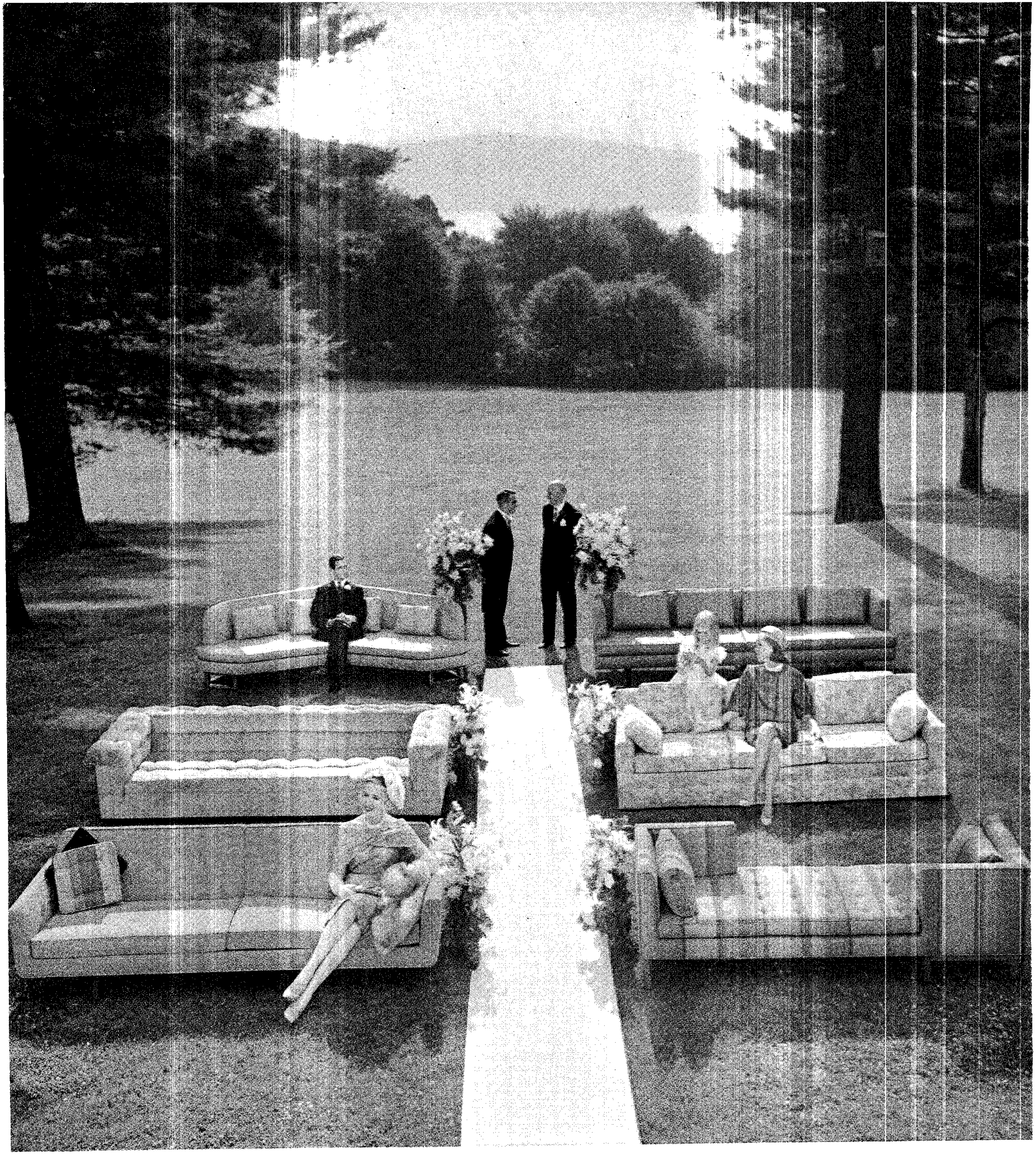
Any car can get you places—if you're willing to settle for prosaic, everyday transportation. Well and good. Then why a car with all the extra style and flair standard on Starfire?

- Leather-appointed bucket seats
- Ultra high-compression 370-h.p. V-8
- Console with T-stick Turbo Hydra-Matic or close-ratio 4-speed
- Power steering and power brakes

Why a car with all this? For just anybody? Hardly! For somebody very special. Like *you*.

'65 OLDSMOBILE *The Rocket Action Car!*

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation



The flowering sofa plumped through a generation of weddings. The white silk just cornered its very first guest. But who can say for sure which Dunbar sofa was carried over the threshold when. Only Edward Wormley and his staff. And they design without calendars to give Dunbar all the time in the world. See Dunbar at showrooms in New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Athens. Suggested retail prices in customer's own material: left (top to bottom) $1170. $1195. and $580.; right (bottom to top) $880. $985. and $1280.

TOMORROW IS A FRIEND OF

DUNBAR

THE THEATRE

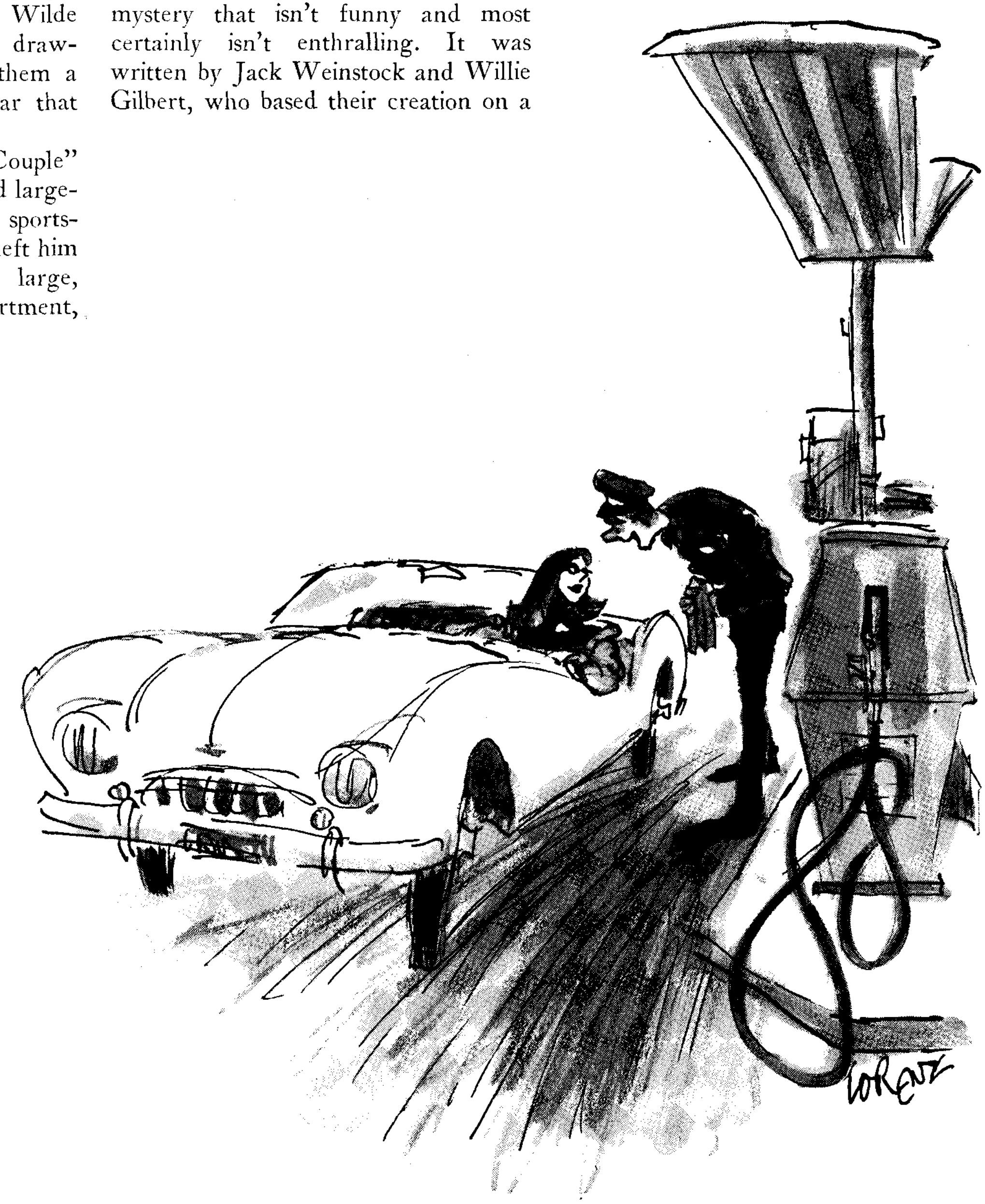
A BRIGHT-GOLDEN HAZE AT THE PLYMOUTH

SUPERLATIVES haven't been subjected to any great demand by the offerings of this theatrical season, but a few should be dusted off and broken out to salute the arrival of "The Odd Couple," at the Plymouth. It is assuredly the most comic enterprise that has come our way in a long, long time. Its author, Neil Simon, tosses off funny lines with seemingly effortless abandon; the actors, under the direction of Mike Nichols, relay them to the audience with an artfully disarming casualness; and if the people on view are hardly types that Wilde would have welcomed into his drawing rooms, Mr. Simon gives them a quirky way with the vernacular that is consistently entertaining.

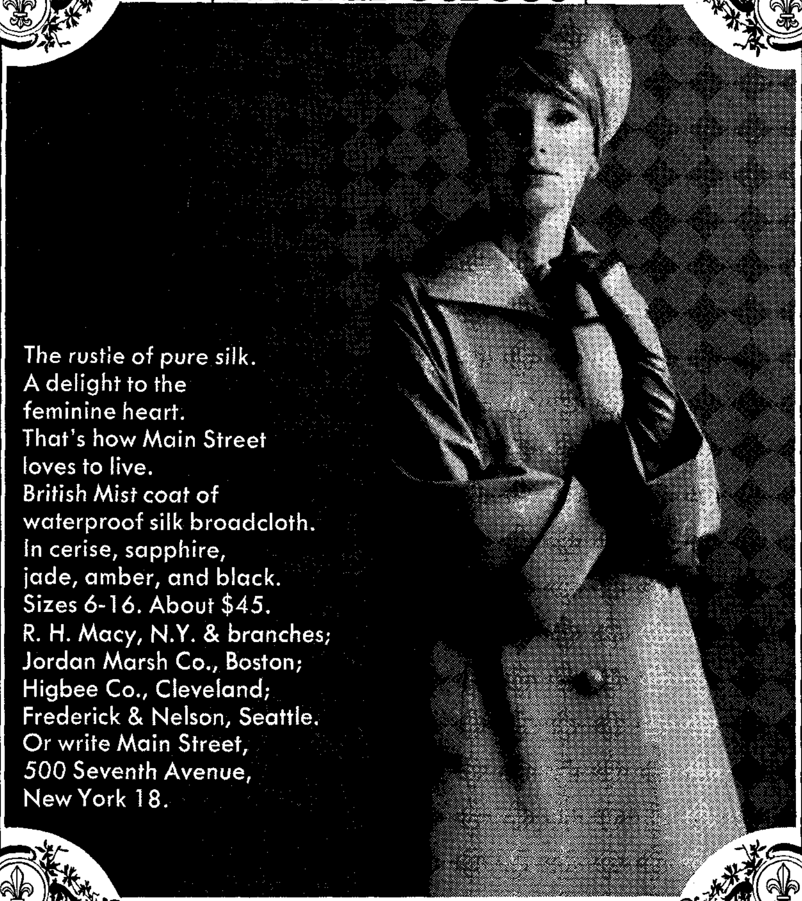
The theme of "The Odd Couple" is uncomplicated. It is concerned largely with a rugged, kind-hearted sportswriter who, after a divorce has left him clattering in solitude about a large, ramshackle Riverside Drive apartment, decides to share his quarters with a friend whose wife has given *him* the gate. As it happens, this friend—a television-news writer—is emotionally a shambles. He weeps easily, he emits moose calls to unclog his ears, he has delusions of being a chef who could give pointers to Escoffier, and he is a compulsive fighter against dirt. "The Odd Couple" opens with a really rollicking poker session at the sportswriter's place, and I had a momentary qualm or two for fear Mr. Simon and Mr. Nichols might not be able to keep the comedy going in such high gear for three acts. I needn't have worried. Everything goes along swimmingly, right down to the point where the sportswriter, driven to justifiable distraction by his roommate, decides to dispossess or kill him.

As the sorely tried good Samaritan of the piece, Walter Matthau could hardly be improved upon, and Art Carney is at the top of his game as the nervous wreck. The principals do not lack for solid assistance. Nathaniel Frey, Paul Dooley, Sidney Armus, and John Fiedler are splendid as assorted chums of Mr. Matthau and Mr. Carney, and Monica Evans and Carole Shelley are equally splendid as a team of English girls who are neighbors of Mr. Matthau's and the object of many of his concupiscent reveries. Oliver Smith has designed a convincing Riverside Drive apartment.

"CATCH ME IF YOU CAN," at the Morosco, is a comedy murder mystery that isn't funny and most certainly isn't enthralling. It was written by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, who based their creation on a French play by Robert Thomas. The locale in the present version is a cottage in the Catskills, where we discover an advertising man (Dan Dailey) bemoaning the fact that his wife of two weeks has disappeared. Pretty soon, a comic Yiddish detective (Tom Bosley) takes over the job of finding out what happened to the bride, his investigation being hampered by the arrival of a lady (Bethel Leslie) who claims, in the face of violent denials by Mr. Dailey, that she is the missing spouse. It isn't long before we realize that she may be a fraud, and that a priestly pal of hers (George Mathews) may not be as pious as he pretends to be. All the backing and filling seemed to me to be without purpose, and I became actively annoyed when Eli Mintz, playing the proprietor of Sidney's Sandwich Shop, appeared with an order of sandwiches and was required

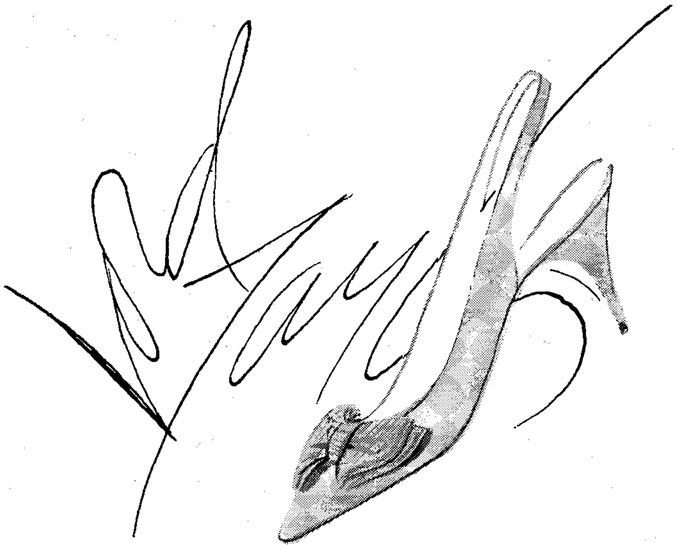


"Anything else, Ma'am? Check your oil? Test your battery? Rob? Cheat? Lie? Kill?"



Main Street

The rustle of pure silk.
A delight to the
feminine heart.
That's how Main Street
loves to live.
British Mist coat of
waterproof silk broadcloth.
In cerise, sapphire,
jade, amber, and black.
Sizes 6-16. About $45.
R. H. Macy, N.Y. & branches;
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston;
Higbee Co., Cleveland;
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.
Or write Main Street,
500 Seventh Avenue,
New York 18.



A spring curve—
Newton Elkin's sling
is all gentle line with a bow
perched on top. Bone or navy calf,
shiny black patent leather—29.00
Designer shoe collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores

to ask querulously, "What am I delivering—the Gettysburg Address?" That's about the level of humor in this one. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Very Quiet

THERE is a lot wrong with "A Sound of Silence," at the Maidman, but what is most wrong is that the playwright, a young Louisianian named Harold Willis, is not up to—or perhaps not yet up to—what he is trying to do. His subject is the racial, domestic, and moral tensions that are brought to the surface during a crisis in the house of a well-to-do family in a small town in Louisiana, and, bucking the prevailing tides of symbolism, lacklustre nuttiness, and rhetoric, he has attempted to tell his story in human terms. It is an honest attempt, though a faltering one, heaven knows. The characters are forced to reveal on cue things about themselves that they would be unlikely to speak of, or probably even to know, and they are so firmly encased in their characterizations that they rarely seem to make a spontaneous move. Also, they keep calling each other by name, even when pairs of them are fighting, which happens quite often. On the other hand, much of the dialogue rings true, and there are a few nice touches and good wisecracks, especially in the first act. (The second act is chaos.) The crisis is precipitated when the daughter of the family—a high-minded, scrappy girl—brings a young Negro clergyman home for the weekend at a time when a friend is running for Congress with the backing of the White Citizens Council, and by the time it is over, no one is exactly as he appeared to be in the beginning. As the conventional and rather timid mother of the family, who turns out to be more spunky and independent than any of the rest, Lois Markle has grace and presence, and she makes the best of the best-written part of the lot. None of the other actors is particularly impressive. Richard W. Segar's blue living room is appropriate and decorative.

—EDITH OLIVER

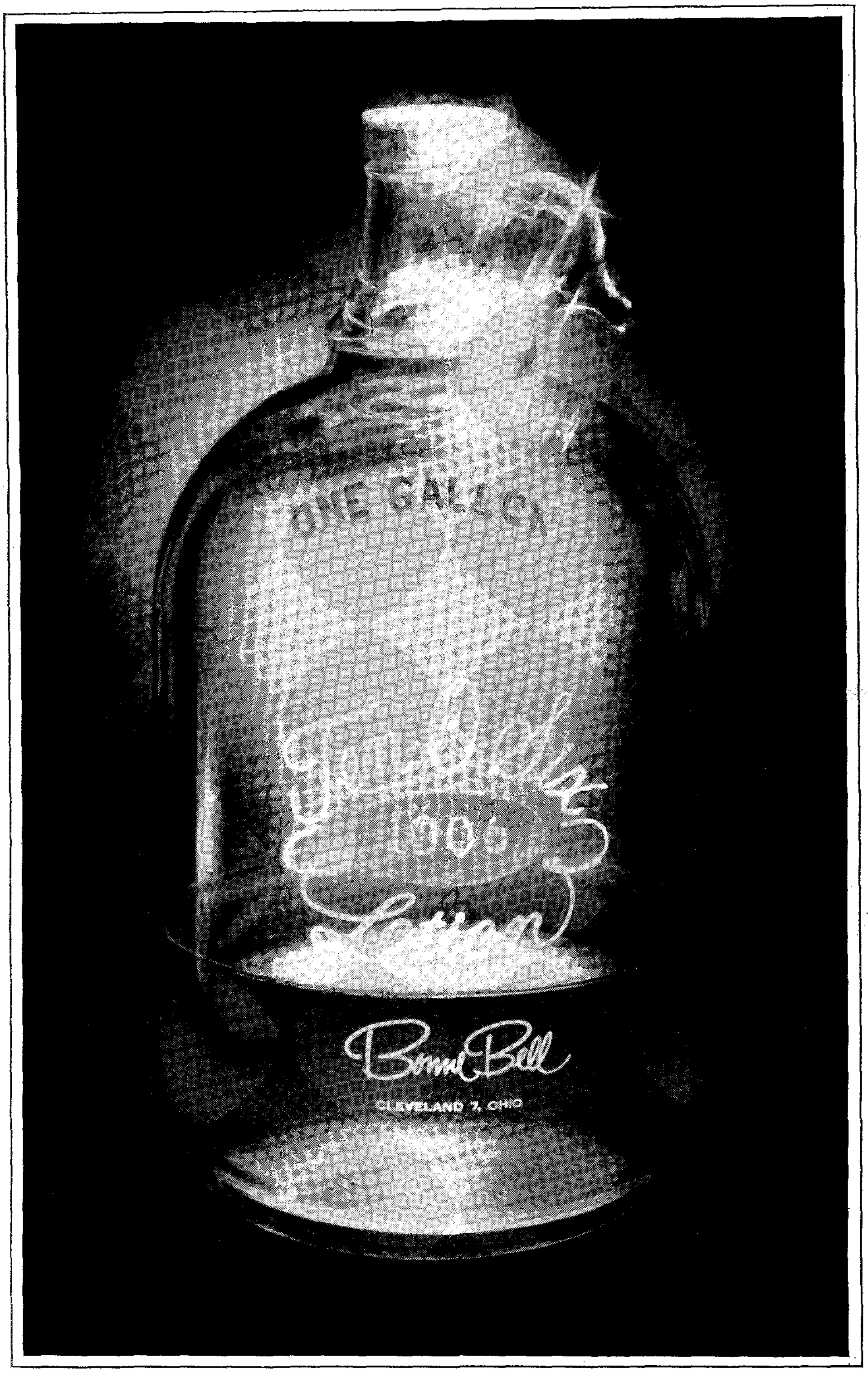
•

KITTERY, MAINE—Simple dolls can be made of sheathed pineneedle bunches fastened to American taxpayer $100,000 to make a waist and cut off evenly at the "feet."

—*Chattanooga Times.*

Yeah, but you can't always catch an American taxpayer.

Any facial lotion that is sold by the gallon must be quite a lotion.



If you were to plunk down $30 for a gallon of facial lotion you would expect something rather fantastic. Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion is. In fact, it's unique. It's been copied. True. But never duplicated. For nobody can quite capture the formula. With the efficiency to clean immaculately, yet tenderly. Clear away most imperfections. Help normalize dry, oily or half-and-half skin. And, prevent healthy, radiant complexions from becoming anything else.

This is why, for 29 years, thousands of women have parted with $30 for a facial lotion. Perhaps you, too, might consider it an investment for yourself and your family. If not, it's still our pleasure to have you try a smaller size of Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion. Or, Ten-O-Six saturated Cleansing Tissues. Found at thoughtful department and drug stores.

Bonne Bell, Detroit at Riverside, Cleveland, Ohio 44107.

LETTER FROM SAIGON

MARCH 11

THE determination of the United States to maintain pressure on North Vietnam by bombing selected targets, first in the lower part of the country and then, if necessary, farther north, has served to stiffen the Saigon government's backbone, but skepticism is growing here about just how effective the bombings will be in persuading the Hanoi government to call off the infiltration of South Vietnam and the subversion of its people. Because of this, and also because the Saigon government is beset by the usual political imponderables, there is a good deal of confusion in Saigon about the aims and about the likely outcome of this protracted and many-faceted conflict. Since no one expects South Vietnam's troubles to be resolved very soon—most people expect two or three more years of war—the bombings and also the arrival of two battalions of American Marines to guard the northern airbase of Danang, with more Marines reportedly coming to guard other bases, have somewhat paradoxically had the effect of strengthening not the offensive but the defensive posture and mood. Many South Vietnamese feel that if the bombings continue to be restricted to the less important targets and are carried out only sporadically, they will encourage the North Vietnamese to step up the attack in the south, where the Vietcong—increasingly reinforced by officers and troops from the north but still very much a southern revolutionary force in its own right—has been moving toward what looks like a showdown, reminiscent of the showdown against the French in 1953, in the crucial central plateau and coastal areas; the possibility looms that more and more of the countryside will fall to the Communists and that we (the South Vietnamese and the Americans) will be reduced to holding on to Saigon and certain heavily guarded provincial capitals and cities like Danang. If, on the other hand, the bombing attacks are extended to targets farther north in North Vietnam—important bridges and railheads, roads leading into China, and factories and other installations relatively close to Hanoi and Haiphong, including the Red River Delta dikes—the possibility of direct Chinese and perhaps even Russian involvement, and the certainty of an increase in material help from China and Russia, might have the same effect, hardening the resolve of Hanoi neither to give up nor to go to the conference table. Either way, of course, the bombing represents a calculated risk, and one that will have obvious repercussions in a number of important capitals, in terms not only of diplomacy but of public opinion, which is inevitably turning against us throughout the Afro-Asian world. Yet despite these handicaps and these dangers, many seasoned observers here, Americans and Vietnamese alike, are gratified that a first step, at least, has been taken—not only because the war on the ground was going so badly that something new had to be devised to rally resistance (the American air attacks against the Vietcong in South Vietnam did rally resistance) but also because it is believed that there is at least an outside chance that if the North Vietnamese are sufficiently hurt by the bombings, they may welcome an opportunity to halt hostilities, which would enable them to trade with the south for rice, to achieve a better balance in their relations with Russia and with China, and to consolidate their strength for the next big move.

"Wendy, I'd like to program you into my future."

The move would surely come, it is assumed. Few Vietnamese here are ingenuous enough to believe that even a new Southeast Asia agreement, with "teeth" in it—presumably American ones—would convince the Communists that they should renounce their long-term objective of reunifying Vietnam to their own advantage. In this respect, the situation today is far more complex than the one in 1954, when, following the Geneva settlement, almost a million refugees, most of them Catholics, came down from the north and an estimated two hundred thousand Communist fighters, Communist sympathizers, and ordinary people who just wanted to go home moved up from the south. The Communist apparatus in the south now is much larger and more effective than it was then, and no matter what terms might be agreed upon, one could hardly expect that all the hard-core Vietcong

A European vacation following the three-pointed star

If you're going to Europe — enjoy it in your own car — in a very special car — in your own Mercedes-Benz. Here's how: Order your Mercedes-Benz through your local US dealer at the low factory price. You can take delivery at any large town in Western Europe or at our plants. Your vacation will be the vacation of a lifetime, and you will go on enjoying it when you drive your Mercedes back home

There are 14 models in the Mercedes-Benz range. From the 190 to the 600, 'The Grand Mercedes', with seating for 2, 6 or 8 persons. If you want to know more about our holiday suggestion and the advantages of Mercedes-Benz's personal delivery — please mail the coupon and we will send you an informative brochure.

MERCEDES-BENZ

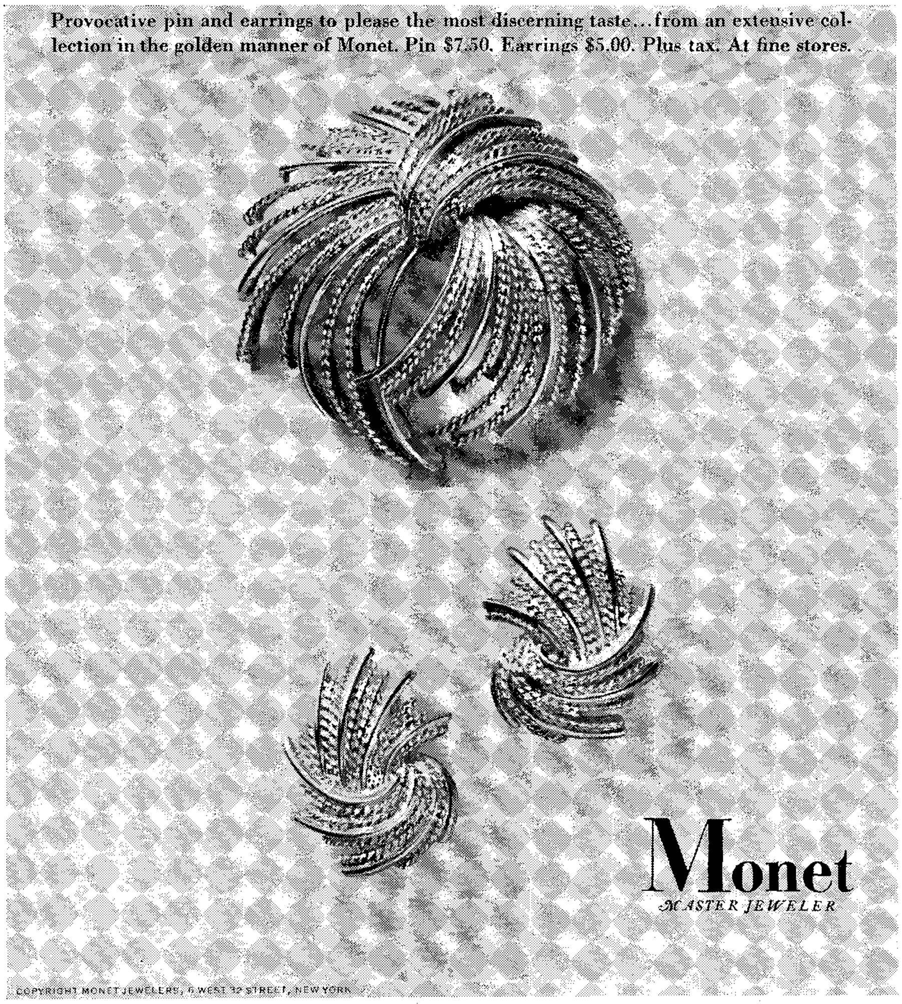
Please send me information about your holiday suggestion and about the range of Mercedes-Benz cars.

Name

Address

Mercedes-Benz of North America Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024

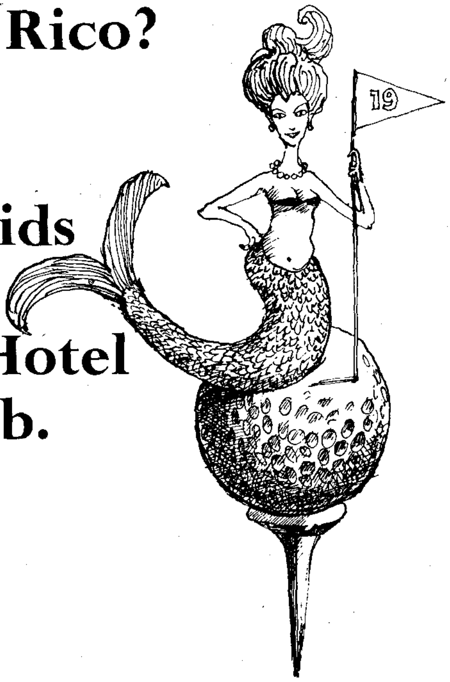
b 4232 SA


Provocative pin and earrings to please the most discerning taste...from an extensive collection in the golden manner of Monet. Pin $7.50. Earrings $5.00. Plus tax. At fine stores.

Monet
MASTER JEWELER

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK

Going to Puerto Rico?



Even the mermaids play golf at the Dorado Hilton Hotel and Country Club.

Manager Marco Nesselhauf's 18-hole golf course at the Dorado Hilton is so beautiful, even the mermaids leave the azure pool occasionally to play it. And he has a lot more for you at this 256-acre tropical estate: Tennis, for instance . . . and a sweeping beach, international menus and dancing and entertainment every night of the week. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

dorado hilton
Dorado, Puerto Rico

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton

forces could be got out, that all the guerrillas would turn in their arms, or that the National Liberation Front, North Vietnam's supposedly "independent" agency in South Vietnam, which it insists that the Saigon government must deal with, could or would be broken up. The best that could be hoped for, it is thought, would be a new kind of cold war, in which a reoriented Communist campaign of subversion would be faced by a group of governments strong enough to contain it in all respects—political, military, and economic. South Vietnam, in other words, would be part of an independent bloc of Southeast Asian states, of the sort envisioned by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, of Cambodia. This is pretty much of a long-shot gamble, most realistic observers admit—one that would have to depend ultimately on an agreement between the United States and China to wage war by other than outright military means.

IF South Vietnam is to have any chance of fulfilling this hopeful prognosis, it will need a strong national government with sufficient popular support and with the ability to contain all the disparate South Vietnamese elements that, wittingly or unwittingly, have been tearing the country apart in the year and a half since the overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem and his family oligarchy. Whoever has been most responsible for this chaos—and observers tend to blame the Americans as much as the Vietnamese for failing to come up with any sound plan for dealing with the situation after the coup against Diem, which the Americans are believed to have supported—everyone agrees that the disintegration caused by the series of repeated coups cannot be allowed to continue if South Vietnam is to reach an eventual conference table intact. At the moment, for the first time in months, there appears to be some slight promise of stability, but, Vietnam being Vietnam, this could be shattered overnight if certain elements got out of hand or if the group of generals who still sit on top of the civilian government start engaging in another power struggle. The most disruptive figures of the recent past have now managed either to eliminate each other or to defeat themselves; the three top-ranking generals—Nguyen Khanh, Duong Van Minh, and Tran Thien Khiem—who were bitterly fighting for control six months ago are all out of the country, in diplomatic posts ("We have our own three sputniks," one Vietnamese editor says), and a couple of the other important generals who were part of the first junta after Diem's assassination are out of uniform and are quietly engaged in the export-import business here; in the late afternoon they can be seen sipping coffee in cafés on Tu Do, the main street. But among the score of generals on the Armed Forces Council there are new candidates for power, and despite a pledge by all of them that they will devote themselves to fighting the war and allow the potentially efficient government of Prime Minister Phan Huy Quat to run the nation without interference, several of these officers are already skirmishing for the role of strong man just vacated by General Khanh. The most important of them, and therefore the man regarded as the worst potential troublemaker, is Brigadier General Nguyen Chanh Thi, who commands the northernmost corps of the South Vietnamese Army. A dashing, mustachioed paratrooper, Thi is a good fighter in the field and a man with a reputation for honesty—a rarity in Vietnam. He is headstrong and impulsive, however—he led an abortive coup against Diem in 1960 and he both helped project Khanh into power in January, 1964, and helped oust him thirteen months later—and it is rumored that he is again plotting against those men whom he considers his rivals. Part of the danger he represents derives from the fact that he is closely associated with the leaders of the Buddhist movement, who are now conducting a curious campaign for peace while privately saying that they will support the full prosecution of the war, including the American bombings of North Vietnam, if their efforts to bring the Hanoi and Saigon governments together fail.

The Americans here, who first loved Khanh, because he was a firm leader, and then hated him, because he didn't love them back, and also because he kept plotting and maneuvering to enhance his own position, have their fingers crossed in the hope of warding off any move by Thi or anyone else that might upset the applecart. But the fact remains that in spite of the government's potential strength, a vacuum exists, and vacuums are likely to be filled even more quickly in Vietnam than they are elsewhere. Another man who may try to fill this one is Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, who led the unsuccessful coup against Khanh on February 19th—a failure that nonetheless served as a catalyst when the generals saw Khanh on the run and took advantage of the situation to vote him out of office and out of the country. American officials think that even without Thao's

Evan-Piconery!

Is to pastel in. Play in. Light up the dullest day in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. These pastels of mocha, apricot, pink, blue and yellow. Everything of carefree blends with KODEL® polyester. Sizes 8 to 18. About $8 to $15 per part. Exception: the mohair cardigan. Sizes 34 to 40. About $13. Available at BEST & CO., N.Y.C.; HALLE BROS., Cleveland; J. W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles. Evan-Picone, 1407 B'way, N.Y.C.

Most lovers of liqueurs would do well to shop with an air of caution today. There are more liqueurs around than ever before, but there is an ocean of difference between them. Take Crème de Cacao...and consider what it takes to make one brand outstanding.

Unforgettable cacao flavor begins with superb cacao beans. Nowhere in the world do they grow more flavorful than in Venezuela. To capture their flavor, they must be harvested at just the right time, then dried and processed with extreme care.

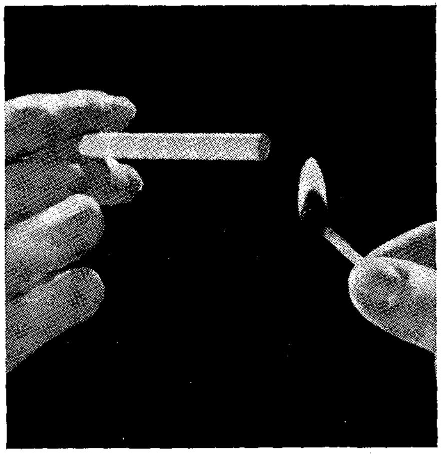
Cacao—rich, aromatic and Venezuelan—is not the only ingredient vital to superb Crème de Cacao. Vanilla from Madagascar, combined with pure spirits, must be added to attain a peak of fragrance. Finally, the liqueur must be sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to deliver true fragrance and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Crème de Cacao and 18 other delicious flavors—all made and bottled in France.

"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

Sole U.S. Distributors
Schieffelin & Co., New York

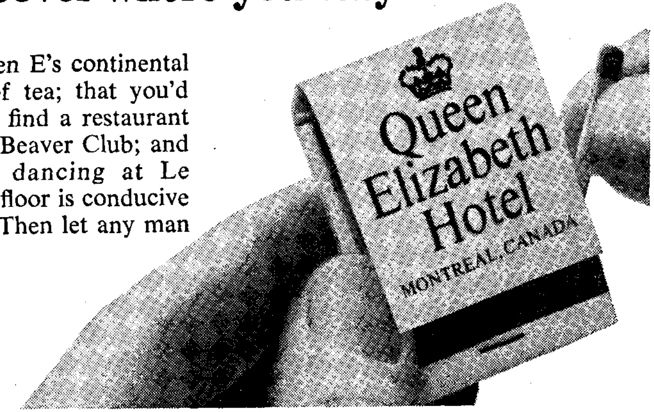
Crème de Cacao • 50 Proof

how to impress the ladies:



let them discover where you stay in Montreal

Mention that the Queen E's continental flavour is your cup of tea; that you'd give your eye teeth to find a restaurant at home to match the Beaver Club; and that an evening of dancing at Le Panorama on the 21st floor is conducive to romantic thinking. Then let any man try and match that!



Family Plan • Free garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or call N.Y. Res. Off. LO 3 6900 • or any Hilton Hotel. A CN Hotel operated by Hilton International. Other Hilton operated Hotels in Canada: Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C.; Montreal Aéroport Hilton.

coup Khanh would eventually have been forced out as commander-in-chief and head of the Armed Forces Council, but in view of Khanh's great capacity for bluff and maneuver, other people believe that this was by no means certain. At any rate, Thao is still in the country, in hiding, and if he can remain undetected, *his* capacity for gathering armed support and making another attempt is not to be underestimated, either. General Thi has had a squad of gunmen out looking for him, but Thao has a lot of friends. Some people think the government would be safer if it lifted the price on Thao's head and amnestied him, so that he could "surface."

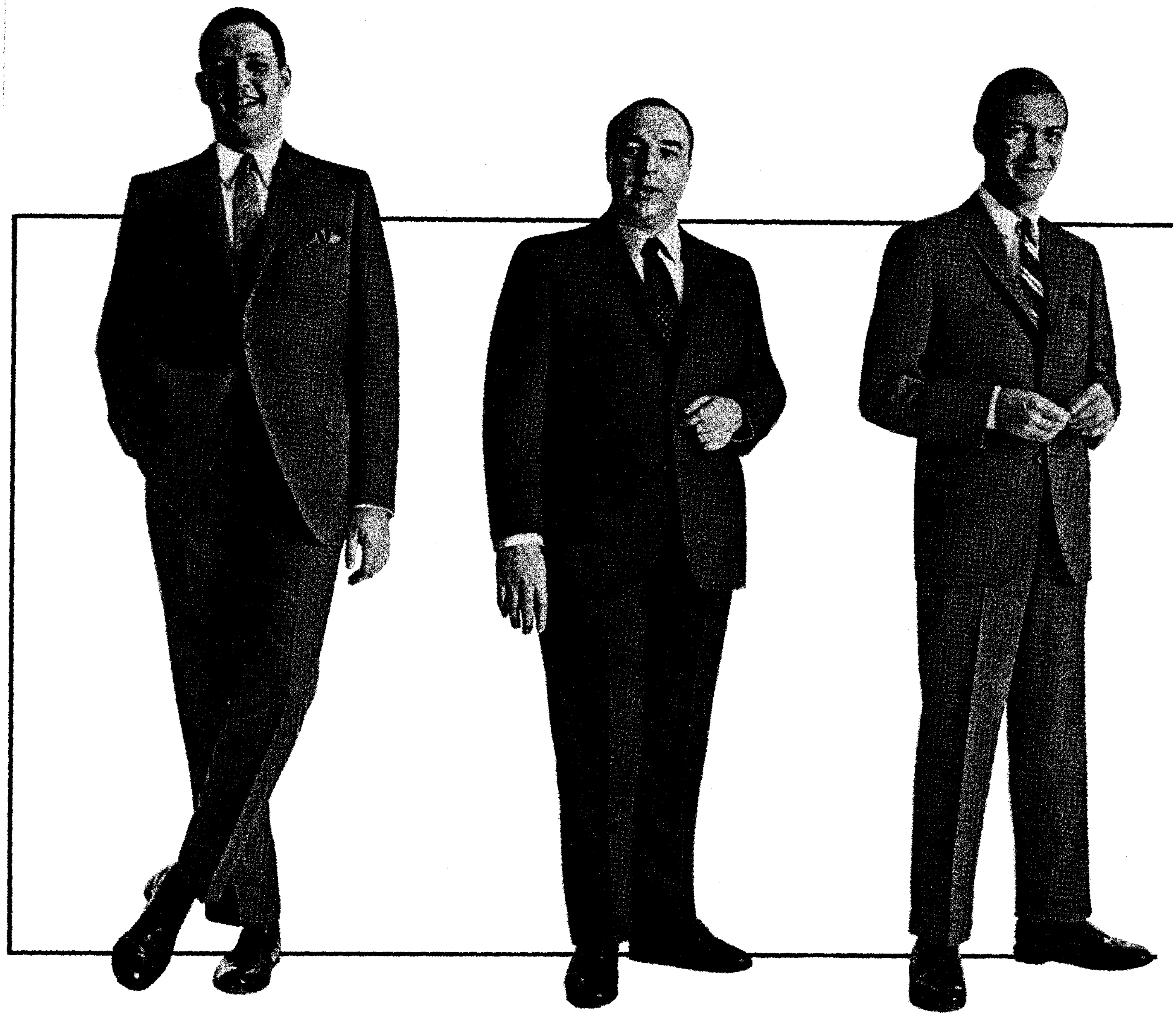
IN all respects, Thao is one of the most remarkable Vietnamese around, being a conspiratorial revolutionary figure straight out of a Malraux novel and, at the same time, a highly sophisticated and politically astute man, whose talents, if only they were properly channelled, could profitably be used right now. He comes from an educated Vietnamese Catholic family that held French citizenship but was strongly anti-French. His father once headed a Communist underground organization in Paris and worked with the Vietminh, the precursor of the Vietcong. After attending good French schools in Saigon, Thao himself renounced his French citizenship in 1942 and went to work in 1947 for the Vietminh as an independent Resistance leader in the south. By 1949, he was in charge of the entire Vietminh espionage apparatus around Saigon and also had the job of organizing guerrilla companies in the countryside. At this time, he maintained contact with Bishop Ngo Dinh Thuc, Diem's brother, and kept him informed of the progress of the Resistance movement. After the 1954 Geneva settlement, Thao helped evacuate Communist elements from South Vietnam and Cambodia in accordance with its terms. He then more or less broke with the Vietminh, though he was still in touch with its leaders in the south; he also remained in touch with Bishop Thuc, who had become his spiritual mentor, and with the heads of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects. For a time, he taught school in Saigon and then worked in a bank there, and during this interval he refused to turn over to the Diem government the names of his former fellow Resistance workers, for he claimed that they were not Communists but simply patriots, like him. By 1956, however, Thao had begun to ally himself with

How to buy a suit

- How to choose the suit style that does the most for your build
- How to be sure you get a proper fit—what to look for in the 3-way mirror
- How to be a crank on quality—the 7 trouble spots you should check
- How to judge tailoring and workmanship the way a professional does
- How to spot patterns, colors, fabrics that are setting the style for Spring

Michaels-Stern, the 116-year-old clothiers of Rochester, N.Y., offers six pages of tips to help you get the clothes that suit you best. Turn page. →

How to choose the Spring suit style that does the most for your build

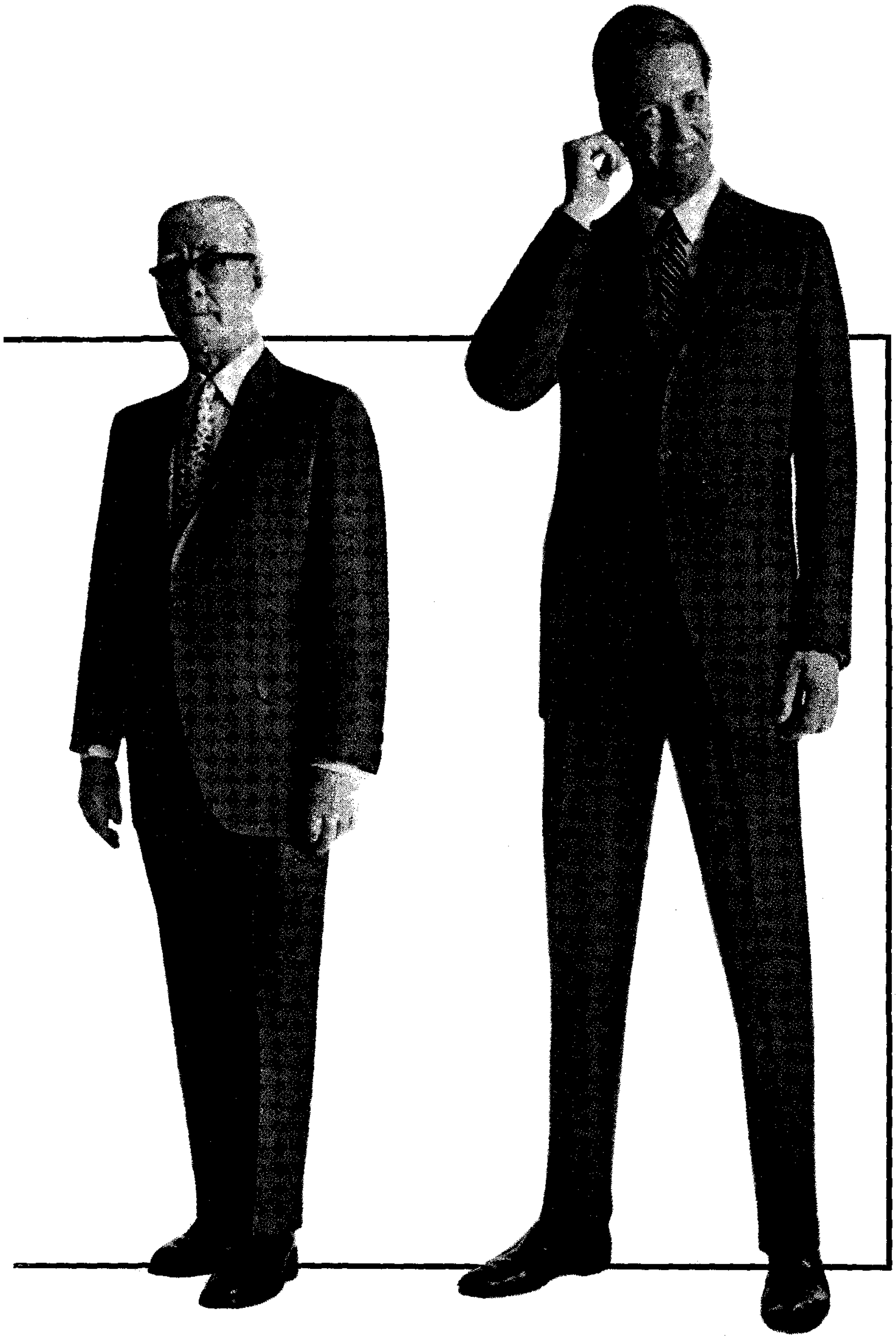


Average-to-tall and husky: Stay away from fuzzy fabrics—they're fattening. Try smooth un-napped fabrics: sharkskins, whipcords, and tropical weaves (such as the Envoy tropical by Michaels-Stern shown above). Try a coat with little or no waist definition. Wear side vents only if you're lucky enough to have a fairly flat seat.

Short and stocky: Wear patterns with up-and-down designs, or solid colors (such as the dark blue Wonderon tropical suit by Michaels-Stern shown above). Steer clear of overly padded shoulders, broad lapels, tight-waisted jackets, horizontal designs, or tweedy fabrics—they just accentuate the negative.

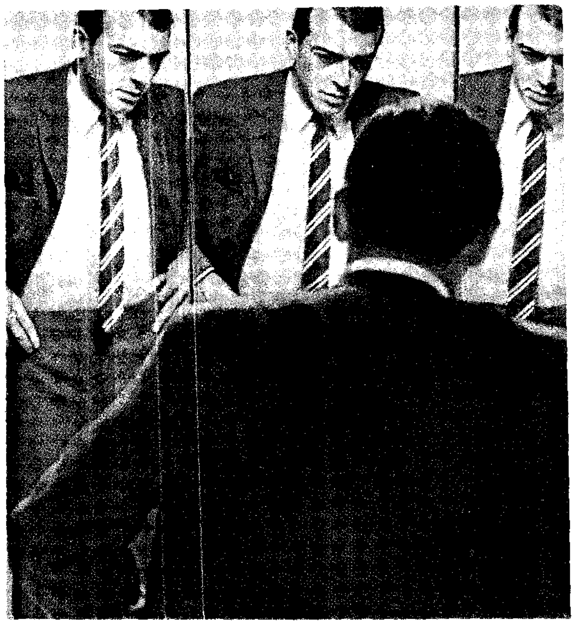
Average height, medium build: On you, everything looks good. Stay with any style you like. (That's a traditional Michaels-Stern style above—the Ph.D. model with a natural shoulder line.) But vary your favorite cut with suits done in the new textured patterns, or one of the sprightlier Spring colors.

Michaels-Stern gives pointers on how the right suit can add height, subtract girth, and help you do the most with what you've got.



Short and medium weight: You *can* look taller. Wear a jacket that's slightly on the short side—your legs will look longer. Look for narrow, elongated lapels (like the ones on the 2-button Michaels-Stern Precedo suit above). Wear lean-line pants—cuffless if you wish—because they accent the vertical line you're after.

Tall and lanky: Try styles and patterns that have a horizontal effect, to break that daddy-longlegs look. Go for loosely fitted jackets with a bit of shoulder padding (as in the Michaels-Stern tropical above). Steer clear of jackets with extreme waist definition—they're the kind that make you look leggier and bottom-heavy.



Michaels-Stern tells you what to look for in the 3-way mirror

FIRST, relax and stand *naturally* before the mirror. Resist the temptation to pull in your stomach and square your shoulders. Here are 7 points to check, and discuss with the fitter.

1. Fasten the middle coat button. Sway your arms gently, shift your shoulders as though you were walking. If you see wrinkles where the fabric is buttoned, you need a larger size.

2. The coat should be just long enough to cover your seat—but you can give or take an inch or two. (For instance: see the tip for short and medium weight men at left.)

3. The coat collar should sit close to your neck at the back and sides, with about a half-inch of shirt showing above.

4. Sleeves should fall 4½ to 5 inches above the tip of your thumb. No more than a half-inch of shirt cuff should show.

5. Look astern. The shoulder line and back should be smooth and unbroken. If the fabric is too taut or too loose, have it altered or try another size.

6. Trousers should fit neatly about the waist and seat. Steer clear of these extremes: the baggy look, and the overly tight look.

7. Trousers should *not* break at the cuff (fashion experts agree on this). They should just graze the tops of your shoes. If you *insist* on a break, make it a slight one—cuffs wear out quickly rubbing against your shoes.

Important: Never, never rush through a fitting. Remember, a well-fitted suit looks, feels, and wears better than an indifferently tailored one.

Please turn page →

The Michaels-Stern Guide to Suits, continued:

How to be a crank on quality—check into these 7 trouble spots where so many suits go to pot

Michaels-Stern gives you inside facts on how to distinguish a suit that will wear well from one that won't.

1. Seams—are they neatly sewn? Careless stitching can yank the suit fabric every which way and make the seams pucker. If flimsy thread (particularly cotton) is used, it snaps instead of "giving."

Michaels-Stern tailors use 11 neat stitches per inch to join seams smoothly. They use only pure silk thread because it's strong and it will give, not snap, under stress.

2. Linings—ask if they're pre-shrunk. If not, they can shrivel and pull the jacket out of shape. Poor linings can also fade and discolor from perspiration and dry cleaning.

Michaels-Stern tailors insist on "high-count" linings—120 vertical threads to 68 horizontal threads per square inch. The fabric is pre-shrunk. It won't stain from perspiration, won't fade.

3. Buttonholes—ask if the thread is silk. If it's not and a coarse, brittle thread is used instead, it will soon snap and unravel with wear. This also leaves a raw buttonhole edge which will saw away on the thread that holds the button. Pretty soon—pop goes the button.

Every Michaels-Stern buttonhole has 45 to 50 tight, precise stitches interlocking the front and underside of the opening. The thread is pure silk twist: smooth, pliable, and it wears like blazes.

4. Pocket linings—they should not feel stiff. Inferior pocket cloths are often starched so they'll *feel* like a good, durable fabric—but starch comes out with cleaning. When keys and coins chafe against this weakened material, it wears out.

Michaels-Stern uses a tough, closely woven fabric for all pocket linings. It is never starched.

5. Collar line—make sure the interfacing is linen. If the collar feels brittle, it's interfaced with a coarse, starched cotton. Chances are it will never fit well—too stiff when new, too limp when the starch wears out.

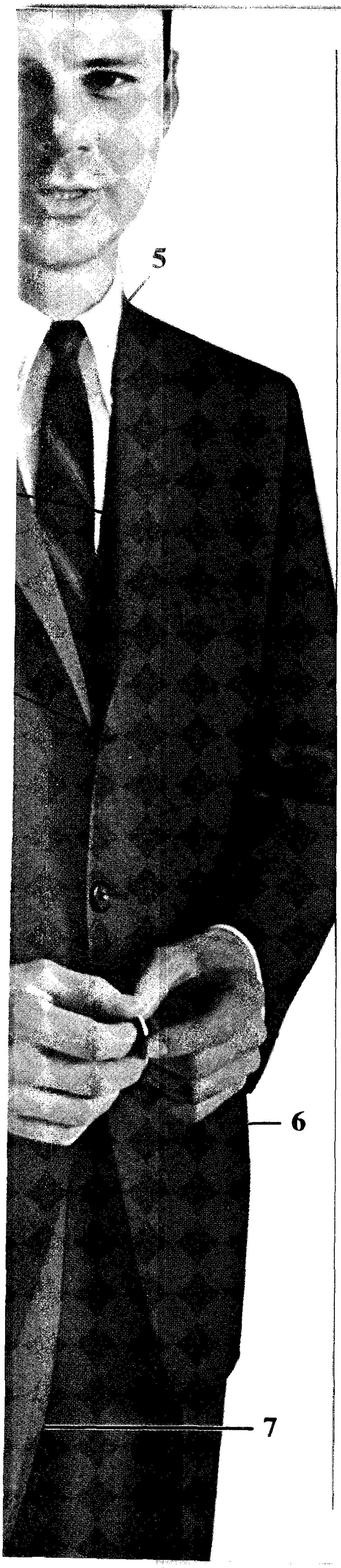
Michaels-Stern uses pure Irish linen interfacings for collar foundations. Costly—but linen is supple and keeps its shape.

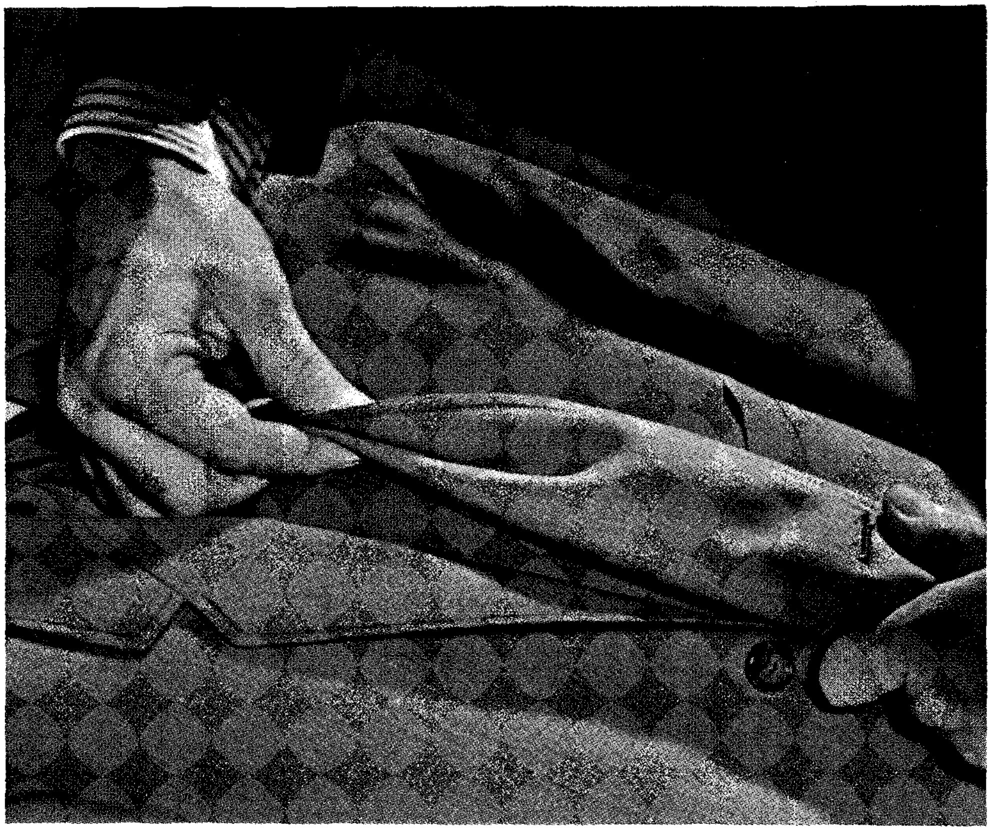
6. Pocket edges—ask if they're reinforced. When there is no inner reinforcement, coat pockets will sag and gape with wear. Eventually, the pocket corners will weaken and rip.

Michaels-Stern bolsters all pocket openings with strong inner reinforcements. These keep pockets from sagging and bagging.

7. Crotch—make sure there's no triangle of cloth pieced in at the crotch (where the left and right inseams meet). If there is, this is evidence of fabric-skimping in the cutting room. Gives you a clumsier fit, too.

Michaels-Stern cutters do not skimp on cloth. You will never find "piecings" in Michaels-Stern trousers—the crotch fits and it's comfortable.





Pinch the lapels, press back the coat front—see reasons below.

Michaels-Stern tells you how to judge workmanship the way professionals do

Pinch the lapels: Expertly made lapels have a built-in roll—not just pressed in, but *sewn* in. Pinch the lapel (see left part of picture)—then release. The lapel should spring back and resume its roll instantly.

Michaels-Stern tailors sew at least 500 tiny padding stitches in the interfacing of each lapel (all hidden, of course). These hold the roll and keep the lapels in shape permanently. Pinch away.

Press back the coat front: See right part of picture. A well-tailored coat has an inner foundation to give it permanent shape. It should feel supple, yet springy, when pressed between your fingers. When released, the coat should bounce back to shape immediately—without a wrinkle.

Michaels-Stern cuts, pre-shrinks, and sews all its own coat foundations. They're made of a resilient and lasting blend of wool, cotton, and goat's hair (for bounce). The shape is there to stay. Press away.

Give the buttons a slight tug: Good button thread must be strong and resilient. Ordinary thread (such as cotton) will not "give." It snaps under pressure and then you lose a button.

Michaels-Stern moors all its buttons with three-ply nylon. It's the strongest, springiest thread known. (That's why nylon is used in fishing lines.) Each button is anchored with eight to nine inches of this nylon thread. Tug away.

Inspect the fabric: You should find no flaws. Patterns should be perfect, colors should be consistent. Cloth used in high-grade suits is inspected scrupulously *before* it is cut. Then it goes through a laborious finishing process.

Michaels-Stern fabrics are examined slowly and carefully under natural Northern daylight. Flawed cloth is summarily rejected. The material then goes through a cold water shrinking bath. Finally, it is refinished and "set" so there can be no further shrinkage. Inspect away.

Michaels-Stern, a company with a 116-year-old reputation for fine needlework, is not about to jeopardize its good name with shortcuts or cheap-jack tailoring. That's why Michaels-Stern clothing passes all these professional tests.

Please turn page →

Checked sports jacket in a new Michaels-Stern color called Aspen.

"Color plus" suit by Michaels-Stern; blue with a mere hint of gold.

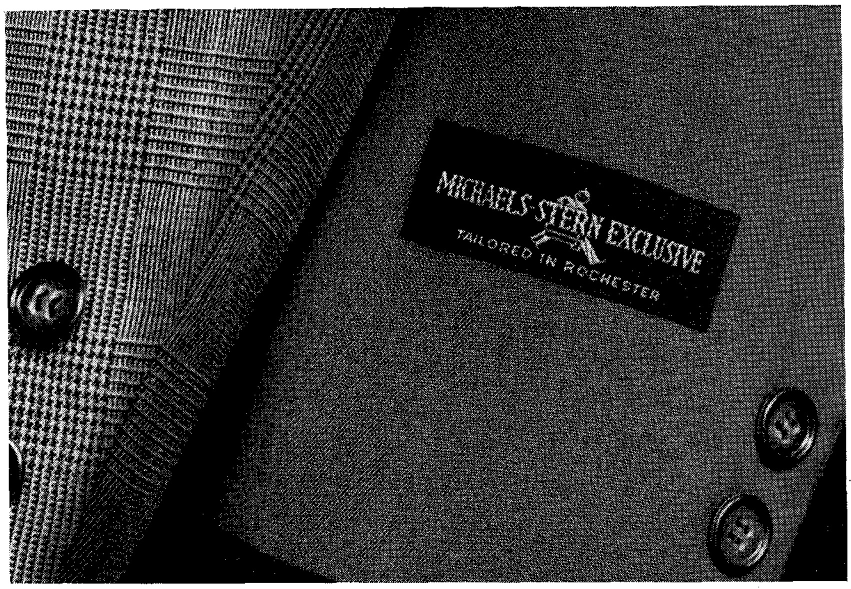
Michaels-Stern's new Mesa plaid jacket, a cool shade of spruce blue.

Michaels-Stern's oxford weave tropical suit in the new putty color.

The Michaels-Stern Guide to Suits, continued:

How to spot the patterns, colors, fabrics that set the style for Spring '65

Michaels-Stern gives you a quick fashion forecast



The Michaels-Stern label on the sleeve identifies some of our suits—but not all. Why? Because many fine stores think so highly of Michaels-Stern quality and workmanship that they stitch in their *own* labels. Hundreds of thousands of men are wearing our suits right now—with the labels of America's finest stores on them.

"NO SUIT is a good suit if it looks old-fashioned" says Michaels-Stern.

Men's styles change less vehemently than women's, but change they do. For one thing, Spring suits have been getting more Spring-like, and Michaels-Stern predicts that in 1965 they will be livelier than ever.

If you haven't bought a Spring suit or sports jacket for a couple of years, take a look at your old ones in the light of this Michaels-Stern forecast:

1. Unusual textures and patterns will be busting out all over. You will be seeing many new fabrics with odd-sounding names: nubby weaves, reeded stripes, random cords, hop-sacks. And some new ideas from Michaels-Stern in plaids and checks. See men in flower shop and greenhouse on opposite page.

2. Colors will have more life. Michaels-Stern leads the way with colors like forest green, burgundy, and pewter. We've even made a *putty* suit. It *sounds* peculiar, but it *looks* good with anything. That's what the man is wearing in the hallway at left.

We've also brightened the good old blues, browns, and grays. And we're introducing a new idea called "color plus."

It's just what it sounds like—a basic color plus a hint of another. Blue, say, with a scarcely visible touch of tan or gold. The man having coffee at the Leopard restaurant gives you an idea of the subtle effect of our new blue plus gold.

3. Fabrics will be lighter in weight than ever. That means cooler and more comfortable. Michaels-Stern's new open-weave tropicals weigh in at six ounces per yard—half again as light as Spring suits were just a few years back.

We've asked our weavers to make their Dacron®-and-worsted blends just as light as possible. And we predict a renaissance for good old *silk*. Splendid stuff, pure or in blends.

How do your old clothes measure up? If in doubt, see the Michaels-Stern collection in the stores now. For the names of stores nearest you, write to Michaels-Stern, Dept. 320, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester, New York 14602.

Michaels-Stern

Australian Affiliate: Harford Clothing, Ltd., Melbourne/Canadian Affiliate: Rex-Nash Tailors, Ltd., Toronto

OUR HERO IS PREPARING CHERRIES JUBILEE. HIS SHIRT IS HATHAWAY'S NEW COUNTRY CHECK. IN GINGER AND FOUR OTHER MUTED COLORS. $8.95.

Hathaway's Country Check shirt comes to town

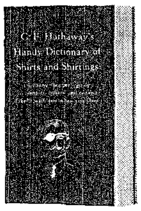
IN LONDON'S financial district, stockbrokers are wearing sprightly country checks to the *office*. Nobody even raises an eyebrow.

The brokers say that these checks are much less stuffy than ordinary business shirts. Hathaway's spies say so, too. Hence the dashing new shirt you see above: Hathaway's *Country Check*.

The color is *Ginger*—an interesting new shade that pairs off with almost any other color. It also looks superb with the new *Country Look*.

Hathaway tailors this refreshing new check from 100 percent Madras cotton, and in their unique Club style. Which means you get a trimly *tapered* midsection. Hathaway's classic, hand-turned button-down collar. And generously long tails that won't balloon around the waist.

For names of stores, and your free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings,* write C. F. Hathaway, Dept. A1, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.



"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.®

Diem, mostly as a result of his friendship with Bishop Thuc, and he was soon working in various Army units as a propagandist for the government-created Can Lao Party. Next, he became a trouble-shooter for Diem in the provinces, and was named Chief of Kien Hoa Province, where, by using his intimate knowledge of Vietminh tactics to win the support of the peasant population and organize resistance against the Vietcong, he distinguished himself as a counter-insurgency leader. For a few months before the coup against Diem, in November, 1963, Thao was inspector of the strategic-hamlet program—a job that enabled him to make important secret contacts that played a large part in the planning of the coup. (At one point, he was about to move against Diem on his own, but he was prevailed upon to wait for the larger effort.) When the coup took place, Thao led the tank assault on Diem's palace. Afterward, because the generals who took over were afraid of Thao and other officers who, like him, had done the real job of creating the coup machinery, he was sent off to the United States, where he pursued military studies at Fort Leavenworth. When Khanh seized power, Thao returned to Saigon to become his press attaché, and then was, in effect, sent into exile again, as a result of the intrigues and contests of strength between Khanh and various other generals, particularly General Khiem; before long, Khiem was named Ambassador to the United States, and Thao became his aide. Late last year, Thao was summoned back by Khanh, ostensibly for consultation. Actually, Khanh planned to arrest him, but Thao found this out in time to go underground. Finally, last month, he pulled his coup.

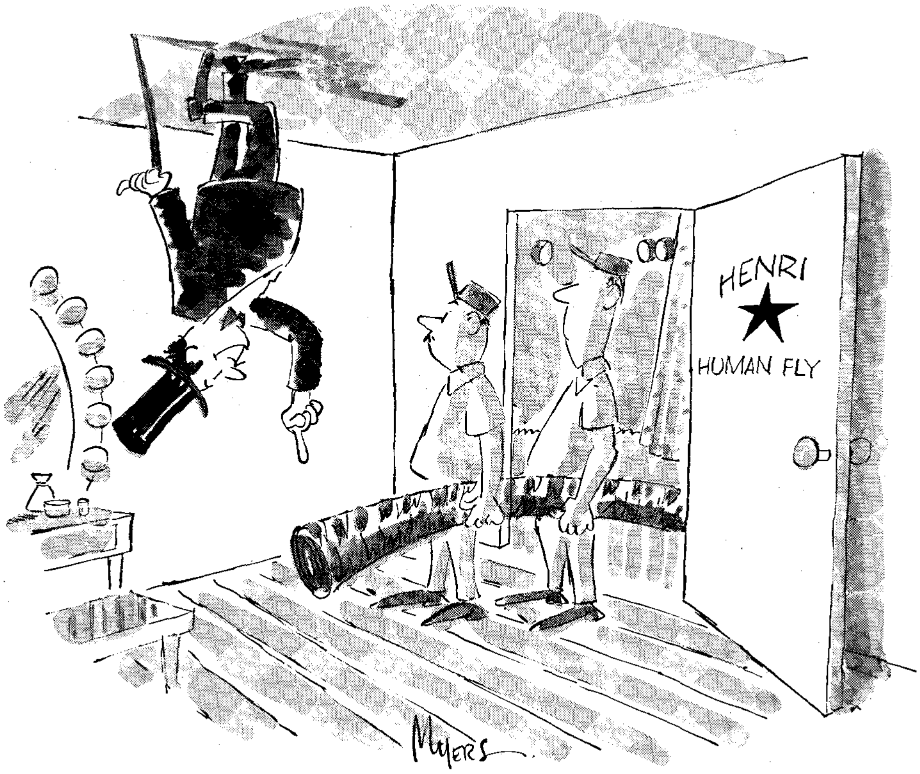
The coup failed because of two tactical mistakes: an officer at Saigon military headquarters forgot to lock a gate that would have prevented Khanh from escaping, and another officer moved too slowly in an attempt to capture nearby Bien Hoa Airfield and thus prevent government planes and troops from taking off to stop Thao's forces in Saigon. Many of the officers involved were Catholics, and the coup was described as a Catholic coup, but in fact Thao had also consulted the two leading Buddhist leaders in the country, Thich Tri Quang and Thich Tam Chau, about it beforehand. Though they did not give him open support, it is conceivable that they had no strong objections to seeing Khanh overthrown; over a period of a year, the Buddhists and Khanh had used each other from

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

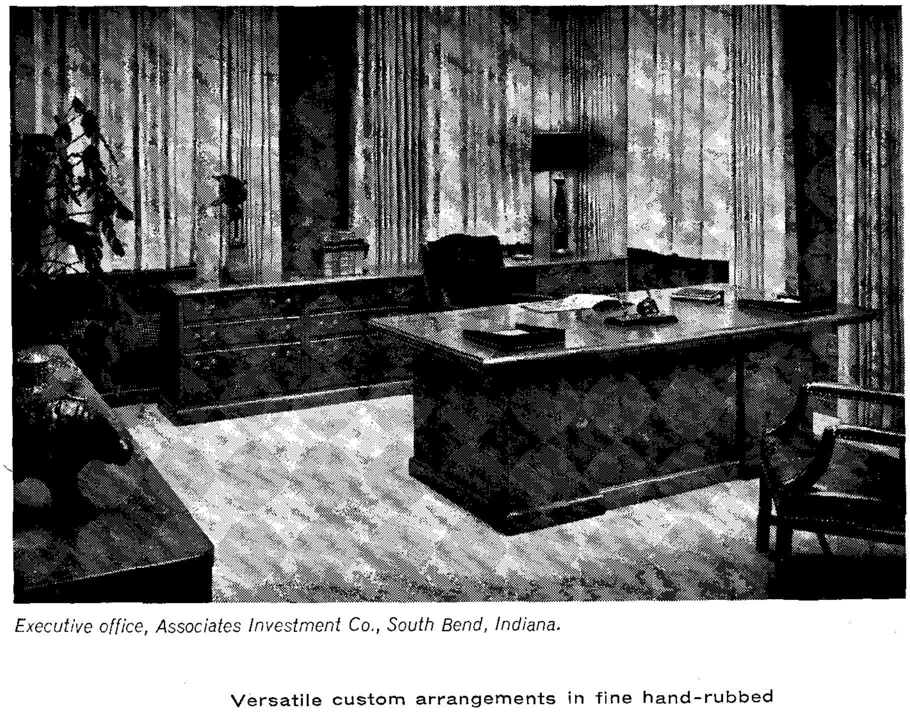
Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Here's "overhead" that pays off in prestige! Bigelow Carpets set the stage for recognition... give a long-run performance in quiet comfort as well. Special designs, colors and textures available. Write for our colorful free brochure on Bigelow commercial carpets to Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.



Executive office, Associates Investment Co., South Bend, Indiana.

Versatile custom arrangements in fine hand-rubbed walnut. We will be pleased to send you our brochure.

DISTINGUISHED FURNITURE FOR DISTINCTIVE OFFICES

stow & davis

12-C Summer, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49502

time to time in their separate and joint drives for power, but they had also fought each other. Since Thao now has considerable support in some Buddhist quarters, a similar marriage of convenience, typical in this country of shifting alliances, could come to exist between them, too.

THE current Buddhist campaign for peace is regarded by most observers who have followed the ups and downs of the political-religious movement in the last two years as a tactical maneuver by Tri Quang, Tam Chau, and Quang Lien, still another activist priest, aimed at reëstablishing their somewhat diminished control over the nominally Buddhist masses, who mostly do not practice their faith. The Vietnamese Buddhists are basically not nearly as pacific as the Buddhists elsewhere in Southeast Asia, and they are using the peace issue primarily as a political weapon; one reason they are playing it up now is the existence of an opposition peace movement, which was patently inspired by the Vietcong. American officials gave Tri Quang, the chief Buddhist strategist, sanctuary in our Embassy during the days of Diem's persecution of the Buddhists, and they still consider him to be anti-Communist. They think he may be pro-neutralist, though, and whatever he is, they now belatedly recognize that he is a power-hungry Vietnamese and that he has become someone who has to be accepted and lived with. It is a foregone conclusion that the Buddhists, who have some differences on tactics but none on essential strategy, either will keep up their offensive maneuvers, calculated to control the government in power, or else will demonstrate against it and bring it down, as they did with the regime of Premier Tran Van Huong, which preceded Phan Huy Quat's. They don't seem yet to have made up their minds about the Quat government, which has several Buddhists in it, and the government, for its part, is anxious to placate the Buddhist movement, though it has been somewhat embarrassed by the Buddhists' clamor for peace.

In the meantime, Tri Quang and his aides are quietly gaining control of most of the pagodas in Saigon, purging the monks who do not go along with them, and maintaining a tight vertical chain of command, down to the block level in the city, while creating a broad horizontal front of women's organizations, youth organizations, and special departments. It is always difficult to gauge the sincerity of the Buddhists here, but they

If you're going to Munich, Stuttgart, Vienna or Milan, think of Switzerland as Grand Central Station.

Swissair flies non-stop from New York to Zurich every day. They also fly direct to Zurich from Chicago twice a week. Three times starting April 1.

That puts you closer to Stuttgart, Munich and Vienna in one hop than any other airline does.

And Swissair's time-saving connections to Milan from either Zurich or Geneva make it a smart choice to that city as well.

All of which makes Switzerland a natural Grand Central Station. Gateway to these cities—as well as to the 24 other European cities that Swissair serves from Switzerland with commuter-train regularity.

Round-trip fare from New York to Zurich or Stuttgart is $379.80.* To Munich, $387.40. *To Vienna, $427.30.* To Milan, $404.50.*

Call your travel agent or one of the Swissair offices in principal cities. You'll find that when you get close to the Swiss, you get closer to where you're going.

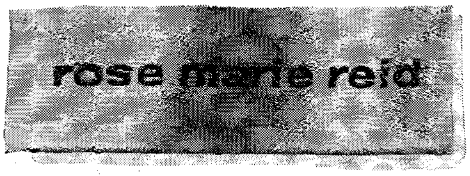
INFORMATION
INCOMING TRAINS BULLETIN BOARD TRACK 42
INFORMATION

SWISSAIR
SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

*21-day economy excursion fare round-trip from New York. Mondays through Thursdays.

seem to be dominated by motives of self-preservation and of aggrandizement of their new political role, and just how serious they are about their declared intention of supporting the war if their peace drive doesn't produce results appears highly debatable. Many people here still think that, whatever they say, they are fundamentally xenophobic—especially anti-American—and that they are anxious to make an accommodation with the Communist north, hoping then to be left in peace in a neutralist south—a hope that must at best be regarded as naïve.

The Catholics, though they are ordinarily less given to demonstrations than the Buddhists, are also to be reckoned with; they feel that they have been shunted aside by the Quat government, and resent the fact that the Catholics who helped lead last month's coup have not been amnestied. The Army is still another source of uneasiness; there are some strong Buddhists, like General Thi, but there are also many officers and men, Catholic or neutral, who resent the attempts of the Buddhists to seek political power, and these elements could become rebellious. In this touchy situation, Prime Minister Quat and his Cabinet are treading cautiously—too cautiously, some would say—in the hope of keeping peace among all the factions and creating some semblance of orderly government. Quat, a long-time nationalist who served as Minister of National Defense under the French-sponsored regime of the former Emperor, Bao Dai, joined the political opposition to Diem but managed to stay out of jail. He is a quiet, urbane northerner, and he has his own small brain trust composed mostly of fellow-northerners or men from Central Vietnam; he has already been accused of selecting too many northerners to fill administrative posts—a charge he has countered with the comment that he can't find enough able southerners willing to work with him. In any event, he has so far made a fairly good impression on most Vietnamese, as well as on the Americans. One of his first declared tasks is to control the prices of rice, sugar, water, and electricity, and this is not easy to do in a long established climate of corruption. He also intends to move gradually toward widening the popular base of his government by convening a conference of provincial representatives to discuss local and regional problems and then, with the help of the new national legislative council, creating a system under which elections could be held for municipal councils in controlled areas. It



Be a snob.
Paste this label
inside your
ordinary swimsuit.

weatherbee

The Spy Who...came in from the rain dry and self-contained! Naturally. She's wearing the French Trench by Weatherbee.® So devil-may-care. So debonair! Weatherbee plotted the entire affair in washable Gardner's Bay combed cotton poplin—Zepel® finished to resist the wettest weather. Note coat's newly narrowed lapels, leather buttons, adjustable waistline that fits all figures. Basic colors plus white and black. $35* at listed stores and other stores of equal calibre.

B. ALTMAN & CO.—New York
Buffalo—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago—Chas. A. Stevens & Co. Inc.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit—B. Siegel & Co.
Hartford—G. Fox & Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's
Milwaukee—The Grand
Minneapolis—Dayton's
Newark—Hahne Co.
Philadelphia—Bonwit Teller
Pitts., Pa.—Jos. Horne & Co.
Rockford, Ill.—D. J. Stewart & Co.
St. Louis—Famous-Barr Co.
Syracuse—E. W. Edwards & Sons
Toledo—Lamson's
Wash., D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Montaldo's, All Stores

*Slightly higher Far West. For store in your city write: Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Ave., New York 10018

At the crossroads of Europe: Switzerland. Vacationland. Fabulous cities and resorts: Geneva, Zurich, Berne, Basel, Lausanne, Zermatt, St. Gall, Lugano, St. Moritz...in the Year of the Alps. Come on down? No! Come on up. Mountains. And more mountains. Stimulating. Challenging. Refreshing. Mountaineer in brilliant sunlight. Crisp air for hiking, walking, skiing, skating. Incredible countryside. Breathtaking. Get high with no hangover. Cablecars, chairlifts, plain lifts into snowlight and sunlife.

Switzerland is everything...from alpine grandeur to subtropical languor. From snow to cypress. Did you know Switzerland has palm trees? And cactus. Oranges and lemons. Because Switzerland gets more sunshine than anywhere else in Central Europe. Sunshine for sunbathing and swimming in lakes of crystal water. Sunshine for fishing, riding, tennis, golf. And people. Polite people. Interested people who welcome travelers with comfort, cleanliness and food. Gourmet food. Cheese. Sausages. Apple tarts. Civilized people who speak English, French, German, Italian, Romansh. People with culture and art. Galleries and museums. Old abbeys. Castles. Roman ruins. Renaissance architecture. Dazzling shopping centers. Centuries-old buildings. Thoroughfares and cobbled streets. Hidden verdant valleys and throbbing cities. The Swiss make the world's finest chocolate and their trains run on time.

Here are heroic legends and artists' colonies. Fabulous textiles. Ancient ceremonies. Cliff-hanging chalets, cozy villages, hotels, inns. Gentle living. Gracious living. Zest for living...in Switzerland. The free nation. A democracy nearly 700 years old. Haven for travelers since the days of Caesar. Praised by Mark Twain, Byron, Shelley, Dumas, Conan Doyle and all discriminating travelers like yourself.

The "Unique World of Switzerland" is an exciting brochure of dazzling travel ideas and suggestions that will meet all your needs perfectly. Your travel agent has your copy—or write the Swiss National Tourist Office, 10 West 49th Street, New York 20, New York and 661 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

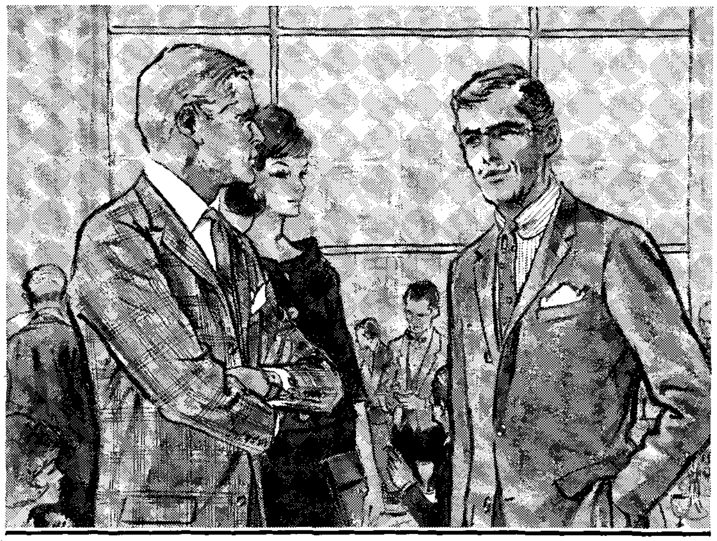
1965—The Year of the Alps

There's a mountain of wonderful reasons why so many experienced travelers in Europe vacation in Switzerland

appears that if he is allowed to go his own way for two or three months, particularly by the Buddhists and the generals, he has a chance of clearing up the messy situation. At the moment, practically everyone seems to realize that an even keel is an absolute necessity, but whether the keel will remain even is uncertain. Chaos feeds upon itself, and anarchy has become endemic in Vietnam. "In a way, after all the pent-up years under the French and under Diem, we are like children letting off steam," one Vietnamese political observer said the other day. "Maybe there will have to be another half-dozen coups before we settle down—even though we know we can't afford them."

That the Vietnamese can't afford more coups is being dramatically demonstrated right now on the plateau north of Saigon—a region stretching across the country from the Laotian border to Qui Nhon, on the coast. Here the Communists have been trying to cut South Vietnam in two, and while government reinforcements have so far stopped them, they are bound to keep trying in the weeks ahead. Attacking in battalion strength, the Vietcong has cut in several places the coastal road leading from the southern port of Nhatrang to Danang, and has done the same on a strategic east-west road, though it hasn't been able to hold its positions there. Most military men admit that if it had not been for attacks by Vietnamese Skyraiders and American B-57s, the government would probably have suffered a disastrous defeat in the past fortnight. As it is, isolated units have held out, and have eventually been rescued by government reserve troops, which are finally being committed as a sort of fluid force, in a manner that American advisers have been urging for some time. This plateau battle promises to be the most crucial of the war.

What the Communists are apparently seeking to do is to create a "liberated area" in the central coastal province of Binh Dinh, a historic cradle of Vietnamese revolutionary activity, and to make it a link between smaller zones of Vietcong control to the north and south. It is significant that in this campaign, despite the influx of North Vietnamese units discussed in the American White Paper, the southern hard-core and regional forces are leading the battle, and the northerners are playing the role of what the North Vietnamese call "participating observers." Indeed, part of Hanoi's purpose in sending men into the south is to get them accustomed to



IT'S NOT JUST FROM ROGERS PEET...
IT'S *BY* ROGERS PEET

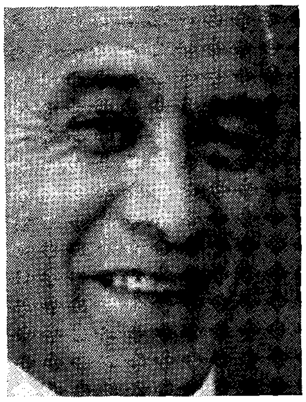
The fact that we design and make – as well as sell – clothing bearing the Rogers Peet label has been important to men of critical taste for more than 90 years. You will be pleased to learn how modestly priced this kind of quality can be.

Rogers Peet Co

NEW YORK • HARTFORD • BOSTON • WASHINGTON

WHEN YOU
DINE ITALIAN • WINE ITALIAN
RUFFINO
RUFFINO
ITALY'S PRIZE CHIANTI
© Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

Come visit my grandfather's grandfather



through the handworked Maori carvings of a timeless New Zealand.

Henare Toka has been carving Maori statues at Rotorua for over 40 years. It is a skill he learned from his father, who learned it from his own father. It is a skill whose beginnings go back to the Polynesia that existed a thousand years ago.

When you visit the Maoris today, you sense a delicate balance between the modern world and the traditions they hold from the past. This timeless quality is true of most of New Zealand.

The beaches, the forests, the glaciers—a beauty that exists now as it always has, and always will remain.

The people who live here are calm, understanding and friendly like Henare Toka. They will share their land with you and smile with you because a smile comes easy down here. Please clip the coupon. We'd like to write to you.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
Department NY-3
153 Kearny St., San Francisco 94108 • 630 Fifth Ave.,
New York 10020 or 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles 90014

I would like to know more about Henare's New Zealand.
☐ Tell me about Australia, too.

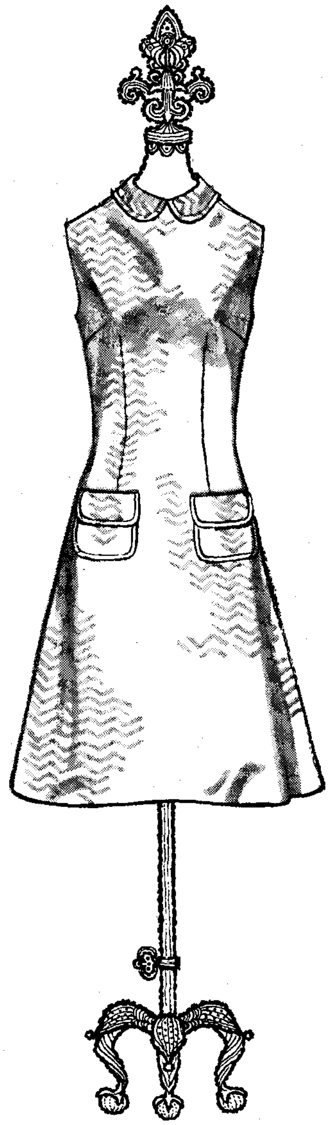
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________ ZIP __________

Meet the friendly New Zealanders!

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Crisp

Shapely. Neat. Efficient, but not intimidating, and quite sharply refreshing among the flowers and pastels, like the clean taste of mint. Cotton pique, without pattern except for its woven zig-zigs that cast a subtle shadow. Sleeveless. Patch-pocketed. Zippered in back. Available in two quite different concepts . . . Black, or White. Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

American-Vietnamese fighting techniques and to give them the experience of living under aerial attack—by bombs, by napalm, and by a nasty new device called the "lazy dog," a canister contrivance that explodes thirty feet above the ground and sends several thousand finlike pieces of metal shooting off at high speed in all directions. Last week, one of the relatively inexperienced North Vietnamese units was soundly thrashed by South Vietnamese troops in a battle that—temporarily, at least—turned the tide in the government's favor. One disturbing aspect of the continuing crisis in the highlands is the tactics being used by the Vietcong in herding large numbers of refugees from the embattled areas into coastal cities still controlled by the government, where they are causing serious feeding and housing problems. The Communists also infiltrate with these refugees and create a fifth column in the towns. It seems astonishing that, in a war that has been going on for so many years, so little should have been done either by the South Vietnamese government or by the Americans to counter this sort of subversion, which is the deadliest weapon of all.

In sum, in this Year of the Snake, infiltration from the north and increased attack and subversion by the Vietcong all over the south have brought the war to a new pitch of intensity. American and Vietnamese planes may continue to avert disaster, but guerrillas, like snakes, are hard to eliminate, and ultimately they must be dealt with on the ground. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor said to Prime Minister Quat the other day, in a moment of euphoria, "Your government will be the victory government in South Vietnam." American optimism out here has been severely jolted in the past, and there are signs, despite the new position of firmness, that it may be jolted again. Even partial victory, through negotiation, seems far off. The struggle in Vietnam, one way or another, is bound to go on for a long time.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

DANCING
AT THE
BANGOR HOUSE
MONDAY THRU
SATURDAY NIGHT
IN THE
DINNING ROOM

—*Table card in the Bangor House, Bangor, Maine.*

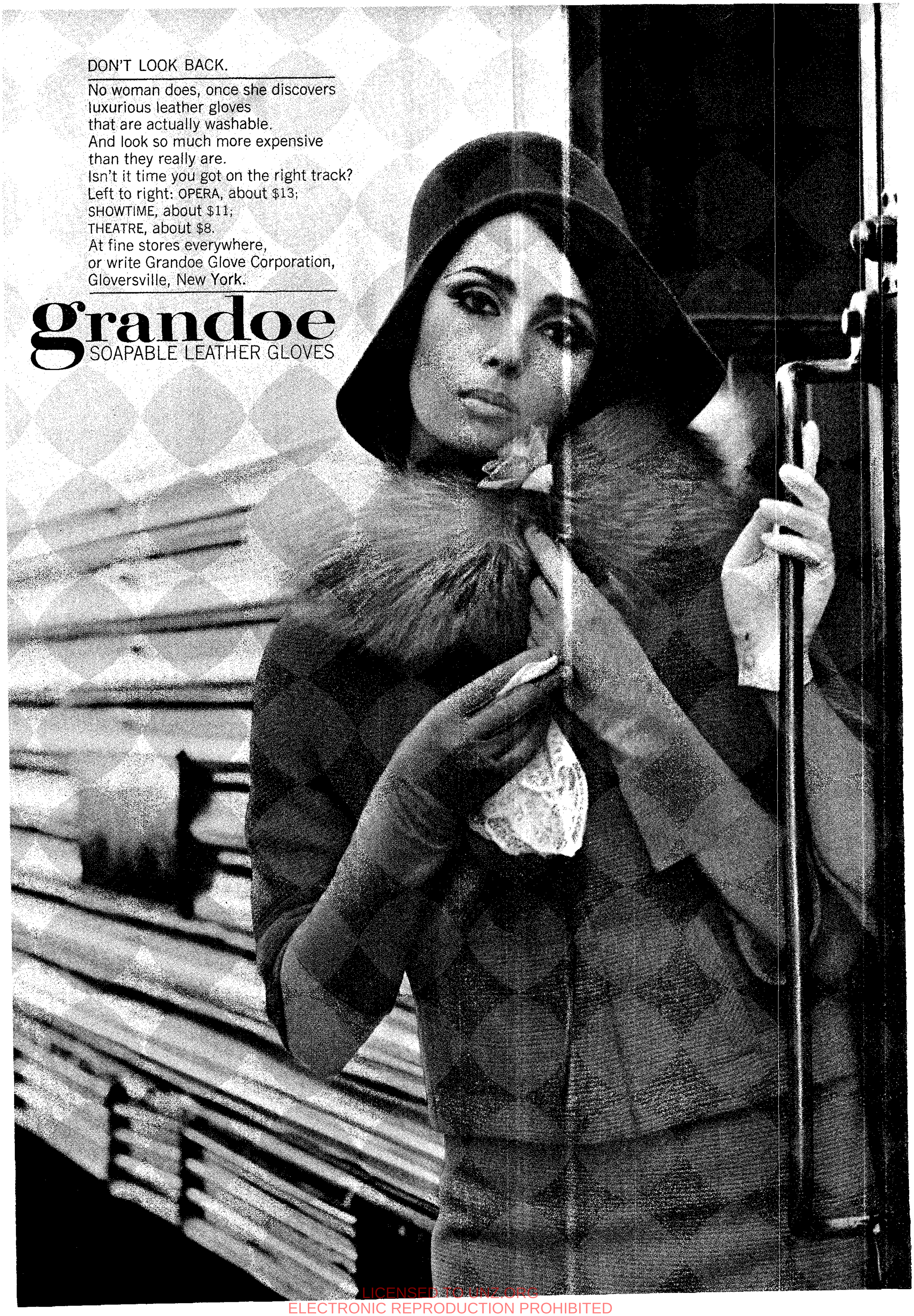
It's so noisy you can't hear yourself dance.

The entire collection
of Givenchy Cosmetics
is available at America's
leading fashion stores,
some of which
are listed below:

Albany, N.Y.	Flah's
Beverly Hills, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y.	Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio	Bonwit Teller
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
LasVegas, Nev.	D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc.	The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller
Minneapolis, Minn.	Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind.	Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn.	Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill.	Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon	I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I.	The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y.	B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Diego, Calif.	Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif.	I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.	I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.	Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J.	Bonwit Teller
Tulsa, Okla.	Field's
Washington, D.C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co.
White Plains, N.Y.	Bonwit Teller

This is the way Givenchy sees your eyes.

As the one place to apply a designer's collection of blues, greens, mushrooms and violets. For his new cosmetics, Givenchy designed 8 eye shadows. They don't follow any sort of trend. They are simply 8 colors . . . clear, pure, compatible with everything that is fashion this year. They are also unusual in form . . . hard dry cakes you wet and apply with your finger tip. This water-color shadow stays smooth and doesn't crease when you flutter your lids. Givenchy eye shadows cost $4. There are also 7 mascaras, 7 eyeliners, 7 brow shades and a most curious Lash-Moist to wet the cakes . . . all from the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.



DON'T LOOK BACK.

No woman does, once she discovers
luxurious leather gloves
that are actually washable.
And look so much more expensive
than they really are.
Isn't it time you got on the right track?
Left to right: OPERA, about $13;
SHOWTIME, about $11;
THEATRE, about $8.
At fine stores everywhere,
or write Grandoe Glove Corporation,
Gloversville, New York.

grandoe
SOAPABLE LEATHER GLOVES

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ASCENT

III—MOI, JE SUIS OPTIMISTE

THERE is a Japanese proverb that says, "The man who has never climbed Fujiyama is a fool; the man who has climbed Fujiyama twice is twice a fool." I have never climbed Fujiyama, but I am sure that if I ever did, it would be once and with a guide. Most of my climbing experience has been on guided climbs. These began in 1937, when, at the age of seven, I was taken to climb the Visi Alp by a group of Englishmen who were vacationing in the tiny Swiss mountaineering town of Kandersteg, in the Bernese Oberland. My parents were both sick and in the hospital in Bern, and my brother and I had been left in the care of a Swiss nurse in the Kurhaus in Kandersteg, where the English climbers were also staying. Our plight touched them, and since I was the elder, I was taken up the Visi Alp and given a solemn document, signed by forty members of the party, to prove that I had made the climb. I recently went back to Kandersteg and could not find the Visi Alp. Perhaps they made up the name for me. In any case, I climbed something. It was my initiation into the climbing of mountains, and it was a great experience.

Over the years, I have done a fair amount of climbing, but until two summers ago, when I began to learn the art from the guides at Chamonix, in the Haute-Savoie—the mountain-climbing capital of Europe—it was a hit-or-miss business, governed by the fact that guided climbing in the United States is confined to the West, whereas I live in the East. There are guides in the Rockies, in the Tetons of Wyoming, and in Mount Rainier National Park, in Washington. In Mount Rainier Park, the mountaineering conditions are similar to those in the Alps (Mount Rainier is glacierized and, as a climb, is quite similar in character to Mont Blanc, near Chamonix), but the system of guides is very different. No group of climbers is permitted on Mount Rainier without first being approved by the Park Rangers, many of whom are guides. The Rangers check the equipment and experience of the party and decide whether they are adequate for the climb proposed. There is a stiff fine for climbing without permission. All this is done so that people who do not belong on the mountain do not get on it, and so that the Rangers won't have to risk their lives rescuing people who should not have been climbing in the first place. No such control exists in the Alps. Anyone can walk into any Alpine station, with or without decent equipment, and climb anything. Many accidents occur—last summer there were some fifty fatal ones in Chamonix alone—and it is not difficult to understand why; rather, it is surprising that there aren't more. Frequently, climbers don't make up their minds where they are going until they get to the base of the mountains, and each year, as a result, a certain number of climbers simply disappear until their absence is noted by family or friends. I once asked one of the Chamonix guides—who are largely responsible for rescue work—whether there had ever been an attempt to impose the Mount Rainier kind of restrictions on the climbers, and he pointed out that the sheer number of climbers would make this almost impossible; it would take an army to police them. During the climbing season—July and August—there are between three and four thousand climbers operating out of the Chamonix Valley every day.

There is also a less prosaic objection to any regimentation of climbing. Many guides and almost all climbers feel that mountaineering's greatest charm in this age of forms, documents, and restrictions is its freedom, and that to hem it in with inspections and permissions would be to destroy its meaning. In fact, mountaineering is now one of the most democratic of all sports. The era is past in which it was done only by a few wealthy eccentrics, like Horace-Bénédict de Saussure, of Geneva—one of the first eighteenth-century climbers of Mont Blanc, who is frequently credited with originating alpinism—or by the English gentry, as in the middle of the last century, when Alpine climbing was in its golden age. Now mountaineering in Europe is done by people from every imaginable walk of life. One may find a group of Scottish office workers like those I once met in a mountain hut above Chamonix. They had saved every extra penny for nearly a year in order to do six weeks of climbing, and they had calculated things so closely that they could not afford to take the train from Chamonix to the point where the trail up to their hut began. About once a week, they would descend on foot into the valley, buy all the food they needed for the coming week, and walk back up, carrying it on their backs—a stiff six- or eight-hour walk, all uphill. At the other extreme, one can still find perfectly equipped Continental climbers of the old school, with a guide for each member of the party and perhaps a porter or two (usually *aspirants*, or young guides in training) to carry auxiliary equipment like movie cameras. Indeed, the democracy of Alpine climbing is movingly revealed in the accident reports that the European papers carry in the summer. All the Geneva papers have climbing sections, filled with Alpine news. Some of the news consists of reporting first ascents by new routes. (Last summer, for example, the famous Italian guide Walter Bonatti and a well-known Genevan

There is only one Arnel.
It lets crepe machine-wash!

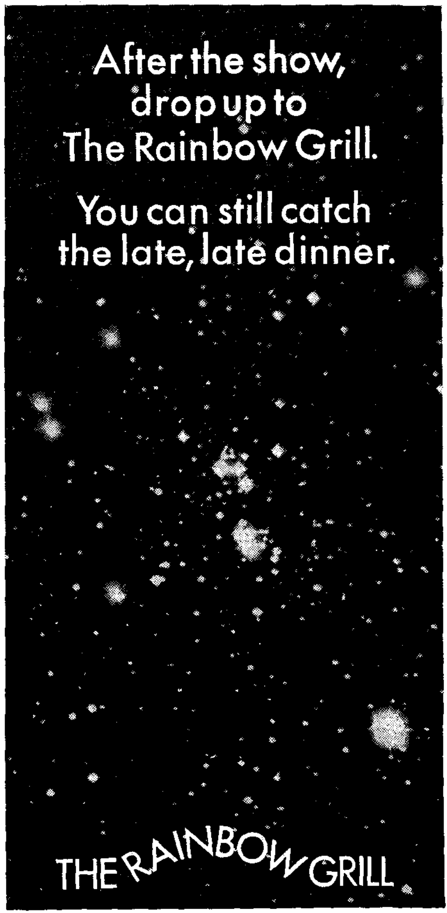
Welcome a spring day in this trim little blouse by Morlove. It's a snap to keep the wrinkles out—the ruffles in. Just a wash and a touch of the iron does it! Rosewood's textured crepe of Arnel triacetate and nylon. 10-18. White, pink or yellow. About $10. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Stewart's, Baltimore.

Celanese® Arnel®
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

guide, Michel Vaucher, put up a remarkable new route on the north face of the Grandes Jorasses, near Chamonix. Because of bad weather, nothing was seen or heard of them for a few days, and for a while they were thought to have been killed in an avalanche. When they finally reappeared, it turned out that they had indeed been caught in an avalanche—one in which a rock the size of a small cathedral had fallen close to them and a shower of smaller rocks had cut their climbing rope—and had escaped only by a miracle. Vaucher said that the route was so dangerous he hoped no one else would ever try it.) Most of the news, however, consists of accident reports, and from them one can get a good idea of the variety of people who climb—a hairdresser from Lausanne, a student from Munich, an Italian doctor and his son, and so on.

Climbing is the most beautiful sport I know, and also the most dangerous. If one loves the mountains and acknowledges the danger, one must make some sort of decision about whether and how to climb. My own decision is never to climb anything that poses technical difficulties without a professional guide, or at least without an amateur climber who is equal to a guide in experience. Until my arrival in Chamonix, this sage self-advice had confined me to sporadic climbing in the West, a meagre ascent or two in the Alps with avuncular Swiss guides, and a climb of Memorial Hall at Harvard with a roommate who was an expert mountaineer and a veteran of expeditions to the Himalayas and Alaska. Climbing buildings is an old tradition at the major British universities, and there are even printed guides detailing the better climbs. A delightful description of the pleasures of building climbing at Cambridge University is contained in "The Night Climbers of Cambridge," by someone who calls himself Whipplesnaith. Whipplesnaith's book—illustrated with diagrammatic photographs bearing captions like "Third Court, St. John's: A difficult and exposed climb; when the second climber was at B, six dons passed underneath"—describes many of the better routes up the various university landmarks, but he observes that not all the true mountaineers at Cambridge were attracted to building climbing; the president of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, for one, refused to take part in an especially difficult ascent because, as he said, "I am not a cat burglar." Building climbing was also a tradition at Harvard

Pale pigskin—
pale pink, oatmeal,
yellow or blue tipped
with darker calf—this is
Customcraft's kickoff
to spring. 26.00
Young New Yorker shoes
at all Lord & Taylor stores

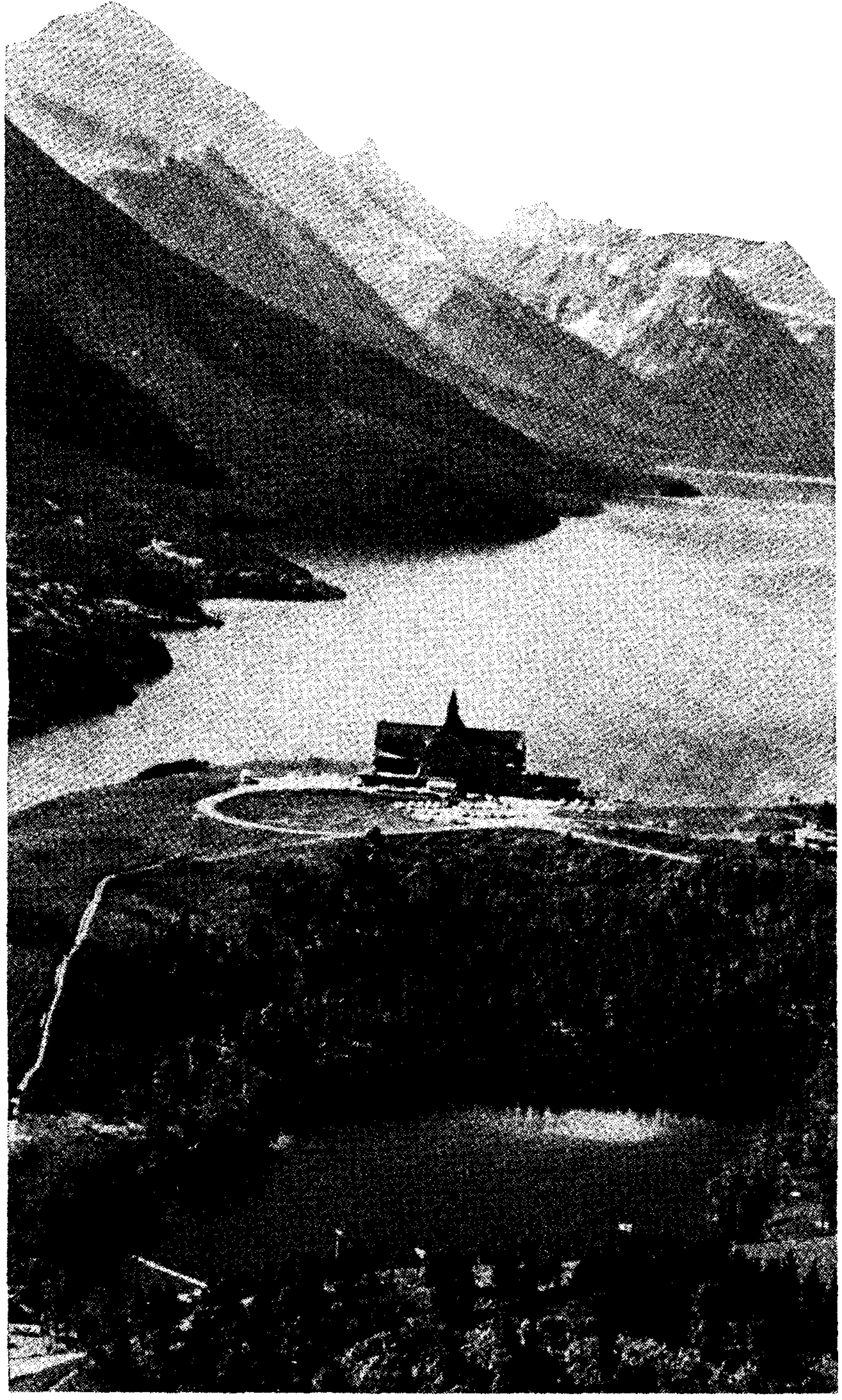


After the show,
drop up to
The Rainbow Grill.

You can still catch
the late, late dinner.

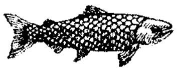
THE RAINBOW GRILL
65TH FLOOR, ROCKEFELLER CENTER
COCKTAILS FROM FOUR.
DINNER, SIX UNTIL ONE. DANCING. PL 7-9090.

Springtime in the Rockies. Not your Rockies. Our Rockies.



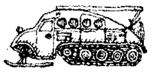
The Canadian Rockies. You fly Air Canada to Edmonton or Calgary, pick up a car, and scoot right over. The trout here run 40 lbs.

and more. See? Big, fat salmon, too.



A short hop West and you're in British Columbia. Big controversy: should it be called the Norway of Canada or Canada's Mediterranean. Anyway, there's swimming off the fjords, fishing, hunting, and shopping for totem poles.

This way to the Athabasca Glacier. Just get into some light summer clothes, hop into a snowmobile, and come explore it. (That's summer in Canada: snowballs and swimming in one day.)



Beyond these hills, little minks and beavers scamper through the woods. So you can latch on to a nice warm coat at forest-to-furrier prices. And flying leaves you more time to shop around.

Forty miles to the Calgary Stampede. Happens every July. No need to dodge charging horses. This Stampede's a rodeo. Biggest, rowdiest in the world.

You weren't going to leave the kids home, were you? Not when Air Canada will fly them and your wife at 25% off, any day of the week to any of its destinations in the U.S. or Canada. Just ask your travel agent for the full story.

Canadian Vacations, P.O. Box 598, Montreal 3, Canada

Please send information I have checked below:

☐ "Canada" Folder* ☐ New Family Fare Plan

My name____________________

No. & street____________________

City__________ State__________

*Brochure offer expires Oct. 31, 1965

NY1

AIR CANADA

OFFICES: BOSTON, NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG, MIAMI, DETROIT/WINDSOR, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE/TACOMA.

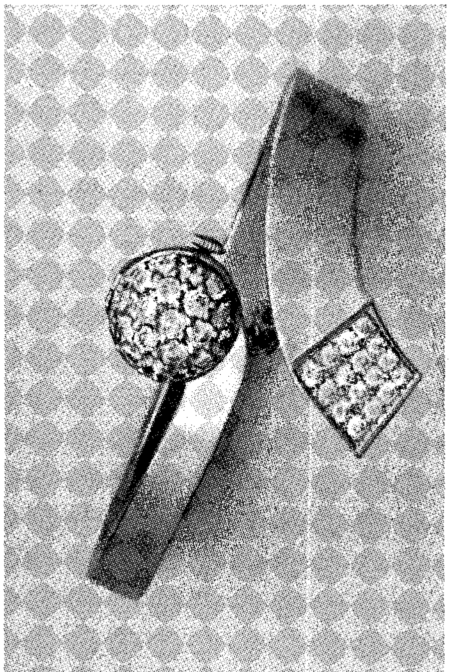
until the university announced that anyone caught at it was subject to instant expulsion. My roommate had had his heart set on climbing Memorial Hall for several years, and he proposed that we do it jointly just after we had taken our final Ph.D. examinations (he is, like me, a physicist) and just before we were formally awarded our degrees. His logic was that if we were caught, it was quite unlikely that the university would throw us out only a few days before we were admitted into the community of scholars. With some misgivings, I accepted this reasoning, and on a moonless night in late May of 1955, equipped with a strong climbing rope, we set off. The climb, which was done with the aid of several fixed ladders and scaffolds, was much easier than I had expected, and we found ourselves just under the clock in the tower at about two in the morning. After contemplating the peaceful Cambridge scene and listening to two strokes of the clock, we returned to street level, unharmed and undetected.

THIS was where things stood until two summers ago, when I began climbing in Chamonix. I first went to Chamonix in 1959, when I was working at CERN, the nuclear laboratory in Geneva. Like most of the other people at the laboratory, I used to spend the weekends walking around in the neighboring mountains, and one weekend early in the summer I drove to Chamonix, through the lovely farming country of the French Savoie. For most of the drive, one does not see the high mountains, because they are blocked by the nearby hills. Then, suddenly, the country opens up, and Mont Blanc and some of the neighboring aiguilles, or "needles," stand out silhouetted fantastically against the sky. Ever since the early eighteenth century, visitors to the valley have travelled this route, come to this same place, and felt the same sense of wonder. The mountains are again lost sight of as one enters the Chamonix Valley and drives up the winding road toward the town, but soon they reappear, even more splendid than before. Chamonix itself comes as something of a disappointment. It is now frankly a tourist town, with innumerable hotels, little souvenir shops, movie houses, and the like. When one gets to know it better, though, one can begin to distinguish the parts that represent the underlying mountain life from the parts that are there just to catch the tourist's eye.

As with many tourists, my first experience with the mountains was a trip on the *téléphérique* that leads from the

Indomitable.
*No rain, wind can weatherbeat the Balcoat. For John Meyer deftly tailors this classic raincoat for tough-rough, day-in day-out wear. In tenacious Dacron® polyester and cotton. Cool green, maize, navy, oyster or tan. Sizes 6 to 16. About $30.**
For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.
**Price slightly higher in the West*

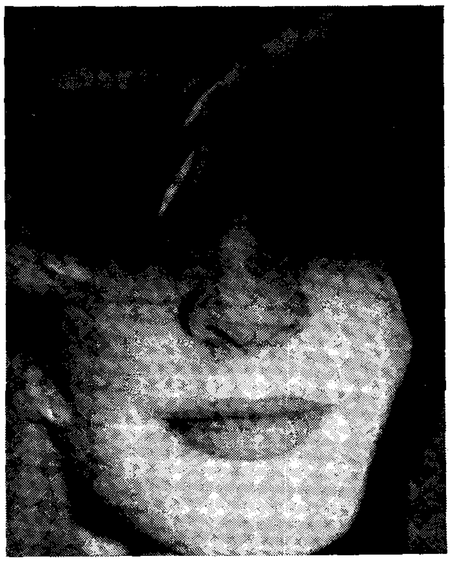
JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
AT FINE STORES



Bracelet Watch
14 karat gold · pavéd diamond decor. 1,750.00
(Price includes Federal tax)
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

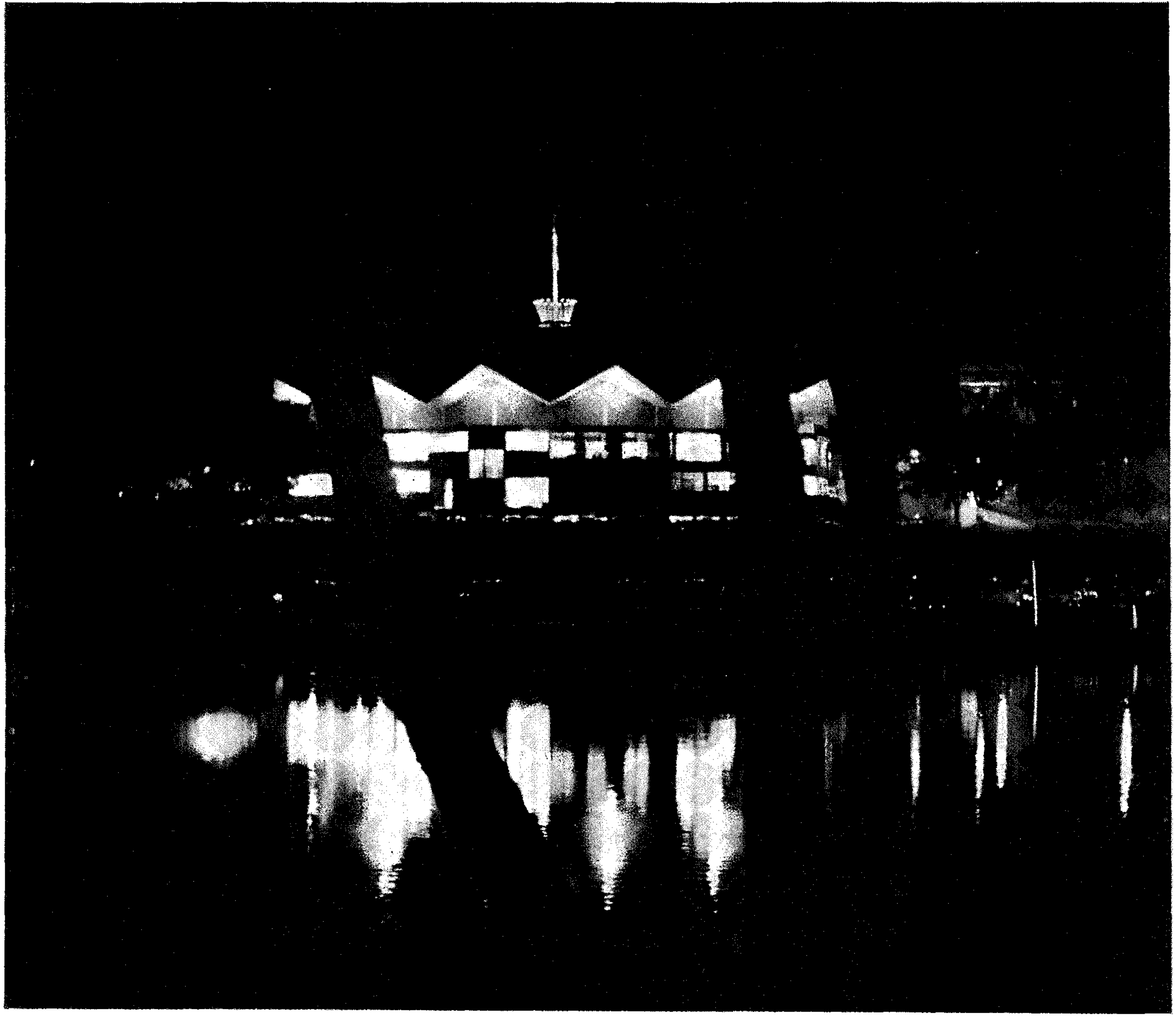
Treat your lips to luster and softness with Alexandra de Markoff's Lip Emollient Stick. Under, over, or without lipstick. $5. plus tax.

Alexandra de Markoff



Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS • FORT WORTH • HOUSTON

Shakespearean Festival Theatre mirrored in the Avon River, Stratford, Ontario



Head north. Go where toll-free, uncrowded modern highways lead to spectacular sights, sophisticated cities and unspoiled places. Fish, sail, swim in warm, fresh-water lakes. Scheduled rail, air and bus travel is always close by. No passports needed. This is Canada. Friendly. Inviting. Exciting. And so close to home. Modern resorts, family accommodation, lodges, motels are everywhere. So is the fun. Mail this coupon for your free Canadian Vacation Package, today. *U.S. dollars have extra value in Canada.*

Take a fun-crowded vacation in uncrowded CANADA

HIGHWAY MAP
CANADA
canada
Border Crossing

Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada

Please send the Canadian Events Package to:

NAME . . . . (Please Print) 005-02-5
19
ADDRESS . . . .
CITY . . . . STATE . . . .

USG-65-12

"I don't know beans about Vycron® polyester.

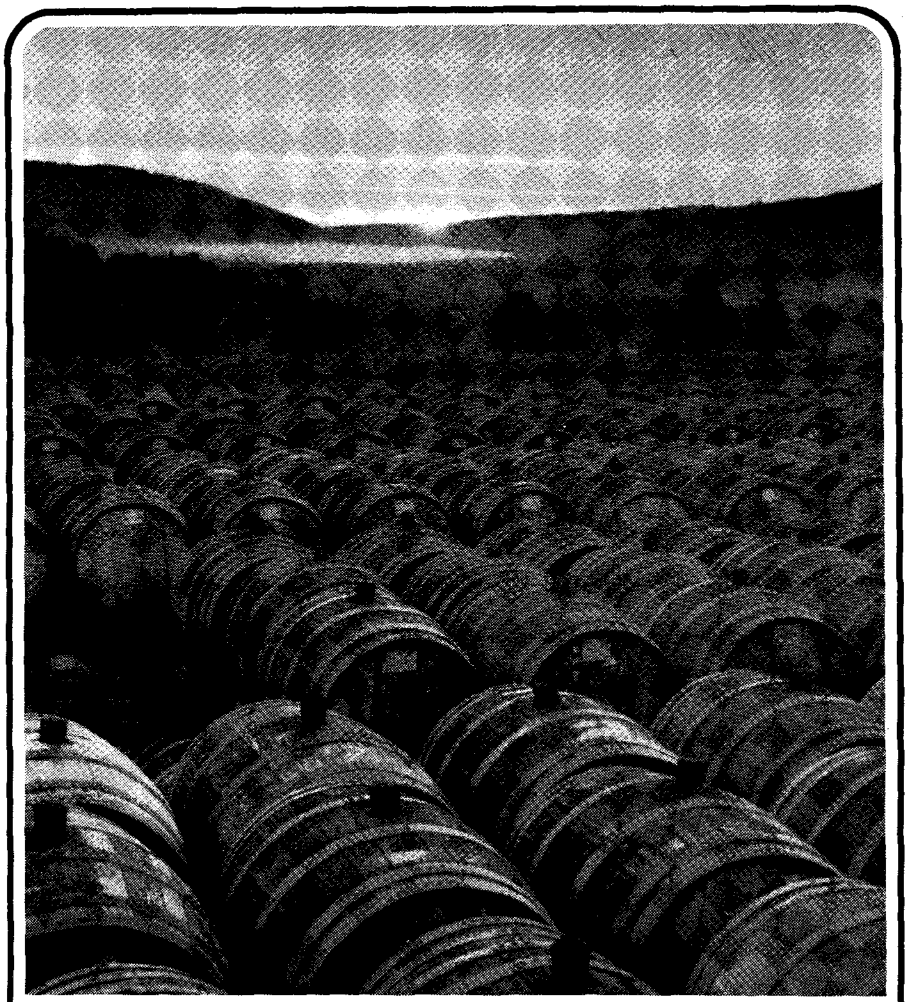
But I like what Gordon-Ford did with it."

Gordon-Ford knows how Vycron makes life easy for you. That's why they made this great color coordinated jacket and slacks of 50% Vycron polyester/50% cotton 'Lubber Cloth'®. Throw them on and go! With Vycron it's just wash 'em and wear 'em. Fabric by Designer Fabrics Inc. Jacket in olive/white (shown), blue/white, rust/white. About $38.00. Slacks in olive, blue, rust. About $15.00. At Peller and Mure, Buffalo; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Raby-Jordan Ltd., Lynchburg; Briggs, Ltd., Providence; John B. Rourke, Savannah. Or write Gordon-Ford, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001. Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

Vycron® polyester
another fine product of
Beaunit Fibers

valley to the top of the Aiguille du Midi, a giant snow-and-rock peak that hovers over the town. It is a stunning ride, some of it completely vertical, up the dazzling face of the aiguille, which looks totally inaccessible from below. From the top, one may take a small *télécabine*, suspended from a cable, over the glaciers to the Italian frontier. (During the summer of 1962, in the only accident that the system has ever had, the cable was cut by a low-flying French Air Force jet, and several people were killed. A Chamonix guide who happened to be riding in one of the cable cars climbed hand over hand down the broken cable onto the glacier to get help.) At the frontier, one can change to another set of cars and ride down into Italy. Having looked at the rugged and forbidding quality of the terrain from these various *téléphériques*, I decided that Chamonix climbing was too much for me, and that I would content myself with exploring as much of the country as possible on simple walks. But by the summer of 1963 I had exhausted all the trails, and it was a question of either learning to climb in the valley or going somewhere else.

Early that summer, therefore, I dropped in at the Bureau des Guides in Chamonix. At this time, the Bureau was situated near the church in the center of town. (It has now moved into more elegant quarters at one end of the fashionable Hôtel Mont-Blanc, even nearer the church.) There was no one inside, but soon a trim, dark, shortish man emerged from the café across the street. (I later found out that this was known among the guides as the "annex;" now the annex has also moved—to the elegant bar of the hotel.) He identified himself as Nicolau Barthélémy, Chef des Guides, and asked if he could be of assistance. I told him that I wanted to start at the beginning and learn enough about climbing to be able to do a few modest climbs in the region. He said that this sounded like a very sensible idea to him, and that if I would return to the Bureau at two-thirty that afternoon he would have a guide there to begin *l'école d'escalade*. The cost, he told me, would be twenty-four francs an hour—something less than five dollars. This is a relatively expensive kind of guided climbing, since many climbs that last a day or more cost only eighty or a hundred francs. For a climb of Mont Blanc—a trip that is spread over two days and involves about twelve hours on the mountain if done by the standard route—the rate is two hundred and seventy-four francs. Some climbs are so difficult that they are not



Why we pay our sherry winemaker $500 a day

He's very unusual.

He works from dawn to dusk among the barrels of sherry on our winery roofs. Day in, day out, for years he hovers over the sherry in our white-oak barrels and takes his pay in wine—about $500 worth of sherry a day.

Perhaps you've guessed. Our sherry winemaker is the sun!

As the sun bathes the 10,000 barrels on our roof, it bakes the wine inside. Creating the very essence of our sherry taste as it takes its toll in evaporation.

This evaporation loss over the years is little enough to pay for a sherry taste so great.

Next time you feel the sun warming you, remember how that same warmth has baked sherry in barrels on our roof. Get a bottle of our sherry and discover what a wine the sun makes.

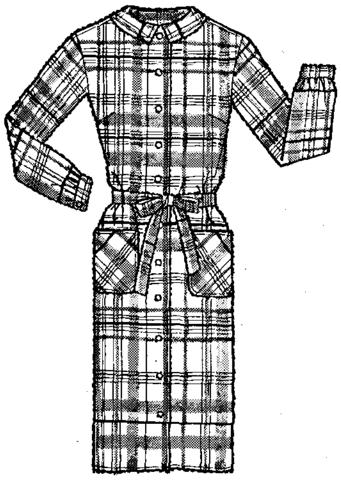
WIDMER
NEW YORK STATE
CREAM SHERRY

Widmer Cocktail Sherry
Widmer Special Selection Sherry
Widmer Cream Sherry

WIDMER

VINTNERS OF FINE WINES SINCE 1888 • WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



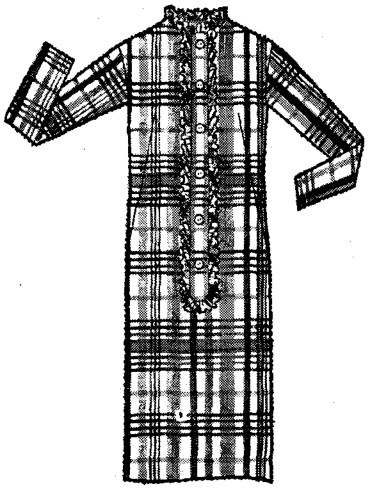
madras...sense

The serious shift, long in the sleeve, crisply patch-pocketed and sashed. Very energetic and purposeful . . . the sort of dress in which all projects succeed, and obstacles melt away. Various rich and subtle hues of India cotton madras. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. About $23.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York

© 1965, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



and nonsense

The unserious shift. An inspired and reckless gayety . . . a touch of wonderful wildness. The ruffle (also madras) runs giddily around the neck and down around the buttons. The sort of dress in which to expect the delicious unexpected. Bleeding India madras. At nicer stores. 5 to 15. About $25.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York

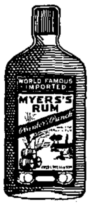
listed in the price schedule and are subject to negotiation between client and guide.

At two-thirty, I showed up at the Bureau just in time to see a jaunty, slight, extremely cheerful-looking fellow in his late twenties drive up at breakneck speed in a battered Simca. (Although I would trust Chamonix guides anywhere in the mountains, a good deal of experience has convinced me that they do not have an entirely rational attitude toward automobiles.) Barthélémy introduced him to me as my guide, Henri Dufour, and I got into the car. While we were careering through Chamonix, Dufour explained to me that "*l'école d'escalade*" referred to a nearby set of cliffs, about three hundred feet high, which were more properly known as Les Gaillands. Their present function was conceived some forty years ago by a Chamonix guide named Alfred Couttet, who put up the standard routes on their face and began using them systematically as a training area. Today, the cliff faces are covered with iron rings that have been cemented into place to provide an infallible means of belaying neophytes who have a tendency to fall off. There are all sorts of routes on the cliffs, ranging in difficulty from Class II and III (known as *moyenne montagne*) to Class V and V-Supérieur—just below Class VI, which is the hardest climb possible without the use of special equipment, including pitons (metal wedges that can be driven into cracks in the rock for support) and ladders. Climbing with the aid of such equipment is known as "artificial" climbing, and there are artificial routes on Les Gaillands that are classified separately—A-1, A-2, and so on. A climber who is expert in artificial techniques can go up practically any face, no matter how steep, provided that it has fissures into which he can drive his pitons. Dufour picked a Class II route, tied a rope around me, and shot up the face like a cat. In all guided climbing, the guide generally advances as far as the rope that connects him to his client will allow—a distance that French climbers call "*une longueur*"—and then waits until the client has climbed to where he is. Except on easy terrain, there is never more than one person in motion at a time. The first man has the responsibility of seeing to it that the second man is secured in case of a fall. When Dufour had anchored himself in, he called down to me to follow, instructing me to keep my body as far away from the rock as possible and to use my hands as little as possible. The beginner has a tendency to clutch at

"Excuse me, your coffee's on fire!"

Of course, it's Jamocha.

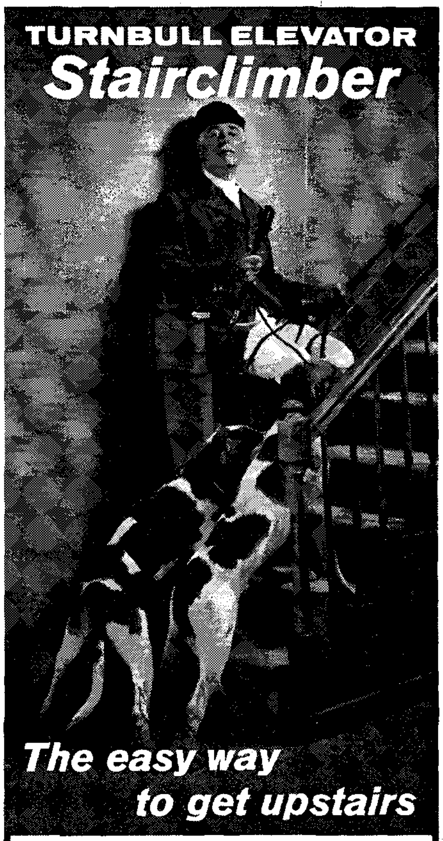
Don't know Jamocha? Better get with it! It's new. Different. Unique. Delicious. All you need is coffee, matches and magnificent Myers—the full-bodied original Jamaica rum. For each serving: pour a spoonful of Myers over a half lump of sugar in a spoon balanced on coffee cup. Light saturated sugar and, after flame dies, tip spoon and contents into cup. Sure-fire way to brighten any get-together or kindle conversation at your post-prandial table. (Beginning to see the light?)



For your own set of 4 Jamocha spoons (like spoon shown above), send $1 to Dept. Y-9, General Wine and Spirits Company, P.O. Box 4232, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

**IN FOOD...OR DRINK...
MOST ANYTHINK...
ENJOY CRAZY MIXED-UP MYERS!**

MYERS'S RUM • 84 PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



and you'll be surprised how little it costs

FOR INFORMATION, CONTACT SALES DEPARTMENT
TURNBULL ELEVATOR
P.O. BOX No. 174, TIMES SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036 PL 7-3030
In Canada: 126 John Street, Toronto 2-B

4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you fly alone to Europe, you could take Sabena (or any of the other 17 fine airlines).

With friends, you should take Sabena.

I love Paris

This says drive slowly in German
Langsam fahren

7 cheers for Brussels

Why does so much of Sabena's transatlantic business consist of four or more friends flying together? For two good reasons: First, Sabena offers you and your travel agent unlimited flexibility in planning tours and itineraries by flying to 68 cities in Europe, Africa and the Middle East. And more important, by specializing in families and friends, Sabena has become expert in knowing their needs. That's why so many travel agents book families and friends on Sabena. Why 4306 U.S. travel agents and their clients call Sabena Europe's most helpful airline. Come to think of it though, there's nothing we would do for a few friends that we wouldn't do for you. Even if you're all alone.

SABENA

BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES
EUROPE'S MOST HELPFUL AIRLINE

Fortrel, the fiber that takes a strong stand against wrinkles

The texture is rough in this
"Poonta Cloth" sport coat but it's
smooth going when it comes to
wrinkles. Tough, too. Credit Fortrel
for making such a fabric possible.
Linett picked an oxford weave of
Fortrel polyester and cotton.
In Union blue, Confederate gray
and hayseed tan. About $35. At
Phil Fairchild, Ltd., St. Petersburg,
Fla.; Gentry Shop, Wichita,
Kansas; Owens, Ltd., Oxford and
Jackson, Miss.; Staggs, Ltd.,
Fort Smith, Arkansas;
Varsity Shop, Baton Rouge, La.

Fortrel® Celanese® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese
contemporary fibers

the rock with his hands and knees. This is bad, because one's knees supply very little traction, one is off balance, and it is impossible to see what one is doing. Using the hands is very tiring, and, besides, there is very little to hold on to anyway on any passage that is Class IV or over. The trick is to keep one's center of gravity over one's shoes, so that they are pressed firmly against the granite; a good rock climber appears to move like a man going up a ladder, using the wall as if it had rungs. On this occasion, I followed Dufour's instructions as best I could, and was soon beside him. He then started up the next *longueur*, and I was left to contemplate the scenery. I felt an increasing detachment from the earth, but this was diminished when I noticed a group of schoolchildren down below who had stopped to watch us. They were gathered in a ring—perhaps praying. (Watching climbers on Les Gaillands is one of the most popular spectator sports in Chamonix, and on a pleasant Sunday afternoon there may be a thousand people gathered below.)

Dufour had now reached another anchoring point and gave me a call to follow, but, try as I might, I was absolutely unable to see how to do so. Everywhere I looked there was nothing but smooth rock. Dufour called down, "*Regardez vos pieds!*," and looking in the general direction of my feet I saw a minuscule outcropping of granite nearby that might provide room for part of one foot. I moved onto it, and then from it I suddenly saw a series of footholds and tiny handholds leading up to Dufour's perch. (Somewhere in de Saussure's "Voyages dans les Alpes," he speaks of "the alternation of hope and fear" as being one of the prime delights of climbing. I have recalled this phrase many times, and I think there is a great deal to it. In any case, as I moved up to where Dufour was, it flashed through my mind.) The rest of the climb was easy, and afterward Dufour said that he thought I was ready to try one of the simpler aiguilles. He gave me a list to choose from, and I selected the Aiguille de l'M, so called because of its M-shaped twin peaks. Though it is one of the smaller Chamonix aiguilles, it dominates the valley, and I had often studied it on my wanderings. We agreed to meet at the Aiguille du Midi *téléphérique* at seven the next morning—early enough to start on a short climb like this, because the *téléphérique* would take us to a point just an hour's walk from the base of the climb.

When Dufour appeared at the *télé-*

English Leather®

English Leather
FOR HOME AND TRAVEL
English Leather
ALL-PURPOSE LOTION

. . . the gift set for HOME and
TRAVEL: ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
in large crystal bottle paired with
refillable travel flask.
$5.00 plus tax
ALL-PURPOSE LOTION, individually,
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax
©M.C. MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

First Family of
Photographers
Bachrach
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

After the Moving Pictures
Continuous supper performance until 1 a.m.
starring Fatatateeta's Toast, The Foot Long Hot
Dog, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Stupendous!
serendipity 3
225 E. 60TH ST. TE 8-3531

FLORSHEIM

Imperials

New Weathered Moss makes olive green with envy

Once again, the Florsheim Imperial sets the pace for Spring. The news is Weathered Moss, an exclusive color designed to complement smartly the multitude of greens and browns being featured in men's apparel. But Imperial offers more than color alone—it gives you the superior quality which has long established it as the finest shoe you can buy.

Illustrated: The KENMOOR, *in weathered moss calf; also in black or hand-stained brown, $34.95* / *Most regular Florsheim styles* $\$19^{95}$ *to* $\$24^{95}$

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

You can bask in the sun all day...
You can dance the Limbo till dawn...
You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...

but you haven't been to JAMAICA...

Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • 63 PROOF

until you've tasted

Tia Maria
JAMAICA'S LEGENDARY LIQUEUR

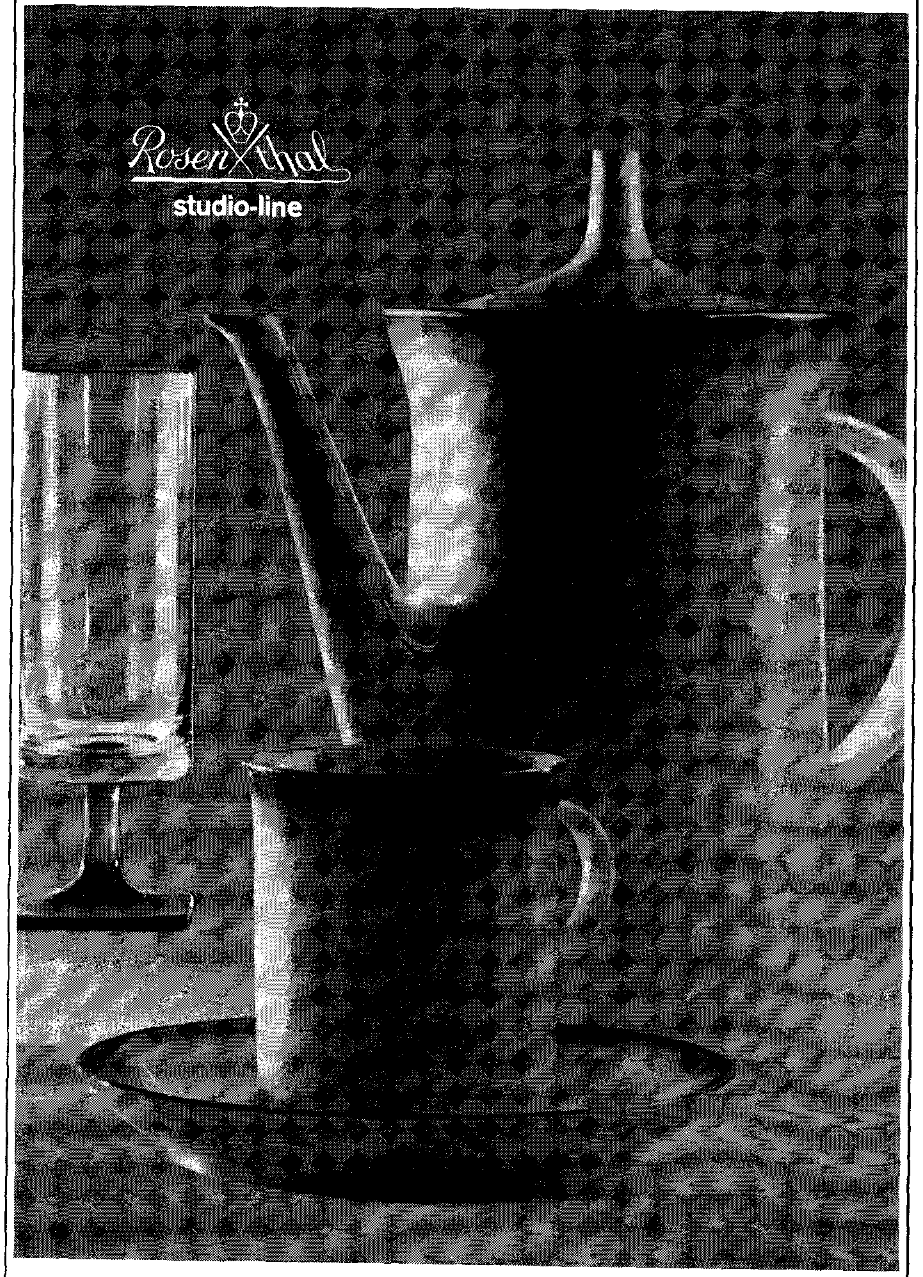
(EVEN IF YOU NEVER GET THERE, BUY TIA MARIA . . . AND DREAM) *phérique* station, he was warmly greeted by a vast horde of climbers, and was asked dozens of questions about the conditions of various routes in the massif, which he answered amiably. (In general, the guides are very willing to supply information to any climber.) At the top, we walked rapidly to the glacier leading to the base of the Aiguille de l'M. Dufour, who is a crack skier and (like nearly half the Chamonix guides) earns his living in the winter as a ski instructor, skied on the soles of his boots down a short but steep snow path leading to the glacier, while I followed more sedately. We crossed the glacier and climbed up to a relatively narrow ridge that on one side drops about twenty-five hundred feet straight down. Dufour pointed out some of the splendors of the view, while I stared apprehensively at the vertical face we were about to ascend. There were climbers everywhere on the ridge, mostly eating and drinking and adjusting their equipment. It is a starting point for all sorts of climbs, and is where one leaves all but the equipment one needs for the actual climb. I had been told that it is the responsibility of the client to feed the guide, and had brought along enough food for breakfast for the two of us, which we ate with our feet dangling into space.

After half an hour or so, Dufour announced that it was time to go to work. Most of the climb up the M consisted of passages whose difficulty was comparable to what we had done in practice, although I was very conscious, of course, that the distance down was perhaps ten times what it had been at Les Gaillands. At one point, we reached a kind of cave in the face, and Dufour, after planting me inside it, disappeared over the roof, leaving only the trail of rope as a clue to where he had gone. I called up to him asking for directions on how to proceed, and with (as I have come to recognize) typical guide humor, he called down from somewhere that I was to "*suivez la corde.*" Fortunately, two other climbers appeared at the entrance of the cave just then, and gave me somewhat more explicit advice on what to do. Soon I had joined Dufour, and we proceeded to the summit. The tops of the aiguilles are often very small, with room for only a couple of climbers at a time. We gave ourselves five minutes to admire the dizzying view of Chamonix below and then yielded our place to the next "*cordée.*" On the way down, we took "*la voie normale,*" which, as Dufour remarked, is nearly a walk—"*presque touristique*"—and

A thought: *true elegance startles by simplicity.*

A man: *H. Th. Baumann, from an old Swiss glassmakers' family, is an exponent of the clear, almost constructed line. His best works in glass and china achieve a cool beauty.*

A product: *"Linear" developed from the pure cylinder is softened only by a slight flair at the top. The very symmetry and severity of this shape make it ideal for decoration.*



Leitmotiv of the Rosenthal Studio Line...
"The true contemporary is neither ugly, crude nor boring... It is varied, warm and elegant, but in contrast to the often hollow imitations of the great styles of the past, always a genuine expression of the artistic forces and of the spirit of our time"... Philip Rosenthal, M.A.

☐ Shown: "Linear Evensong" $24.95 per place setting... Other "Linear" Dinnerware from $15.95 to $29.95... "Linear" Crystal $5.50 per stem.

For Studio Line Brochures send 10c to Dept. N22

ROSENTHAL CHINA CORPORATION, 21 East 26 Street, New York, New York 10010
Rosenthal Canada Ltd., 40 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.

THE 7 WONDERS OF WATERFORD.

(1) Wine tastes better. (2) Whiskey tastes better. (3) Even water tastes better in Waterford. (4) Every piece is hand-blown, hand-cut and handmade in Ireland just the way Waterford museum pieces were created almost 200 years ago. (5) It illuminates your table. (6) Decorates your home. (7) And starts conversations. Isn't it time you looked into the wondrous world of Waterford? (Shown here, The Lismore goblet, $6.50.) At the best stores. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Wm. Smith & Sons Ltd., Toronto, Canada

were soon back where we had left our gear.

On a neighboring aiguille, a tall guide with a great shock of blond hair was sitting on the top of a narrow pinnacle smoking a pipe and casually letting two clients down a vertical crack as if they were fish on a line. Dufour shouted "*Ay-o, Jaccoux!*" at him, and the two guides exchanged pleasantries while the clients groped their way down the fissure. Dufour asked me if I would like to try that aiguille as well, but I felt that I had had enough for one day. (The idea of fumbling my way down the fissure in full view of nearly thirty climbers then assembled on the ridge did not especially appeal to me, either.) On the way back to the *téléphérique* station, Dufour stopped and pointed up to the face of the Aiguille du Midi. I barely made out four dots against the snow a few thousand feet above us. The dots—climbers doing the difficult ascent of the face—appeared to be stuck. We watched for ten minutes, during which they remained motionless, appearing to be almost nailed into the snow, and Dufour kept saying, "Not a great performance." I asked him if they would be able to move on, and he said simply, "*Il le faut.*" As no news of them appeared later in the accident reports of the Geneva press, I assume they got up. Dufour and I returned to Chamonix by two o'clock, in time for a late lunch, and made a date to meet the next weekend. During the rest of the season, which was especially bad from the point of view of weather (in August it rained or snowed almost every day), I did a few more climbs of comparable difficulty, and that fall I returned to the United States a convert to at least the more rudimentary forms of Chamonix climbing.

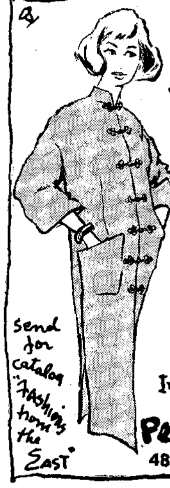
EARLY last summer, after putting in a week of hard walking to get into condition, I presented myself at the Bureau des Guides and asked Nicolau Barthélémy whether Dufour was available. He told me that Dufour had had a skiing accident during the winter and probably would not be able to work again until late in the summer, but that he would find me another guide. Out of curiosity, I asked him how climber and guide were matched, and he explained that the most common method was the *tour de rôle*, an institution that had begun almost with the founding of the Syndicat des Guides de Chamonix, in 1823. (The Syndicat is the guides' official union and has been under the auspices of the French gov-

Her Majesty®

Soft bouffant...in low waisted, bud-bedecked nylon tricot with an allover lace overlay. Polished cotton underskirt with Ban-Lon® lace trim. White only. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 6X, 8, 10, 12, $4. At L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; and other fine stores. Her Majesty®, 130 W. 34th St., N.Y.

LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES *in* our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

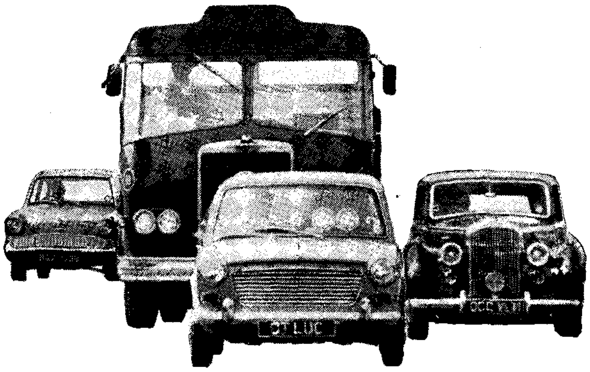


Mandarin Slip-On
How to be dressed without "getting" dressed
S-M-L $6.95
Red
Natural Lilac
Orange aqua
Lime Gold
Black Turquoise
avocado
Powder Pink
Shocking Pink
Sapphire Blue
Imported! Fine cotton.
Send for catalog "Fashions from the East"
Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Two came to Britain...

how far did they get for $30?

J.J. hired a car. Just for a couple of days. Cost $8.40 down, plus 10 cents a mile.



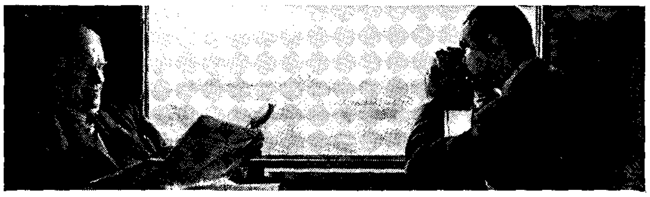
It was a very *small* car. Un-American. With strange shift gears and right-hand drive. And the English roads didn't help much, either! Narrow things, most of them . . . all meandering and quaint. His progress was solemn.

Still, he eventually made it to Stratford-upon-Avon. And back. A modest 220 miles all told. And his $30 was up!

T.T. spent his $30 before he left home.

He spent them with his travel agent. . . on ThriftRail Coupons. And when he got to Britain, he traded his ThriftRails for train tickets. That way, he saved a lot of money.

And *he* went to Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare) and to Oxford (dreaming spires). To the Lake District (Wordsworth land) and Perth (for the Scottish Highlands). Edinburgh (Scotland's capital) and York (cathedral country). And back to London again. All for $30!



And did he travel in style! Sitting back in armchair comfort, in an airy compartment with plenty of room . . . watching through picture windows as the green hills and hedgerows slipped by. He could even get all his meals en route — sound British fare at low charges. Like being in a traveling hotel!

So his travel was fast . . . and relaxing. Left him with plenty of time and *energy* for sightseeing. He really got around in Britain. And all for $30.

$30 worth of ThriftRail Coupons will buy *you* up to 1,000 miles of rail travel in Britain . . . a big saving on normal fares. ($45 books available, too.) But remember, *you can only* buy ThriftRails *in the States.* So have a chat with your travel agent about it.

Be seeing you.

British Rail - International Inc.

New York 20, N.Y.: 630 Fifth Avenue.
Los Angeles 14, Calif.: 510 West Sixth Street.

Indian spring

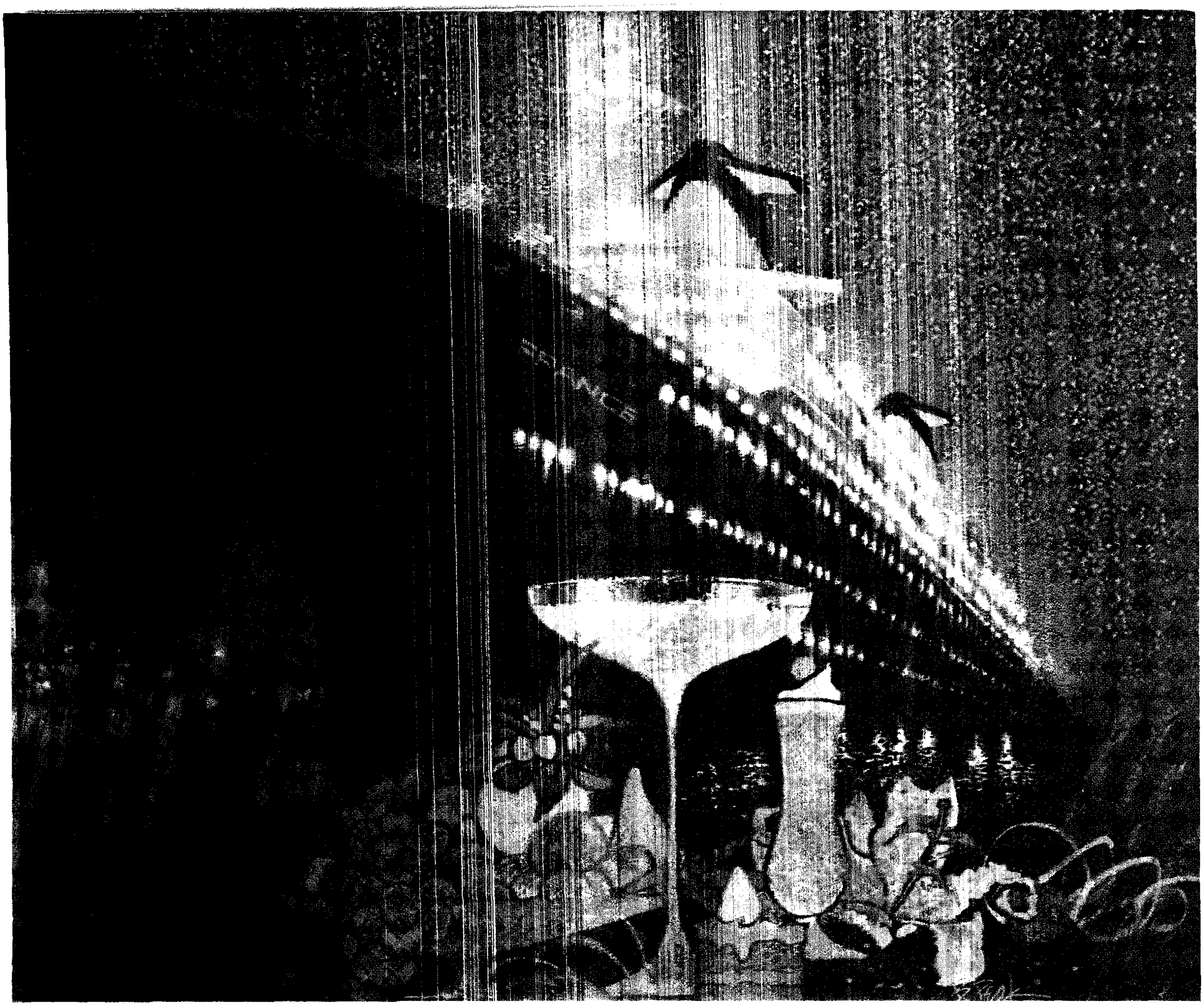
and into a young summer—that's where our raw silk suit of three beautiful parts will go. Toast, jade, blue, sizes 8 to 16, 115.00 Second Floor, Lord & Taylor—and at all suburban stores

ernment since 1858, when Savoie was acquired from the King of Sardinia.) In essence, the *tour de rôle* is an evening roll call that begins where it left off the previous night. All the active guides in the Syndicat—now numbering about eighty, out of a total of a hundred and fifty nominal members—gather in the back room of the Bureau. Barthélémy has a list of clients' requests for certain climbs, each written out on a white form. He reads the list of climbs from the forms and then begins the roll call. The first guide called has his pick of the climbs, the next his pick of what is left, and so on. As a rule, the older guides take the easier climbs. (Guides over sixty—and there are several very good ones—are required to have an annual physical examination.) The roll call, which Barthélémy let me observe a few times, is very amusing to watch, since there is a good deal of kidding about various guides' choice of climbs and a good deal of speculation about the quality of the climbers they are going to work for. (An amateur climber who acquires a poor reputation among the guides will soon find no one willing to go out with him.) In the old days, it was mandatory for every climb to be selected by the *tour de rôle*, but so many objections were raised by climbers who, having got used to a guide, wanted to retain him indefinitely that the regulation was abandoned, allowing one to hire a guide directly if one wants to.

As it was mid-June, there was still too much snow for any of the higher projects, and I had put in for the Clocher-Clochetons of Plan Praz, a short but technically difficult series of rock climbs in the Aiguilles Rouges. I had never seen them, but Barthélémy had suggested them as an excellent way to start the season. When I showed up the next morning, at seven, I was surprised to find that the guide I had drawn was none other than Claude Jaccoux, whom I had seen in action the previous year. We took a *télécabine* to Plan Praz and then walked for perhaps an hour to the base of the Clocher. The Clocher and the adjacent Clochetons are very sharply pointed miniature aiguilles that have the alarming look of giant rock fingers clawing their way out of the earth. Over the winter, I had forgotten how steep the faces of the aiguilles were, and I felt a sinking feeling on looking at the vertical spire in front of us. Just then, I noticed a party of three moving slowly up the trail toward us. They seemed to be having some difficulty crossing the relatively easy terrain, and when they came alongside, the reason became clear. The middle man, strung between two guides, was blind. Jaccoux and I decided to give them the first crack at the face, and while the guides were getting their climbing ropes ready, I talked to their remarkable client. He told me that he had been an alpinist for many years before he lost his sight (he was Dutch and in his sixties), and that he still found pleasure in climbing. "Not seeing is an advantage for me," he said, "because I never know whether I am up or down, and therefore I'm never scared." One of the guides went on ahead to secure him, and the other one stayed just below him and adjusted his feet whenever he seemed to be having difficulty finding a foothold. It was an all but incredible performance, and when they had got to the top, I felt that I could hardly do less. So, with Jaccoux shouting instructions and encouragement, I made the climb. Then there was the return trip to think about. The descent from the Clocher features an especially spectacular rappel—a maneuver in which you slide down the rope after wrapping it around your body in a special kind of loop. The Clocher rappel begins from a rock overhang, so that you get the impression of having to hurl yourself off into thin air, and when Jaccoux announced that I was to throw myself over the side, I thought at first that he was indulging in some kind of joke. But he pointed out that the route we had come up was obviously too difficult to go down (it is often possible, especially on rock, to go up faces that one cannot climb down), and that it was a matter of doing the rappel or waiting to be rescued. So I jumped, and after the first leap, to my surprise, I found bounding down the rock face on the rope quite pleasant.

the Smiths
EG.

On the way back to the *téléphérique*, I asked Jaccoux how he had become a guide. He said that he had been born in Sallanches, near Chamonix, but had moved to Paris when he was very young and thus—unlike most of the Chamonix guides, who learn to climb almost as soon as they are old enough to walk—had never climbed until he was eighteen. (He is now thirty-one.) At that time, he was studying literature at the Sorbonne, and a friend invited him to come climbing near Fontainebleau. There are a number of rock formations near Fontainebleau that have served as a training ground for hundreds of French climbers; in fact, it was



6 cents a mile!*

For less than renting a car, the s. s. FRANCE sails you to Europe and gives you all this:

5 American breakfasts – served with a charming "bonjour, Madame, Monsieur." What a way to start the day!

5 French luncheons – with a sound red or white table wine, compliments of your hosts-at-sea. Bouillon at midmorning. Tea each afternoon. Quelle vie!

5 French dinners – the foods of France are unexcelled. Again, wines are on the house. The service is magnifique!

French Line service – it deserves a special mention because it is most special. A century of tradition makes it so.

French atmosphere – the beauty of the French interiors. Elegant public rooms, library, palatial theatre. Original works of art. Deep carpeting everywhere!

*

Based on ½ round-trip off-season Tourist fare to Southampton—even less with 15% or 25% reduction excursion rates.

OFF-SEASON RATES: Tourist for as little as **$223; First Class** for as little as **$418.**

Spacious cabins – with generous closet space. Marvelous bathrooms with heated towels. Individual air conditioning. Private telephone!

Swimming pool – sauna baths, gymnasium, golf, clay pigeon shooting, bowling, squash. An enormous amount of deck space. Quel plaisir!

Original works of art – priceless paintings, sculptures, tapestries, mosaics by Braque, Picasso, Utrillo, Dufy, Jean Picart le Doux, Hillaire, Idoux.

Joie de vivre – the warm, gay, elegant ambiance of France. Dancing, music, new friends. Even doing nothing at all becomes a fine art!

World's longest deck space—indoors and outdoors, to relax and rejuvenate. Read a good book, sip bouillon. Feel absolutely like royalty!

Boutiques, coiffeur—get a Parisian hair-do. Buy an elegant handbag, sweater, tie, or perfume. Naturally, everybody speaks your language well!

See a marvelous movie – in the largest, most luxurious theatre afloat. It seats almost 700 people.

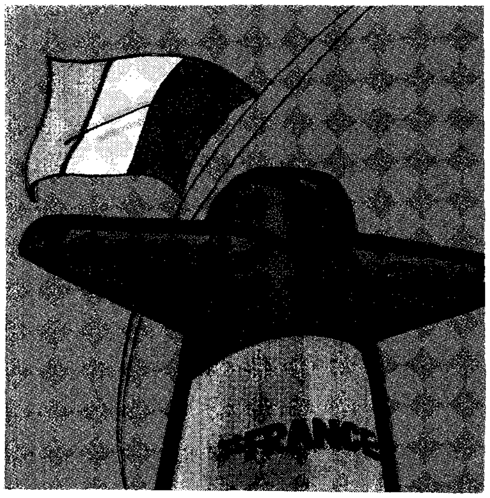
BOOK WITH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT EARLY!

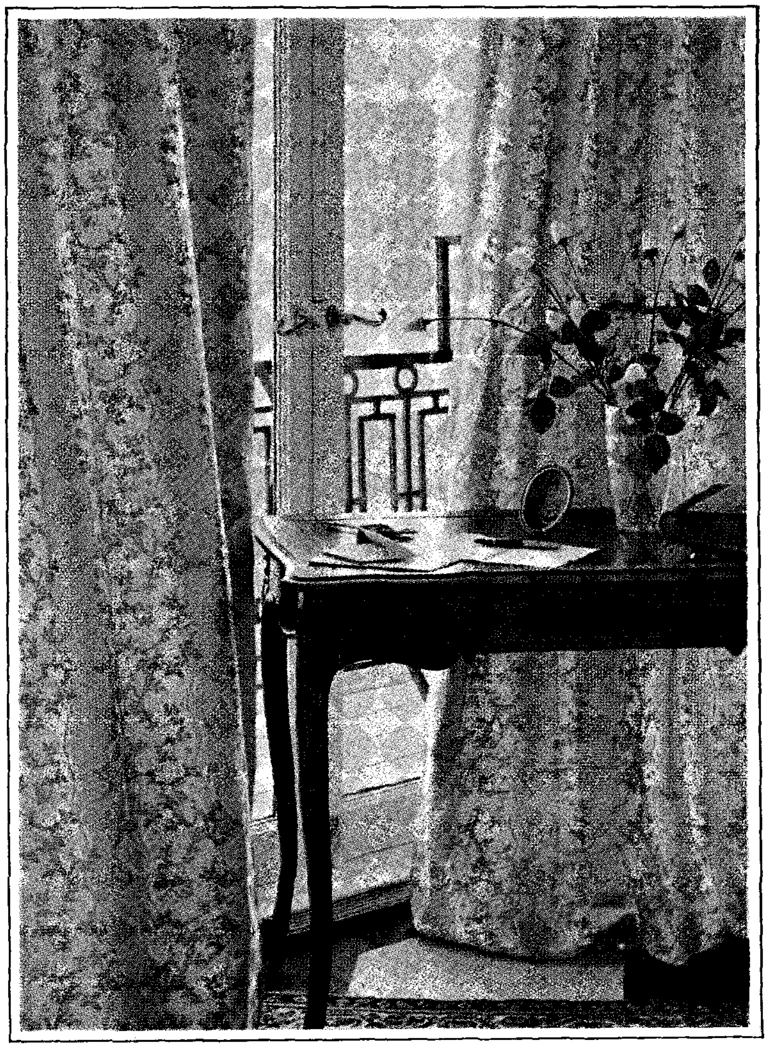
DEPARTURES: New York to Southampton and Le Havre

April 15 • April 29 • May 13 • May 27

French Line®

610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.





Silk deserves to hang.

Who could approach the problems of decorating without including Silk? Place Silk on the most un-aesthetic windows and a transformation occurs. Place Silk on appetizing windows and they become delectable. Place Silk with modern, traditional or any-ilk furnishings, it's immediately at home.

Unusual? Not really. Silk was born multi-gifted. And, for centuries fine artisans have had the sensitivity to know how to weave it, color it. To lose none of its natural luster, affinity for color, "silkiness," smoothness. Vitality and buoyancy. Today, obviously, with new techniques and skills it is far more beautiful.

Silk comes in countless shades. It can be dyed to countless shades. Re-dyed again. Then stripped, and fully brought back to its original brilliance. Dust will not attack Silk. It has a peculiar immunity against dust. Silk is stronger than steel, that is if steel could be made in the same thickness. Silk does not tire easily. After 22 years the Silk draperies at the Thomas Jefferson Memorial have just been changed. Mt. Vernon has Vintage 1937. Lovely, too. In Rochester's Patrick Barry House, Silk hangs with dignity and grace 81 years.

Silk costs more. It should. Only Silk is Silk.

International Silk Association,
185 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.

Only Silk is Silk

a school of brilliant Fontainebleau rock climbers, led by the Parisian Pierre Allain and known as "*bleausards*," who introduced artificial climbing to Chamonix. After a few trials, Jaccoux got to like climbing and has been at it ever since. On leaving the Sorbonne, he taught literature in a *lycée*, but he couldn't stand the monotony and has been a professional guide since 1961.

I asked Jaccoux how one advances from enthusiastic amateur climber to professional guide, and he said that it was a long process. Until the nineteen-forties, each guide bureau in France set its own standards, and candidates were trained informally, either by members of their family or by older guides. They then worked as porters until they had enough experience to be admitted as full-fledged guides. In 1943, the Vichy government drew up a law (still in force) that required all French guides to have a professional license, and a state school was created to train them. Because the Germans had closed the Mont Blanc massif to the French for strategic reasons, the school opened in La Grave, near Grenoble, in the Dauphiné Alps. After the war, it moved to Chamonix and was amalgamated with a similar school to become the École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme—known widely as "La Sorbonne de la Neige." To become a guide in France now, a man must first register at the school as an *aspirant*. He must be a citizen of France between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two, must have a medical certificate showing him to be physically capable of practicing mountaineering, and must have a certificate signed by three outstanding mountaineers attesting to his qualifications to become a guide. He must also submit a list of the climbs he has done. Then there is a stiff entrance examination. Those who pass it attend an intensive six-week course in which they learn not only climbing techniques but geology, meteorology, and mountain medicine—that is, first aid with special emphasis on frostbite, shock, and fractures. (All the guides carry an elaborate lightweight medical kit containing items like syringes of morphine and Coramine, used to combat the effects of shock and extreme fatigue.) There are also theoretical courses in the history of mountaineering. If a candidate passes all the examinations, he becomes an accredited *aspirant*. He is then allowed to act as a porter or a second to licensed guides, and to conduct some very simple climbs, such as training at Les Gaillands, but under no circumstance may he conduct any real guided climbs on his

Why does
Mr. Charles Miller
choose to serve
genuine imported
Polish Ham
at the Deauville?

High adventure in dining is a promise firmly kept at the Deauville, famed hotel of the stars, in Miami Beach. Executive Food Director Charles Miller caters to the gourmet tastes of a truly demanding clientele. That's why *genuine imported Polish Ham* is a special favorite on Deauville menus: it has the unforgettably delicate flavor which only the most careful selection and slow, slow curing can produce.

Available in 2 to 12-lb cans under the Atalanta, Krakus and Polo labels. Institutional sizes under the same labels and also under the Tala brand.

POLISH HAM

© 1964 Atalanta Products Corp.

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVRIL RAYON

Style Undies does.

For bouffant dresses, naturally, a delicately soft bouffant slip underneath. And, this one's unique. Not just because it's so rare in design, shape and detailing. But, because it's also made with Avril® rayon. To stay strong, smooth, shapely. Whiter, lustrous, comfortable, and easier to care for. Happiness is a slip by Style Undies.

fmc CORPORATION®

American Viscose Division

SPRINGS MILLS' "Avalon," woven of 50% Avril rayon/50% cotton. In white only. Sizes 3-10, $3. Sizes 1-3X, $2. Style Undies available at *Macy's*, N. Y. and branches; *Filene's*, Boston; *Kaufmann's*, Pittsburgh.

own. After no fewer than two and no more than five seasons as an *aspirant*, he is allowed to attempt to qualify for a guide rating. He returns to the E.N.S.A. for a one-month course, after which he is given a rigorous series of final examinations. It is not enough for someone to be simply an outstanding alpinist; what is much more important is that he want to practice the *métier* of guide—to conduct parties on all sorts of climbs, and not only the most difficult or technically interesting. In addition to all this, anyone who wants to become a Chamonix guide—that is, to be admitted to membership in the Syndicat—must be a native of the valley or the husband of a Chamonix girl; otherwise, he can be taken in only by the unanimous vote of the entire Syndicat at an assembly that is held every fall. In Jaccoux's case, Sallanches—twenty-two kilometres from Chamonix—was a bit beyond the outer limit of acceptable birthplaces for a man who wants to be a Chamonix guide without special pleading, but he was admitted to the Syndicat anyway. He served in the French Army for two and a half years, the first year in North Africa, where he managed to take time off to do some first ascents in the Atlas Mountains. During the rest of his Army career, he taught climbing at the École Militaire de Haute Montagne, also in Chamonix, which trains mountain troops. In effect, he practiced guiding while in the Army, and found that he liked it. One of his duties in the Army was to demonstrate high-altitude survival techniques to a group of British officers. Guides learn to construct igloos in case they are caught by a storm on a glacier—a very valuable skill that has saved many lives. In this case, the exercise was conducted in subzero weather on the Vallée Blanche. After building the igloos and seeing that the British officers were safely tucked away for the evening, Jaccoux and a fellow-guide slipped away to a nearby mountain refuge, where they enjoyed a splendid dinner and a comfortable night's sleep. The next day, the *gardien* of the refuge awakened them before dawn, so that they could be present when their students, stiff with cold, emerged from their igloos. In 1959, leaving the Army, he became an *aspirant*, and in 1961 a guide.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Jaccoux and I got back to the Bureau in Chamonix (guides always check in and out of the Bureau, so that Barthélémy will have a record of where everyone is), and as

SINCE K&T 1902

Ready for fine furniture?

You'll find a truly inspiring selection at Knapp & Tubbs. Gallery after gallery filled with "just one nice thing after another." And personal service to match! All you need is an introduction from your decorator or furniture dealer.

Free: *For illustrated "Booklet K," write the showroom nearest you:*

KNAPP & TUBBS

AMERICA'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SHOWROOM DISTRIBUTORS OF FINE FURNITURE.

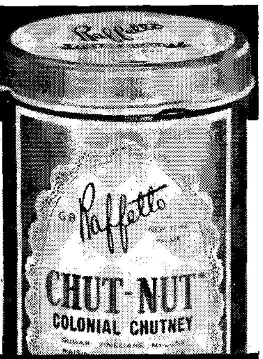
NEW YORK
DECORATION & DESIGN BLDG., 979 THIRD AVE.
CHICAGO
6TH FLOOR, THE MERCHANDISE MART
LOS ANGELES
8778 BEVERLY BLVD.
SAN FRANCISCO
737 SANSOME STREET

EXOTIC CHUTNEY RELISH!

CHUT-NUT

Exciting blend of spiced fruits and black walnuts — for curries, entrees, snacks, meats, etc. . . . delightful with cottage cheese.

Send for FREE recipes

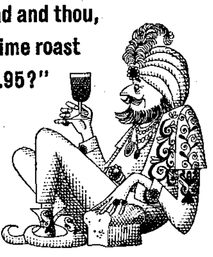


by Raffetto

87 34th Street, Bklyn., N.Y.

"...a loaf of bread and thou, you delectable prime roast beef,* for just $3.95?"

Ah, Paradise!



THE MERMAID ROOM

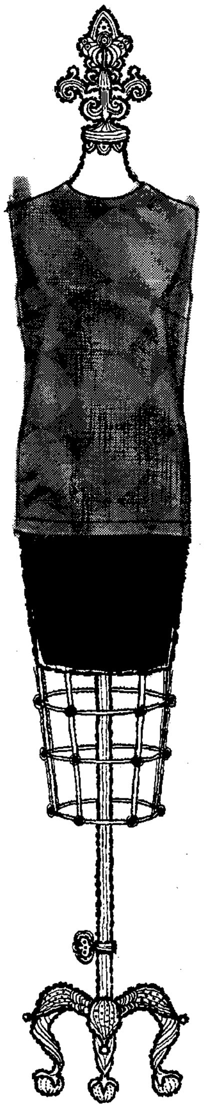
* It goes swimmingly with the Caesar salad, baked potato and hot luscious popover. The Irving Fields and Pepe Morellis trios provide continuous music from 6 PM and dancing from 9 PM. Never a cover or minimum.

Park Sheraton Hotel

55th ST. and 7th AVE., NEW YORK

Africa is ancient civilizations and just-born nations...skyscrapered cities, primitive villages, scenery of incomparable beauty and variety. And Africa is UTA French Airlines, jet pioneer across the continent. UTA jets you from Paris or Nice or Marseille to all of West, Central and Southern Africa...Monrovia, Abidjan, Fort-Lamy, Accra, Brazzaville, Lagos, Salisbury, Johannesburg and 43 other cities. Altogether, UTA flights to five continents are very global, very gourmet, very DC-8 jet. For UTA French Airlines reservations, see your travel agent or any office of AIR FRANCE, our general agents.

UTA
FRENCH AIRLINES



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Necessity

The cotton knit VILLAGER® shell, to accompany anything anywhere. Not an actual necessity, like food or shelter. But certainly one of those things (like frozen vegetables, or air conditioning) that life is pleasanter with than without. Blindstitched armholes and ring neck. White, Lemon, Navy, Cool Pink, Cool Blue, Cool Green, Apricot, Black. Also in pinstripes. Small, Medium, Large.

About six dollars at good stores and college shops

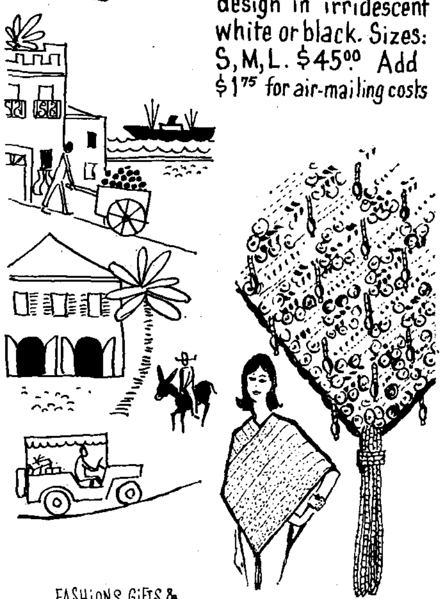
The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

we were leaving he asked me if I would like to come to his house for dinner that evening. I was glad to accept, so he set a time and told me how to get there. He and his wife, Michèle, and their five-year-old daughter, Claire, were living in a rented chalet on the property of Lionel Terray, who, with Gaston Rébuffat, is the most famous practicing guide in Chamonix today. Both were members of the successful French Himalayan expedition to Annapurna in 1950. Since their return, Rébuffat and Terray have been serving as active guides with the Syndicat as well as writing and lecturing. Rébuffat, the first man to climb the south face of the Aiguille du Midi, is a prolific mountain photographer and writer and has assembled several superb books of photographs. Terray, whose autobiography, "Les Conquérants de l'Inutile," is something of a best-seller in France, in 1958 helped to make a movie about climbing in Chamonix, "Quand Brillent les Étoiles de Midi," which many people consider the finest mountain movie ever filmed. Both Terray and Rébuffat have become financially successful, and both own land in the valley—a major ambition of most guides, and a hard one to achieve, since, because of the chancy nature of the guides' employment, French banks will ordinarily not lend them money. Terray has a few cottages on his property, besides a chalet of his own, and the Jaccoux were sharing one of them with another guide and his wife—a couple named Bernezat. The cottage was small, but since the two men were away much of the time during the season, it was a serviceable arrangement for the two wives.

When I arrived at Jaccoux's cottage, after a short but steep walk up from the road, there were already several other guests there. The guides get home so seldom during the season that there is something of a holiday atmosphere around the house when they do. (The Jaccoux customarily spend the late fall in Paris, where they work as consultants on ski equipment for a sporting-goods store and devote every free minute to soaking up the theatre and music that they have had to give up during the season.) As I walked into the small but comfortable upstairs living room—the cottage, like many in the valley, is a two-story affair, with floors that are connected by a trap-door and a ladder—everyone seemed to be running in and out of the kitchen. Later, I learned that each of the guests had volunteered to cook or bring something for dinner, and this accounted for



CAVANAGH'S HAND-JEWELLED KNIT PONCHO. Exclusive design in irridescent white or black. Sizes: S, M, L. $45.00 Add $1.75 for air-mailing costs

FASHIONS, GIFTS & FAMOUS LABELS From 44 COUNTRIES at free port prices

$45.00

Cavanagh's

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED COLOR BROCHURE

EMILY SHAW'S INN

POUND RIDGE, N. Y.

Finest type of American Food and Cocktails

Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137, or Route 22 to Bedford Village.

John F. Shaw, Pres.

CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779

VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

Largest operator of WORLD TOURS

32nd Year

AROUND THE WORLD with SITA

Ask Your Travel Agent

☐ ROUND THE WORLD 30-80 Days incl. air. fr. $2081
Weekly Departures. Fully Inclusive.

☐ EUROPE	22-80 Days	$740
☐ ORIENT	20-30 Days	$1588
☐ AFRICA	20-53 Days	$1841
☐ SO. PACIFIC	12-65 Days	$678
☐ HOLY LAND	22-24 Days	$1297
☐ SO. AMER.	18-45 Days	$1121
☐ HAWAII	8-15 Days	$282
☐ MEXICO	15-18 Days	$309

☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.

Check folders desired.
Name
Address
City State

SITA WORLD TRAVEL
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. Y New York 20

Van Raalte
Because you love nice things
*Du Pont T. M.

Brevity is the soul of [illegible]
the fashion fact of life that
inspired Van Raalte's
moulded Chemisette, specially
designed to underline Spring's
shorter skirts. In Antron*
satin tricot, with a cascade
of exquisite French lace beaded
with blue satin ribbon. 32 to 36.
Blue Mist/ecru or white. $15.
At fine stores everywhere.

You can't get the whole picture in just a day or two.

If you've never tasted San Francisco crab, this is the place. You'll see it cooked before your eyes in sidewalk cauldrons and served a dozen different ways at the restaurants of Fisherman's Wharf.

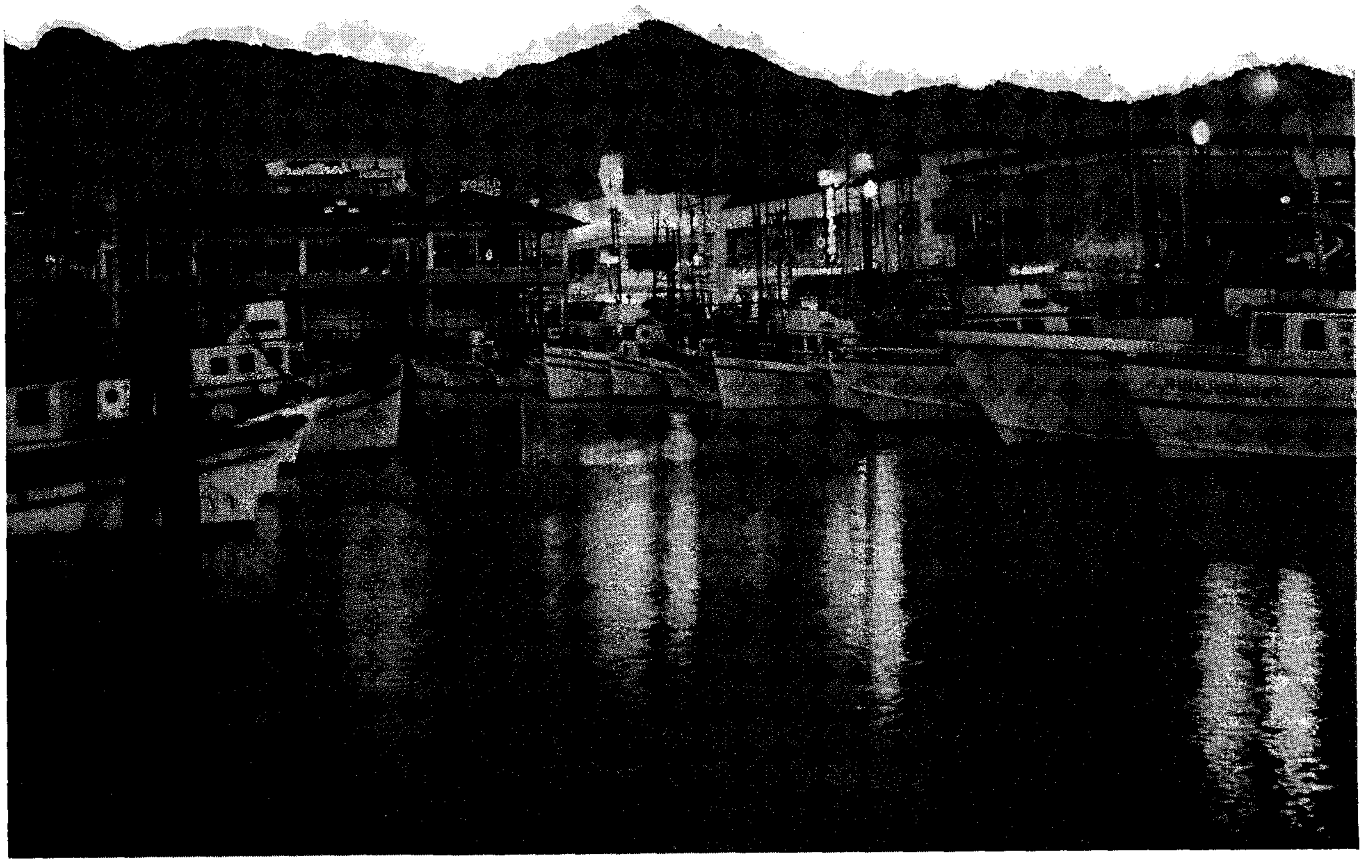
That's just one reason for giving San Francisco more than a passing glance. Here are some others: (1) World-famed Chinatown, the largest Chinese community outside the Orient. (2) Our 9-mile-an-hour cable cars—America's only national monument on wheels. (3) The 101 nightclubs, theaters, cabarets and restaurants of North Beach. (4) The sailing ship Balclutha, last of the square riggers. (5) The redwoods of Muir Woods, 20 stories high—2000 years old. (6) The wraparound view from Telegraph Hill.

More? (7) A walk across the Pacific Ocean on the Golden Gate Bridge. (8) Lunch by the sea—within snapshot distance of sea lions sunning themselves on rocks below. (9) Mission Dolores, built three years after the Boston Tea Party. (10) A cruise around the bay that will do everything but land you on Alcatraz!

Did someone mention a day or two in San Francisco? We'd like to make a suggestion. When you come to San Francisco, take the time to enjoy it. Plan to spend a week.

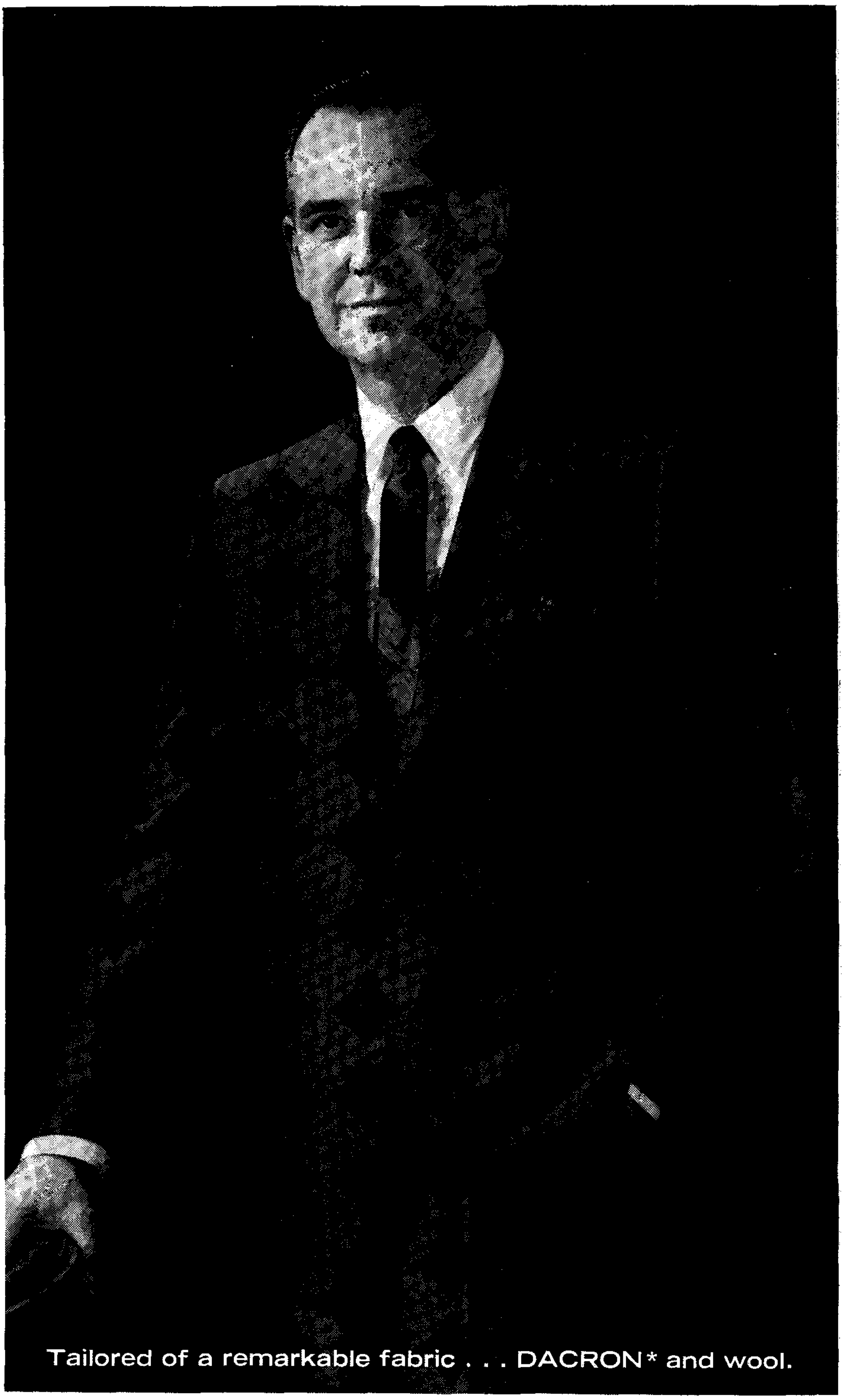
SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

For a free illustrated guide write to San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau • Department NY3 • 1375 Market Street • San Francisco, California 94103



the activity. (By happy chance, I had brought with me some of the wonderful pâtisserie of the Savoie, which served as dessert.) Jaccoux introduced me to his wife, a tall, very attractive, and extremely energetic blonde. Under her maiden name, Michèle Stamos, she was one of the best-known skiers in France, and at the time Jaccoux met her, she was on the French Olympic team. "*On se rencontrait*, *on se plaisait*, *on s'est marié*," she said. She teaches skiing in the winter, principally to children; she doesn't like to climb, she told me, because she gets frightened. In this she differed from Mme. Bernezat, who is one of the best women climbers in Chamonix and one of the first women to climb the Grand Capucin, a severe, highly technical rock climb in the valley. Surprisingly—or maybe not surprisingly—many women are excellent climbers. Climbing, and especially rock climbing, is not a question of brute strength; balance, agility, and nerve count for a lot more. Mme. Bernezat, a slight, delightfully impish brunette, had just married Bernezat, who that evening was suffering from a severe virus infection. Periodically during dinner, someone would bang an ice axe on the floor, which was just above Bernezat's head, to see whether an answering thump would prove that he was still alive.

Like some of the guides at dinner, Bernezat had an engagement that lasted the whole summer—in his case, teaching climbing to some members of the French Alpine Club. (Altogether, the club has no fewer than fifty thousand members.) The virtue of such an arrangement is that it provides a fixed income for the summer regardless of the weather; in the case of a free-lance guide, a summer of bad weather can reduce him and his family to near starvation. In a good season, on the other hand, free-lance guiding is more profitable, and it also offers a good deal more variety. Moreover, Bernezat was required to spend six weeks or so at a time in various mountain refuges, where his students came for training, while Jaccoux was able to get home almost once a week. In addition to their professional climbing, both Jaccoux and Bernezat went on climbs of their own whenever they could get enough time off. Part of the reputation of a young guide is made by the number of first ascents he has done. Earlier that summer, Bernezat and Lionel Terray had gone to Alaska with a sizable French group to climb Mount Huntington (12,238 feet), and Jaccoux and Bernezat, along with a third guide, did an exceptional first ascent on the south


Tailored of a remarkable fabric . . . DACRON* and wool.

Suit shown: 55% Dacron* polyester, 45% wool.

You cannot buy a finer "memory aid" than a Walter-Morton Prismatic suit. It writes your name indelibly in people's minds!

Iridescence so vibrant, the fabric seems to be on fire . . . that's Prismatic Twill!

WALTER-MORTON CLOTHES • BOX 275 • ROCHESTER, N.Y.

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

GORDON
-FORD

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
Bullock's Westwood, Los Angeles
Traditional Shop, Lubbock
Narragansett Clothing Co., Newport
or for the store nearest you, write
GORDON-FORD
350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10001

Total look of
Self-Assurance...
Gordon-Ford
Naturally!

Mid-knee center pleated walking skirt in striped Arnel® triacetate-cotton, about $13. Pima cotton shirt by Activair, about $6.50.

face of the Aiguille du Jardin, near the Aiguille Verte. And during the winter Jaccoux and another guide had done a first ascent of the Aiguille Verte itself by a route that had never been climbed out of season. There are very few firsts left in Chamonix, and it has now become fashionable to do winter climbs of aiguilles that have been climbed many times in the summer.

ON the following day, Jaccoux proposed that we go to the Col des Montets to train. The Col des Montets is at the head of the valley near the Swiss border—a lovely forested area from which one gets an entirely novel view of the Chamonix Valley and the mountains, which look remote and almost pastoral. Scattered through the woods are a vast number of boulders about ten feet high. Many of them have been given names—usually after famous aiguilles—and climbers come to practice technique on them. No real damage can be done by a fall or by bad weather, so one can concentrate on form. On one of the rocks, for example, the whole ascent is done without using one's hands—just on foot traction and balance. Several people were at work when we got there, including a young guide who was practicing on a day off, and a number of very young children from the valley, who were learning to climb. One little boy had his even smaller sister on the end of a climbing rope, and they went up and down the rocks while their mother, sitting casually in the grass below and knitting a sweater, kept saying, "*Tiens bien ta sœur, Jean-Pierre.*" Jaccoux and I did some of the standard "routes," and then he and the other guide tried a brief Class VI passage on a boulder. There was nothing at all to hold on to, and the trick consisted of making just the right sequence of moves—and quickly enough so that one did not fall off. After several futile attempts, they quit in disgust.

Later that afternoon, Jaccoux introduced me to one of the instructors at the École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme—André Contamine, one of the crack mountaineers in the region. Contamine has achieved the ultimate distinction possible for a climber in Chamonix today, which is to have a route that he pioneered named after him. In the golden age of the nineteenth century, outstanding climbers had aiguilles named after them, but all the aiguilles have long since been named, so it is only new routes that remain. Contamine and Rébuffat each has a route

Imagine a private sugar-white beach. Almost as long as Central Park is wide. Over two times as long as the longest crosstown block. Over five times as long as the Statue of Liberty stands high. Almost twice as long as the longest ocean liner in the world. Then, imagine having your own private villa on this 1700-foot long private sugar-white beach of a hotel called Bay Roc. On the Caribbean. At Montego Bay, Jamaica. See your travel agent or call Utell International, New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami. In N.Y.: JU 2-3226

BAY ROC
Jamaica

You are cordially invited to see our collection of intimate apparel created by

Edith Lances
LINGERIE ROBES
GIRDLES BEACHWEAR

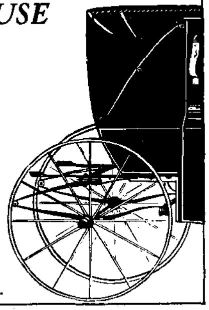
Edith Lances Salon
15 East 51st Street
New York City
PLaza 2-1775

125 Newbury Street
Boston, Mass.
267-4822

There is a distinctly new and quietly lavish way to live or visit in Manhattan.

If you are successful, and would like to remind yourself of your well-being, rejoice in the exquisite privacy of the
CARRIAGE HOUSE HOTEL
of New York.

Reservations:
661-2100 200 E. 38 St.

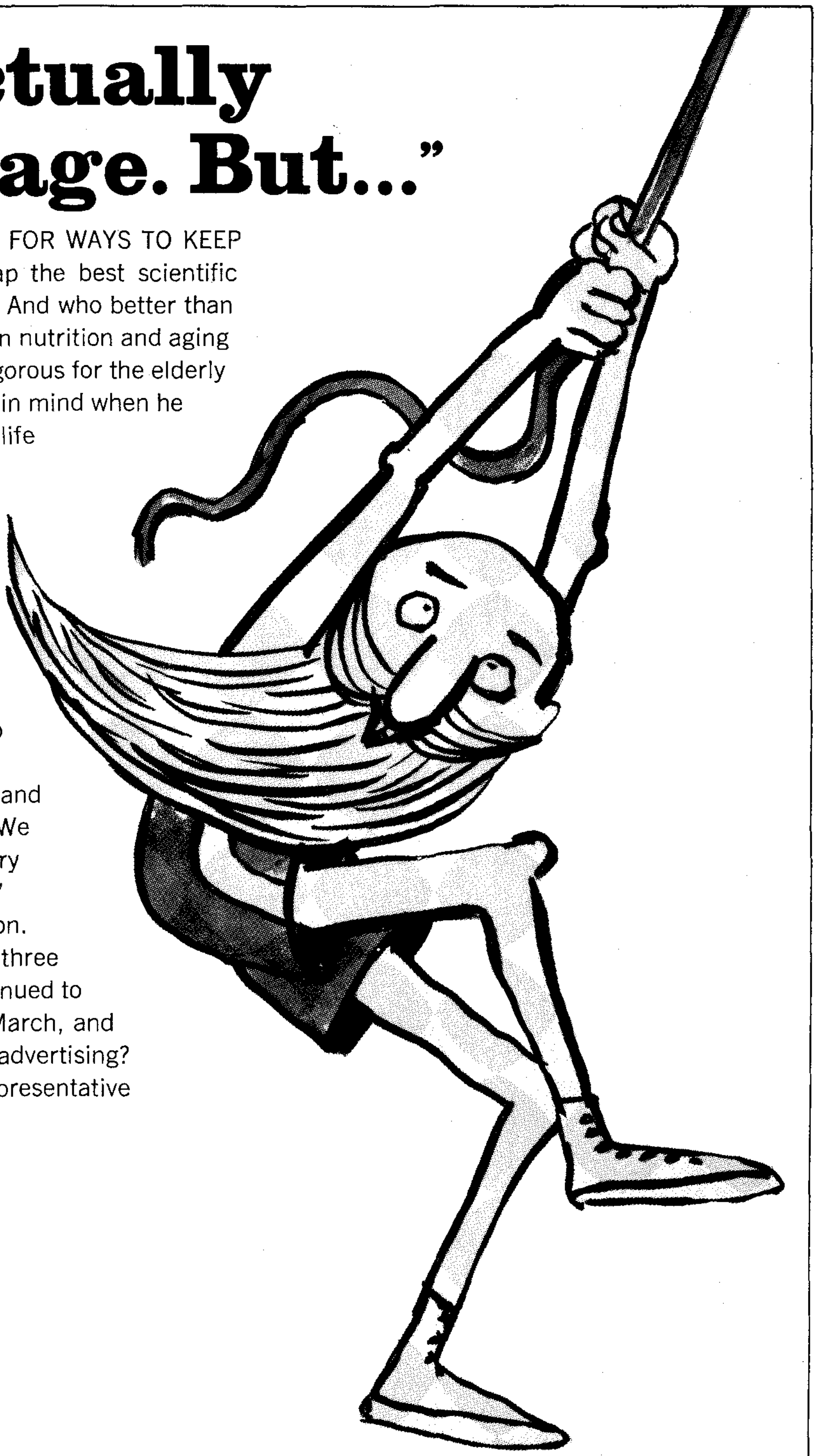


"Nobody actually dies of old age. But..."

A story in FORTUNE on THE SEARCH FOR WAYS TO KEEP YOUNG! How typical of FORTUNE to tap the best scientific minds concerned with aging and old age. And who better than FORTUNE to track down the latest facts on nutrition and aging . . . the new hopes for making life more vigorous for the elderly . . . what the dean of U.S. gerontology has in mind when he says: "a man might just as well spend his life chasing trolleys and girls."

It is the kind of reporting that executive readers—more than half in the active 34-to-54 age bracket—expect of FORTUNE. And it is just one of the 16 articles, features, and departments in the March FORTUNE that provides the busiest men in business with lively ideas to think about, authoritative facts to quote for weeks and months to come.

Advertising in FORTUNE has a long life and gets results well worth quoting, too. "We insist on $100 in new business for every dollar spent on national advertising," writes Great Western Financial Corporation. "Our July ad in FORTUNE did well for three months. But even in January, the ad continued to pull to our standards, and in February, March, and April as well." Want longevity for your advertising? You can bet your life a spry FORTUNE representative has the details.



Scientists quote Fortune

FORTUNE

For a reprint of **"The Search for Ways to Keep Youthful,"** quoted above, write on company letterhead to:

FORTUNE, Room 18-44, Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Peck & Peck

Two-tones, two-piece: twice wonderful for the Peck & Peck Girl

Rayon knit's sleek chic, with the news of an off-side keyhole neckline. Navy contrasted with kelly, powder blue with brown, or black with camel. 8 to 16, 35^{00}

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

named after him on the south face of the Aiguille du Midi. Contamine, a slight, intense-looking, intelligent man who is also well known as a photographer, has been a teacher at the E.N.S.A. and its predecessor schools for nearly twenty years. The next day, he told us, he was going to take part in examining a hundred and forty *aspirants* to decide which would qualify for the seventy places that were open in the school. The test was going to take three days, and the examiners, he said, would be much more interested in finding candidates who were well founded in every branch of climbing than those who might be sporadically brilliant in one or two techniques. The first day would be a test of physical endurance; each candidate, wearing a large numeral on his back, was to take a four-and-a-half-hour hike carrying about twenty-five pounds—a hike, however, that involved altitude changes of nearly ten thousand feet. The next two days would be devoted to techniques on rock and ice; a candidate had to show absolute mastery of Class IV rock passages and a solid technique on ice. Of the seventy *aspirants* selected, he added, about a third would fail the course.

After talking to Contamine, Jaccoux and I paid a visit to the school itself, which occupies a couple of stone chalet-like structures near the Aiguille du Midi *téléphérique*. The day was Sunday, and not many people were around. In addition to classrooms (in one I noticed an anatomical model used in the first-aid courses), dormitories, and restaurant facilities, the school has an excellent Alpine library. On the walls of the main lecture hall were photographs and diagrams of storm formations, avalanches, and the architecture of crevasses. (A good guide can read the snow and detect hidden crevasses, revealed to him by slight discolorations and indentations in the surface.) In the dormitories next door, several *aspirants* were watching a Davis Cup match on television. They were very friendly and greeted Jaccoux warmly; the whole atmosphere was like that of any university just before the beginning of term.

The *aspirants* were, perhaps, somewhat more subdued than usual, for only a few weeks earlier the school had suffered the worst disaster in its history. On July 7th, a group of nine highly experienced and thoroughly trained *aspirants* who were taking their final examination on a climb of the Aiguille Verte with four instructors from E.N.S.A., as well as Charles

PEREZ

Black Patent Leather with White accent;
Blue Calf with Red;
Bone Calf with Camel.
$30.00

Bally Of Switzerland
673 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10021
1731 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA 19103
Mail orders, add 50¢ for P.P. + Ins. Sorry, no C.O.D.

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! *So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!*

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

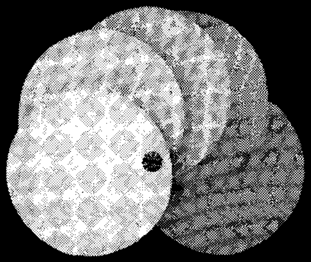
Bozon, a world-champion skier and a first-rate climber, were killed in an avalanche, which struck them almost at the top of the Verte. Every possible precaution had been taken before the climb, and the climbers were among the best in Europe, but they were surprised by a special type of avalanche known as *une plaque de neige*—a block of snow that peels off for no apparent reason. It is very difficult to spot in advance, and the climbers were simply swept off the mountain. Chamonix and all France were stunned by the accident, and for a few days the town practically shut down.

Guides are extremely alert to danger in the mountains, of course, and they talk about it among themselves, but they rarely say much about it to clients. I spent all last summer climbing with Jaccoux, and only once did he announce that a certain passage was going to be dangerous. This occurred toward the end of an all-day climb over terrain that I thought was dangerous but that, from a guide's point of view, was not; at all times during the climb Jaccoux was in an excellent position to arrest any fall. The dangers that worry a guide, and that Jaccoux wanted to call my attention to, are objective dangers—like weather or bad snow conditions. In this case, late in the afternoon, we had to cross a *couloir* down which rocks fell at irregular intervals. The route across was very simple, so when Jaccoux announced that the passage was a dangerous one, I was puzzled. He mentioned the rocks, and just then one the size of a football shot down the *couloir*. "*Tu vois le genre*," he said. I all but flew across. Later, I asked Jaccoux what his general attitude was toward accidents and death in the mountains. He said simply, "*Moi, je suis optimiste.*" The Chamonix guides are, in the main, not very religious in any conventional sense (although Michèle told me that many of the wives are extremely devout), but they have a fatalistic conviction that they will not be hurt. Jaccoux once told me that there are very few guides who have been incapacitated by accidents; either they have no accidents or they are killed. Since the founding of the Syndicat, about one guide a year has lost his life in the mountains, but these accidents have very rarely involved clients; indeed, one can say that there are practically no fatal accidents with clients. Most of the guide accidents occur on rescue missions. I asked Jaccoux whether many clients come to the Bureau claiming to be better alpinists than they are, and then get into trouble because of their

We invite you to visit the consultant at a Charles of the Ritz Hosiery Bar for expert counseling on your individual hosiery needs.

Charles of the Ritz Hosiery

A trained consultant uses complexion chips to determine your individual skintone and prescribe the ideal stocking shades for you.



The Size-mograph assures perfect fit. A twist of this unique computer gives your exact leg contour, length and foot size.

See this season's most fabulous fashion hues, in chic new styles for every occasion. Only Charles of the Ritz gives you perfect fit and color.

Charles of the Ritz Hosiery, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019
Available at B. Altman & Co., New York and branches and other trend-setting stores.

as long as you're up get me a Grant's®

The light 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Bottled in Scotland.
86 proof. Imported by
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.,
New York ©1964

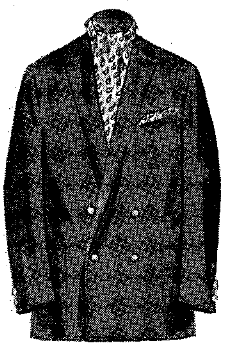
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky

inexperience. He said that it usually works the other way—the guides must convince clients that they can really make a climb—although occasionally people who have not climbed in some years return to Chamonix expecting to continue where they left off and try to begin with climbs they cannot manage.

Guides are legally responsible for the safety of their clients, and their authority is absolute when it comes to deciding whether to go on or turn back. Some aspects of their work are fixed by law. For example, the number of climbers on a rope is restricted to two, or sometimes three if the climb is simple enough; on any glacier with crevasses hidden by snow, it is obligatory to rope up; and so on. However, in practice it is all but impossible to follow these rules to the letter; actually, it would be unsafe to do so. Belaying and roping are time-consuming, and although Alpine weather usually guarantees one a clear morning, there is an almost inevitable clouding over in the afternoon, and often a storm. Hence, it is very important to be off the mountains as early as possible, and the guide must judge whether the additional safety of a belay is worth the time it takes. Like all first-rate guides before him, Jaccoux has the reputation of being something of a cannon, and on many climbs we found ourselves passing one *cordée* after another. Indeed, one of the main complaints that climbers have about guided climbing is that the guides move too fast, and there is no doubt but that the better the guide the faster he goes. In addition to the safety factor, there is a clear economic reason for this speed. The guide has his schedule of climbs carefully planned over several days, and since they can be practically anywhere in the valley, he simply must get a move on if he is to meet his clients on time and earn his living. Often, a guide who has finished one climb and is in a hurry to keep a second appointment will hand over his clients to another guide for ferrying back to Chamonix.

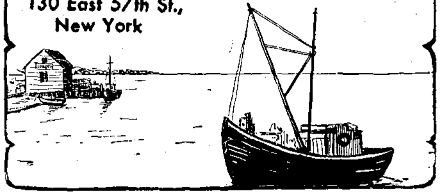
Because so many climbers, a lot of them inexperienced, operate without guides in the valley, there are almost daily accidents. To deal with them, an elaborate system, involving four organizations, has been worked out. In the first place, there is the P.S.H.M. (Peloton Spécialisé de Haute Montagne), a unit of the French Army, which has radio or telephone connections with all the mountain refuges near Chamonix. Some of the men in the outfit have guide status, and all are specially trained in rescue work. In addition, the P.S.H.M. has two large

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers



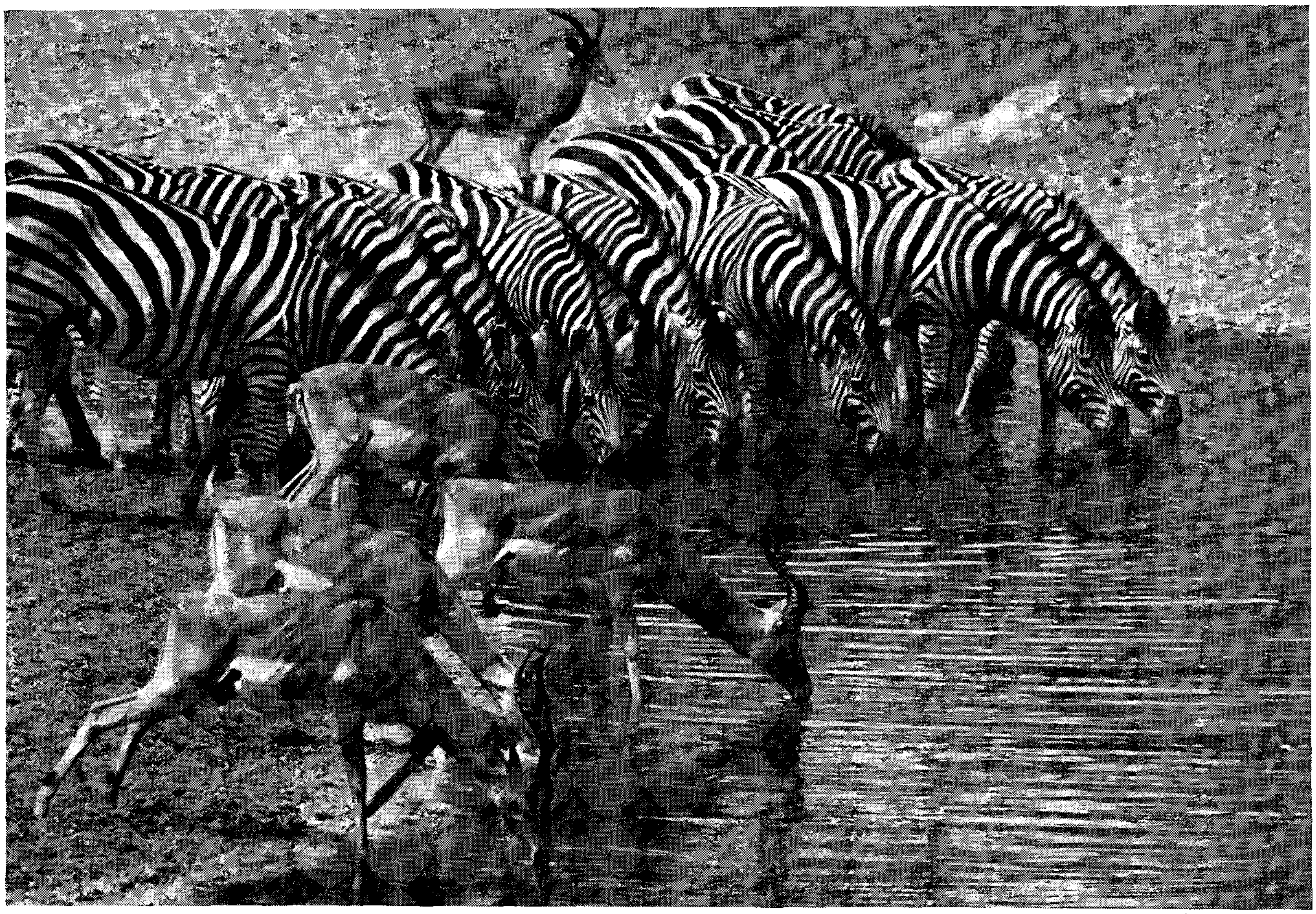
DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER
The blazer is indispensable to every wardrobe. Our double breasted style has that extra dash most discriminating men enjoy. Popular single-breasted models are also in stock.
Hopsack Weave of Orlon® acrylic and Wool (Navy blue or Sailing blue)
Double-breasted $55.00
Single-breasted (Navy only) 49.50
Dacron® polyester and linen
Single-breasted only 45.00
(Navy, natural, maize, sailing blue or hunter green)
Mail orders accepted *No C.O.D.'s*
Add $1.00 for Postage
14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

MENEMSHA BAR
The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*
130 East 57th St.,
New York



The moccasin

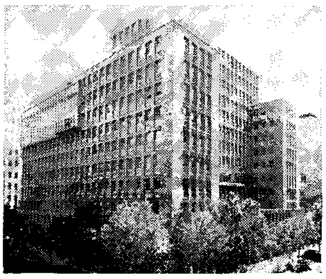
. . . a classic by Barrie bootmakers of New Haven. Made from Imported Scotch Grain or Puritan Veal—not cowhide • full-leather-lined—not unlined • double-stitched, hand-sewn vamp—not single machine-stitched. In hand polished Antiqued Golden Grain—or Puritan Veal in Chestnut Brown, Antiqued saddle or Black.
Order by mail, state shoe size—only 19.95 postpaid!
Address all orders to Barrie Booters, Dept. N4.
260 York St., New Haven, Conn.
FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST
Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

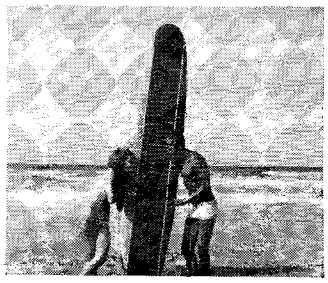


Fly to the unspoiled land of contrasts. There is no other country like it...

Spend less—see more—in this delightfully different vacationland. Follow the scent of excitement into incomparable African wild-life reserves. Preserve forever, in your own exclusive movies and colour shots, the lion, leopard, rhino, elephant and giraffe.

Revel in gay seaside cities. Laze on the dazzling beaches of a palm-fringed sub-tropical paradise. Enjoy golf, fishing, boating on a new and exciting scale. Give yourself up to the magic of unrivalled scenery, flowers, lofty mountains, secluded bays, curio hunting, tribal dances and barbecues under clear velvet skies. Discover the soaring mountain backdrop of Cape Town and the vibrant sophistication of Johannesburg—actually go down the world's deepest and largest gold mines 11,000 feet beneath Johannesburg's fashionable shopping centers!





When you fly South African Airways superb Boeing 707 Stratojets to South Africa from Europe, you pay little or no extra air fare for stopovers in Europe's finest cities!

South African Railways operate a vast network of modern rail, air and tourist motor coach services.

Sarbus—South African Railways comfortable tourist motor coaches—will take pride and pleasure in showing you this unique land of wealth, sun, beauty and the fastest growing economy in the world!

Talk to your travel agent. He'll be glad to plan a low-cost super-vacation for you and your family by S.A.A., and wonderful sight-seeing tours by Sarbus. Or write to Dept. NY8, SAA/SAR in New York for more detailed information and brochures.

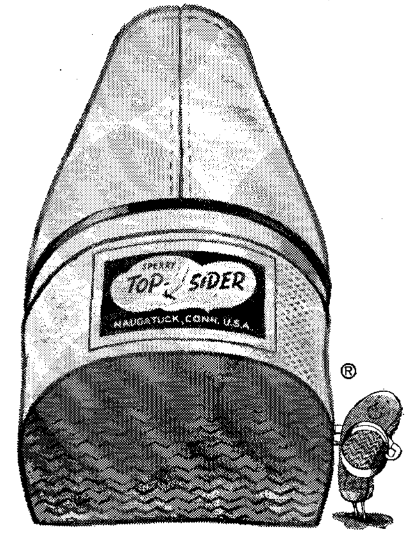
FLY S.A.A. AND TOUR SOUTH AFRICA BY SARBUS

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10021
S.A.A. RESERVATIONS THROUGH B.O.A.C.

So comfortable...it's sinful
So safe...it's embarrassing

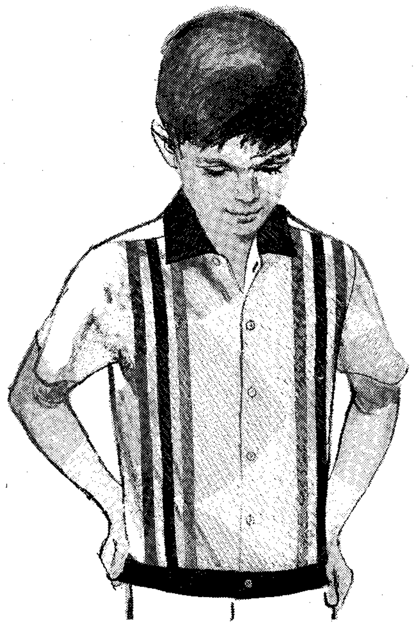
Don't be self-conscious about being the one who always keeps his grip while everybody around is on skids. Explain that you're safe on slippery deck, tennis court or wet pavement, thanks to Sperry Top-Sider exclusive anti-slip sole with its many razor-fine zig-zag cuts. And if they're jealous because you can outlast, out-relax the best of them...drop the hint how sinfully comfortable men and women can be in the double-deep heel cushions and non-chafe linings of these light and breezy canvas shoes. Their choice in Classic White, Navy Blue, or fashionable Breton Red. They'll soon find out that it's the most extravagantly practical $9.95 they've ever spent. (We'll be glad to supply you the name of their nearest dealer.)



18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn.

military helicopters, which are kept in the valley from June 15th until September 1st. Every request for help or rescue goes first to the unit's headquarters, which occupy the second floor of a Shell service station near the Chamonix railroad terminal. Except during the month of August, the next step is for the P.S.H.M. to get in touch with the Guide Bureau, where it becomes the responsibility of the Chef des Guides to organize the rescue team. This generally consists of one or two guides and a group of military personnel, who are flown as close as possible to the accident. During the month of August, which is the heart of the season, the role of the guides is taken over for two weeks by the instructors at the E.N.S.A., and for two weeks by the instructors at the military Alpine school. This is so the guides can have a solid month free for work. Barthélémy told me that before this system was inaugurated, August had been a nightmare, with the guides almost constantly out on rescue work. He showed me a remarkable handwritten log, going back to the last century, of rescues that guides had participated in. Some of the pre-helicopter ones involved caravans of ten or fifteen men, who often had to climb for hours to get even within sight of the accident; now the helicopter does most of the work, and does it much more quickly and safely. A helicopter rescue is an extremely expensive business, however, and many climbers carry accident insurance to help pay its cost.

I had an unexpected opportunity to see the rescue system in action. One Sunday morning in August, I was in the Bureau talking to Barthélémy when a woman came in, obviously very distraught. She said that her husband, who was an expert climber with Himalayan experience, had set out on Thursday night with some friends to climb an aiguille called the Grépon by a very difficult route. He had told her to expect them back on Friday or, if the weather was bad—which it had been—by Saturday. It was now Sunday morning, and he had not returned. Barthélémy told her to go at once to the P.S.H.M. and report to them. I followed along behind, and by the time I got there, the woman had already left a careful description of her husband's route and party with the officer in charge. He was in a room filled with radios and telephones over the garage, relaying the message to one of the helicopters, which was then circling the mountains on routine patrol duty. The helicopter flew over the Grépon and



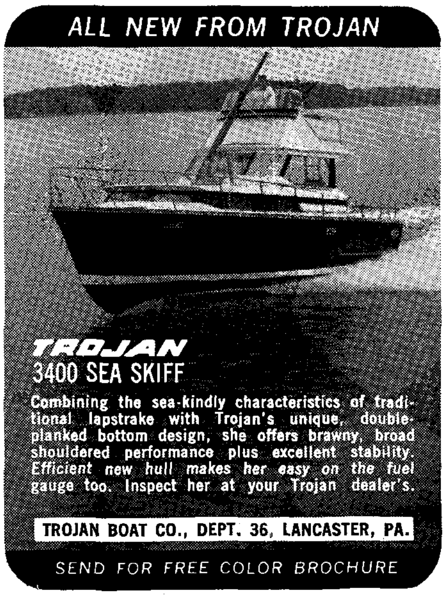
CLUBMAN: a Shirt-Jac that's top-drawer in tone, texture, tailoring. Alternate-color stripes against sand-beige and light blue. Sizes 8 to 18, about **$4.** In all Cotton Knit fabric by **ALAMAC**

At **LORD & TAYLOR,** *The Boys Shop, N.Y. and 8 suburban stores.*

Also at fine stores everywhere, or write:

Tam O'Shanter

Dept. N, 112 West 34th St., N.Y
Also made in CANADA, AUSTRALIA, and ENGLAND.



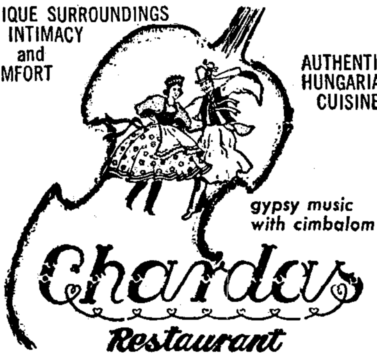
ALL NEW FROM TROJAN

TROJAN
3400 SEA SKIFF

Combining the sea-kindly characteristics of traditional lapstrake with Trojan's unique, double-planked bottom design, she offers brawny, broad shouldered performance plus excellent stability. Efficient new hull makes her easy on the fuel gauge too. Inspect her at your Trojan dealer's.

TROJAN BOAT CO., DEPT. 36, LANCASTER, PA.

SEND FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE



UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT

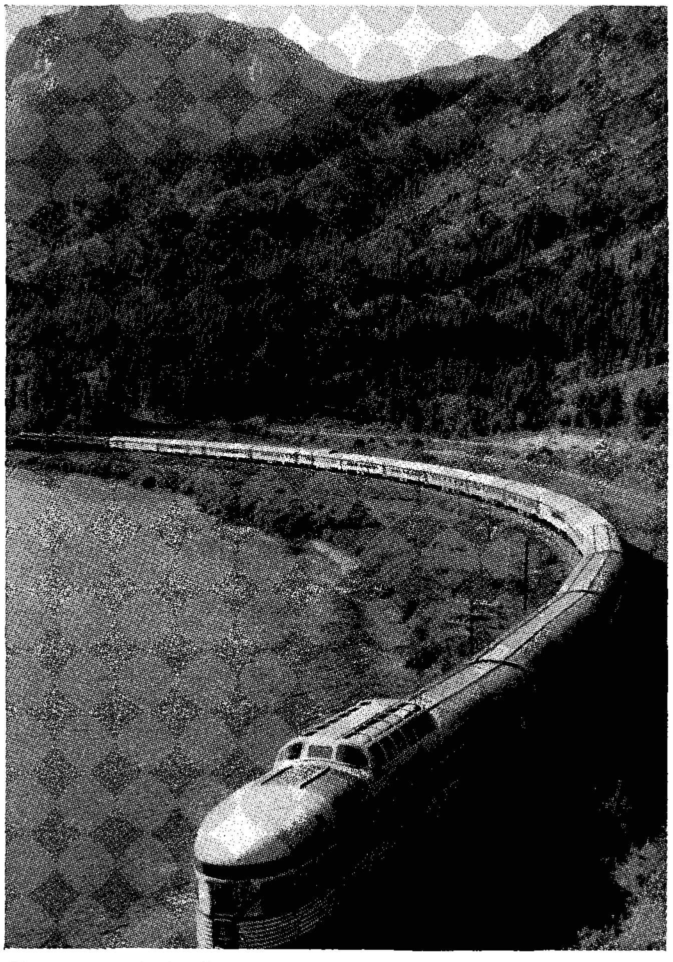
AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE

gypsy music with cimbalom

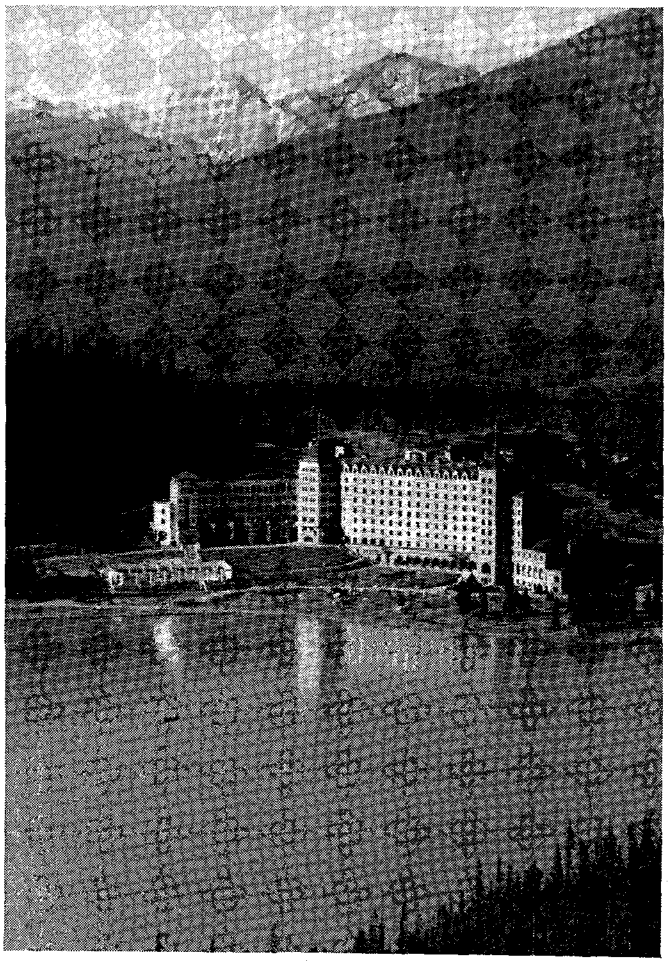
Chardas Restaurant

307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • Closed Mon.

We'll give your holiday a foreign flavor all the way (just north of the border)! Rail away with us through the Canadian Rockies. You'll enjoy gourmet food and gracious service while you watch the scenery. Then stop off in Banff National Park at Chateau Lake Louise. Here we'll serve you in the European manner while you relax and play.



Ride the scenic Banff-Lake Louise route through the Canadian Rockies aboard "The Canadian." You'll see 2,881 miles of spectacular scenery from the comfort of a scenic-dome streamliner as you travel between Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver. You'll enjoy gourmet dining or tasty budget meals, snacks. All accommodations, from coach, tourist, to first class, are reserved.



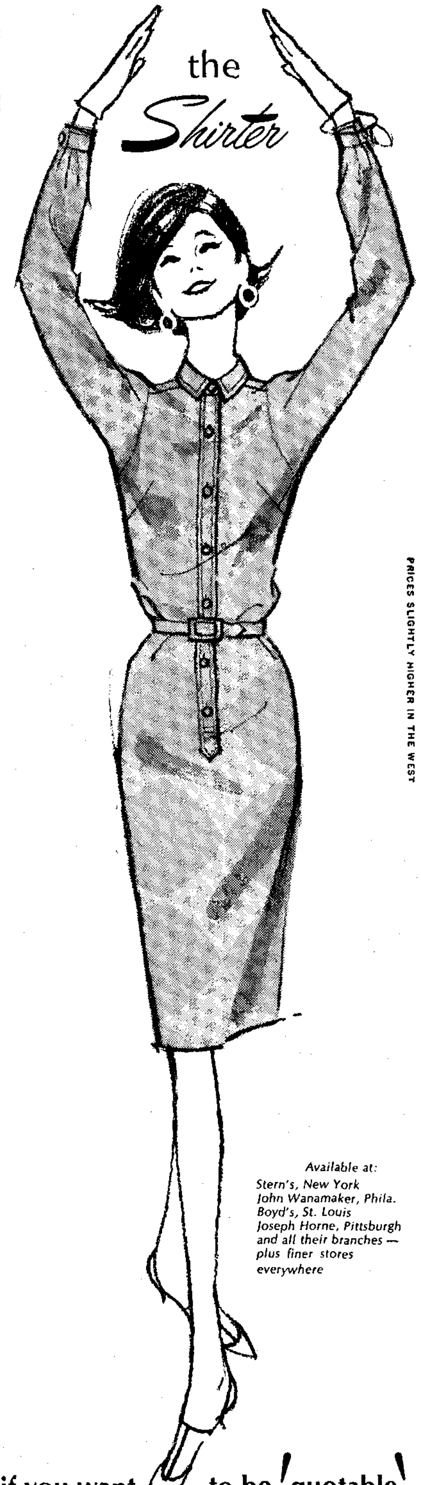
Get away from it all at Chateau Lake Louise high in the Canadian Rockies in Banff National Park. Here you'll enjoy continental cuisine and gracious service in an atmosphere of relaxing informality. You'll fish, swim, dance, ride, hike to the Plain of the Six Glaciers and the Lakes in the Sky. Or just loaf and enjoy the spectacular scenery. Open from June 14 to September 6.

Holiday all the way in Canada with

Canadian Pacific

TRAINS • TRUCKS • SHIPS • PLANES • HOTELS • TELECOMMUNICATIONS • WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

PUNC'-TU-ATE
YOUR EVERY MOOD . . .



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Available at:
Stern's, New York
John Wanamaker, Phila.
Boyd's, St. Louis
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
and all their branches —
plus finer stores
everywhere

if you want to be 'quotable'

. . . swing to the Seaton Hall Shirter! You'll be the talk of the town in this wonderful piece of fashion perfection — to wear now and forever . . . belted or not. S-m-o-o-t-h solid colors: Carnation, Denim Blue, Bamboo, Navy, Willow Green and more! Also in a host of prints, checks, stripes, dots! Sizes 5-17 and 6-18. About 12.00.

seaton hall
h 1407 broadway, n.y.

followed the route along the glacier where the missing men should have been; we could see it through the window of the office as we listened to the pilot's radio report. He spotted three men on the glacier, verified that they matched the description of the missing climbers, and reported that they were in good shape. The officer in charge then relayed the news to the climber's wife.

Most of the accidents in Chamonix—though certainly not all—can be traced back to sheer folly on the part of the climbers involved. This was brought home to me only too vividly one weekend in August. Because the weather had been dubious, Jaccoux and I had called off a climb of Mont Blanc and decided, instead, to do Mont Blanc du Tacul, a neighboring peak that is readily accessible from the top of the Aiguille du Midi *téléphérique*. In the morning, we took the six-o'clock car to the top, and as we walked across the glacier to the base of the mountain, it became evident that the weather was going to get worse. Still, Jaccoux was convinced that we had enough time for the climb, so we started off. We got to the top just as a kind of light hail or corn snow began falling. "*Grésil*," Jaccoux said, and proposed that we get back down as quickly as possible, because it was now going to snow in earnest. By the time we reached the base of the mountain, our tracks of the morning were hidden under a thick layer of heavy snow. We ourselves were out of danger then, but in the next half hour, as we made our way back across the glacier to the *téléphérique*, we witnessed several acts of almost total brainlessness on the part of climbers in the area. First, we spotted a climber wandering around all by himself on the glacier; Jaccoux hailed him, and we tied him onto our rope. He had been with another party on the Tacul, and halfway up, having got tired, he had decided to stop where he was and wait for his group to pick him up on their way back. This would have been all right, except that when it began to snow, he had started out for the *téléphérique* on his own. Not only was this a foolish thing to do on a heavily crevassed glacier but he had lost his sense of direction, and when we encountered him, he was heading across the Vallée Blanche in the direction of Italy over very dangerous terrain. The three of us had not gone far when we saw two climbers ascending the very difficult and by now extremely slippery rock of the south face of the Aiguille du Midi, despite the obviously deteriorat-

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE . .
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811

CHAMPAGNE
Ch. de Cazanove
BRUT 1955

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Sunset Lodge Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica

Possibly the finest small hotel
in the Caribbean.
Certainly the most gracious.
Only 40 rooms,
each with private terrace
directly facing the sea.
Exacting service
and grand luxe cuisine.
The ultimate in privacy.

For membership and reservations,
see your travel agent or
any Robert F. Warner office.

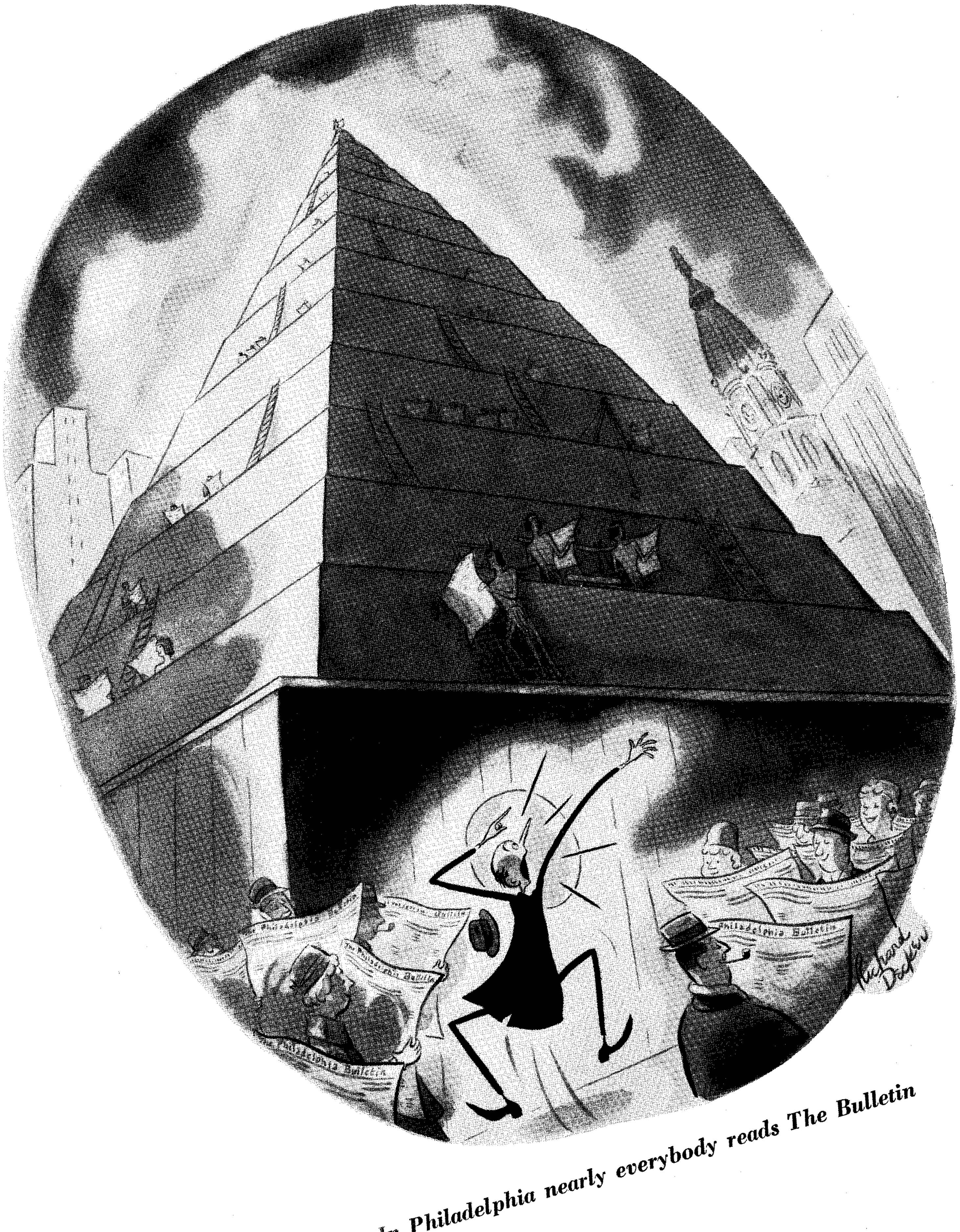
Our Food and
Service couldn't
be improved . . .
So . . .

Rosoff

We Had Our Face Lifted
and Built a New Kitchen
and A New Banquet Room

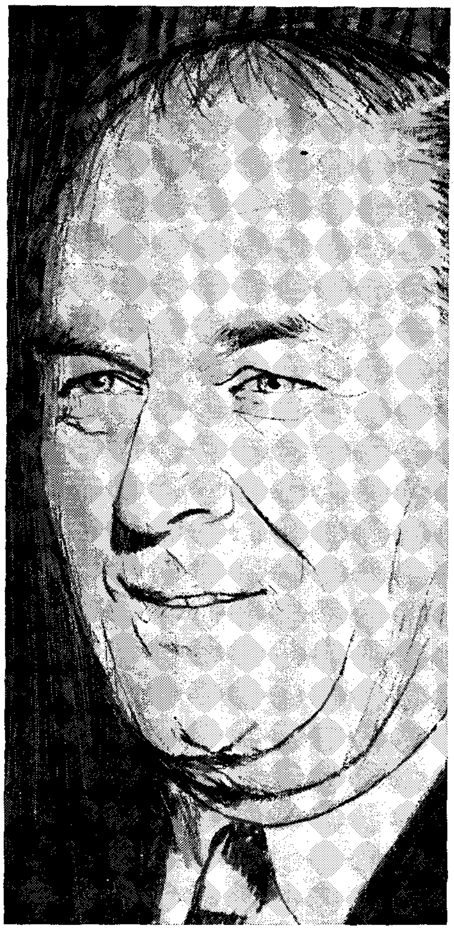
Come see the all NEW Rosoff's
NO INCREASE IN PRICES and as always there's
FREE PARKING for dinner guests
(5:30 P.M. to 6 A.M.)

Rosoff's RESTAURANT JU 2-3200
147 W. 43rd St. N.Y.C.
Times Square Theatre Landmark since 1899


Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Philadelphia Bulletin
Philadelphia Bulletin

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)



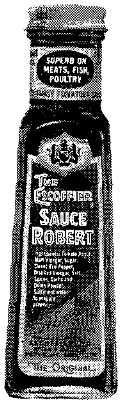
Frederique Borman, *Executive Chef of the New International Hotel in Los Angeles.*

Escoffier® Sauce Robert is the personal choice of the most distinguished chefs

"For a simple, yet delicious fish dish at home, try this: brush seasoned filets of sole or flounder with equal parts of Escoffier Sauce Robert and melted butter. Grill, garnish with lemon and parsley. The superb blending of spices and seasonings in Escoffier Sauce Robert is perfect with the delicate taste of seafood of all kinds. It is truly a superb sauce, and a worthy addition to the finest food."

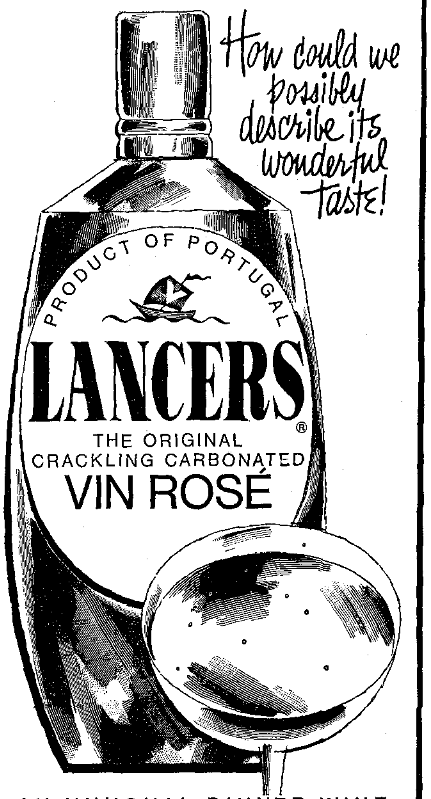
Escoffier Sauce Robert and its companion, Escoffier Sauce Diable, are available at your favorite food stores.

ESCOFFIER, LTD., DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., LONDON, ENGLAND



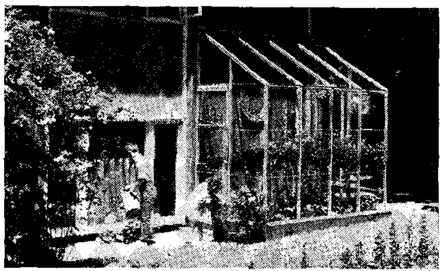
ing weather. When Jaccoux studied them through his field glasses, he discovered that one of them was climbing up La Voie Contamine and the other La Voie Rébuffat, with the rope between them stretched out horizontal and providing no security at all. (Later, another guide told us that one of the men had slipped and swung like a gigantic pendulum on the rope, which had miraculously caught on an outcropping, and that it was only good fortune that had permitted the two of them to get back to the valley.) Then, when we reached the *téléphérique* station, someone shouted to Jaccoux that a group of people without a rope, and without crampons or any other snow or ice equipment, had decided to walk along the ridge that goes from the Aiguille du Midi to the Aiguille du Plan. From this ridge, which is in many places just about wide enough for one foot at a time, there is a drop of several thousand feet on each side. Jaccoux looked at them through his field glasses and, shaking his head in angry disbelief, confirmed the report, but there was nothing he could do to stop them. (We had ourselves been over the ridge a few days before and had passed a *cordée* in which the second man, who was obviously having great difficulty, turned out to be wearing light *après-ski* shoes, with soles like tennis sneakers.) These people, too, were lucky and somehow got back safely, but the P.S.H.M. gets at least two calls a day during the season concerning people who are not lucky.

Jaccoux has complete confidence in himself in the mountains. He told me that he never relies on the rope for security in any passage less than Class V in difficulty; he has an absolute faith that nothing will happen to him. (Michèle told me that he refuses to wear one of the plastic helmets, like a miner's, that are now rather widely favored in Chamonix for warding off falling rocks; if one feels the need to climb in a suit of armor, he says, one might as well not climb at all.) It is a faith that he manages to communicate to his family and, certainly, to his clients. Once, when I said that a climb Jaccoux had proposed might be too difficult for me, he said, simply, "You'll be with me." We did the climb. But it is one thing to act and another to wait, and Michèle and the other wives do not have it easy. During the season, the guides work every day except in bad weather and on August 15th, which is *la fête des guides* in Chamonix—an all-day affair that starts at nine in the morning with the laying of a


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS®
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

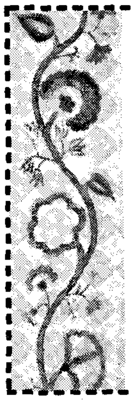
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19



Prefab greenhouses from $275!

Year-round gardening is a hobby without equal . . . for leisure, home beauty, whole-family fun. L&B *free* 56-pg. color catalog showcases dozens of prefab all aluminum models and sizes; tells how to buy a lifetime greenhouse for only $275 delivered . . . install it yourself . . . grow 200 plant varieties anytime. No home improvement priced so low adds so much to resale value. For free catalog complete with pictures, prices, sizes write to:

LORD & BURNHAM
division Burnham Corporation, Dept. 192, Irvington, N. Y.



a house without an **erica wilson** crewel embroidered bell pull is not a home!

Especially when such enchanting crewel embroidered flowers bloom on it! Our Early American bell pull kit complete with 28 skeins of English wool, color and stitch guide, is just one of more than 100 exclusive designs featured in Erica Wilson's colorful, instructive 70-page catalogue. It's yours, free, with order of bell pull. Order CK 1006. $16.70 postpaid. Catalogue only, 25c. Erica Wilson Inc., Box 148, Gracie Station, New York, N. Y. 10028. Dept. NY.

R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, *83,673 tons. A Cunard Queen sails every Wednesday from New York direct to France and then to England.*

Is British service the reason to sail on a giant Cunard Queen?

Well, it's one.

British service, acres of space, gourmet cuisine, a long relaxing weekend—that's the only way to go to Europe. And only Cunard offers all of this.

THERE'S nothing in the world today quite like *British* service. Nothing. Our people know how to be near at hand without *hovering*. They are quick, and good, and they have manners. (And they speak your language.) Anticipating your wants and taking care of them is not a job on the Queens. It is a career.

You'll find everything else up to standard, too. The Queens are big in every way: five blocks long, and very like your favorite city, with cocktail lounges (fine Scotch is 30¢ a drink), night clubs, pools, gyms... almost every diversion you can think of.

About the food: Cunard is what they mean by *international* cuisine. For example, First Class dinner menus give you a choice of over 80 dishes prepared by master chefs. And it's all included in the cost of transportation.

Essentially, you'll find the Queens civilized places where you will have things just the way you like them... plus many brand-new excitements.

Note to Executives:

Business trips on the Queens make sense. Passage always includes a weekend; you are only three days away from business. You land refreshed.

For details, see your travel agent or Cunard. Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.

Lord & Taylor
Sun-up

and it's time to be zipped into this pretty robe by Loungees. Easy-care dacron® polyester-and-cotton in blue, pink or wheat with frosty lace. Sizes 8 to 18, 13.00

Fourth Floor—junior sizes, Sixth Floor, Lord & Taylor and all suburban stores

wreath on a monument in the Chamonix cemetery to the guides who have died while climbing. It is one of the rare times during the year when the whole Syndicat is assembled, and last year's wreath-laying was especially meaningful in view of the accident on the Aiguille Verte. At a few minutes before nine, the guides assembled in the square in front of the cemetery, all dressed in their formal climbing costume of dark brown. (Dufour, whom I spotted in the crowd, said, "*Nous sommes très folkloriques aujourd'hui.*") The cemetery contains the grave of Edward Whymper, who in 1865 became the first man to climb the Matterhorn, along with the graves of many hundreds of other climbers and skiers. Some of the tombstones are in the form of the aiguille on which the climber was killed, and some are adorned with carvings of mountain ropes or axes or skis. The ceremony was brief and poignant, and when it was over, everyone moved along to the monument in the center of town that honors Jacques Balmat, the first man to climb Mont Blanc. Another wreath was laid here, and then the crowd went on to the courtyard in front of the church for the traditional blessing of the guides' ropes and ice axes by M. l'Archiprêtre de Chamonix. The priest gave his blessing and commented on the accident on the Aiguille Verte and on the pleasures and dangers of climbing, and then the crowd went inside for Mass. That afternoon, many of us went to Les Gaillands and paid a small fee to watch the guides give a traditional demonstration of the art of rock climbing. Climbs of every degree of difficulty were done before a crowd of nearly four thousand, and the show ended with a magnificent display of rappelling by a group of about ten guides. The proceeds went to the guides' accident fund, which Barthélemy said is now just big enough to pay a few thousand dollars to the family of any guide who is killed.

THE next morning, the sky was overcast, so Jaccoux proposed a trip down the valley to Argentière to pay a call on the famous retired guide Armand Charlet. Charlet, who comes from a family celebrated in the annals of guiding, is a link between the present generation of guides and the great guides of the nineteenth century. Although he is too young—he was born in 1900—to have known Whymper, he grew up in an atmosphere where Whymper's exploits were household words, and he remembers seeing Whymper's daughter having tea in one

AT NESTOR'S PALACE
10 OF THESE
= 1 WOMAN

A tablet discovered at Nestor's Palace records that one skilled woman slave equalled the worth of 10 oxen....

Sad to say, inflation has brought about a change in values and oxen are now much more expensive. Not to worry though—oxen are no longer acceptable as legal tender—at least for a Swans Hellenic Cruise.

CRUISES VISIT 108 PLACES

Pylos, where the remains of Nestor's Palace can be seen, is one of the 108 places to be visited in Greece, Turkey, North Africa, Middle East and Black Sea on Swans Hellenic Cruises. Four Cruises are in April and May, and three in August and September.

The Cruises are arranged in conjunction with the Hellenic Travellers Club. Each Cruise is of 16 days' duration and is accompanied by five Guest Lecturers. In addition, the four Spring Cruises are accompanied by a Botanist.

Guest Lecturers accompanying Cruises include Sir Maurice Bowra, Prof. E. R. Dodds, Sir Ian Richmond, Prof. W. B. Stanford, Prof. Eric G. Turner, Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Sir John Wolfenden.

For reservations and brochure contact
U.S. Agent: Swans Hellenic Cruises

ESPLANADE TOURS 73 Y Charles St.
Tel: 617, 523-4036 Boston 14, Mass.

Theatre Bound?
Dining at the Chauveron sets the mood for your gala evening!
Your host
ROGER CHAUVERON
Café Chauveron
"The Ultimate in French Cuisine"
FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE
PL 1-6480
139 E. 53 St., N.Y.C.

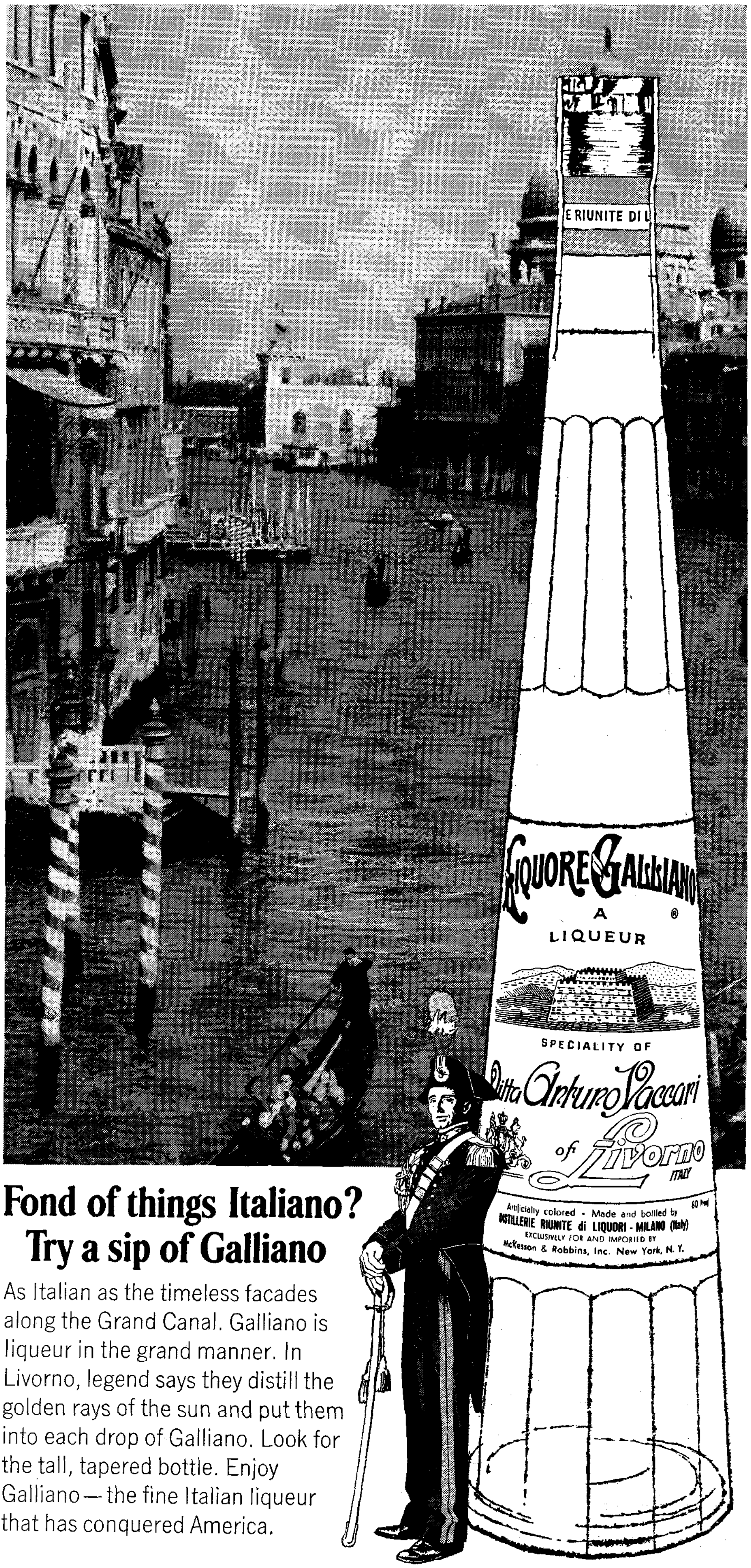
EUROPE BY CAR
PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S) ________
Name ________
Address ________
City ________ State ____ NE-20

of the mountain refuges. His entire life has been spent in the mountains, where, among other achievements, he has made ninety-two ascents of the Aiguille Verte, some of them by new routes. He was an absolute master of technique on ice, and there are many wonderful photographs showing him walking up a vertical ice wall as if it were a sidewalk in Chamonix. He taught at the E.N.S.A. for a while, and in recent years has had the job of inspecting the various mountain refuges around the valley—a job that calls for a good deal of hiking and climbing. Jaccoux and I found him in front of the Argentière guide bureau (the guides of Argentière are nominally part of the Chamonix Syndicat, but they operate autonomously), and I was immediately taken by him. He is a man of immense character, dignity, and intelligence. He was once regarded by his colleagues as something of a loner—"*un fou*," as he put it—because he did not stick to the usual routine of the guides of that time, and he was often accused of monopolizing all the really skilled clients. Actually, Charlet said, it was the other way around—he simply concentrated on developing a client from a beginner to an expert, and as the client got better, he was naturally able to go on more difficult and, from the guide's point of view, more profitable climbs. In Charlet's heyday, climbing without a guide was a rarity, while now it is commonplace. People then took guides even on the simplest walks, which meant that a guide could earn a living without having any real mountaineering skill. Today, things have changed. The simpler climbs are usually done without guides, and an experienced climber who takes a guide does so, as one of them told me, only for "*une très grande course.*" Chamonix guides are frequently hired for climbs elsewhere in Europe, and many Swiss and Italian guides bring clients into the valley; the circle of crack climbing guides is fairly small, and they all tend to know one another. Jaccoux feels that the guides are now by all odds the best climbers in Europe, which was not always the case.

Charlet invited us to his house for a drink. He lives in a chalet that dates back to the eighteenth century and is filled with climbing mementos. After looking at a photograph of him doing an ice climb, I asked him whether he had some secret technique, and he told me that it was all in his ankles, which were exceptionally strong. And indeed they were; in the photograph his feet were bent up to form an almost impos-


E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR ®
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored • Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - MILANO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N. Y.
80 Proof

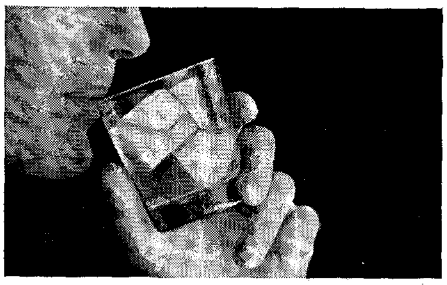
Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano

As Italian as the timeless facades along the Grand Canal. Galliano is liqueur in the grand manner. In Livorno, legend says they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Look for the tall, tapered bottle. Enjoy Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK&R, 1965

80 PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR

The whole world loves it after dinner.



Intriguing on the rocks...

...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur... for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner... the key to classic cocktails... always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

80 PROOF. PRODUCED AND BOTTLED
BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

sible angle with his legs. As we were leaving, Jaccoux asked Charlet for a suggestion as to what we might do in such weather, and Charlet suggested some ice training at the Glacier des Bossons.

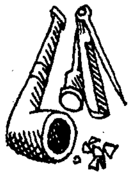
Ice is a medium completely different from rock. It is, in my opinion, a hostile world. Ice climbing is largely a matter of balance and footwork, and the main weapons are crampons—metal claws that fit over regular climbing boots—and an ice axe. The axe is helpful in maintaining one's balance, and it is also used for chopping out steps, if necessary; the object is to cut as few steps as possible, since this is an extremely tiring business, and also very slow. Then the climber must learn the technique of *cramponnage*—walking with crampons. The entire trick consists of keeping one's foot parallel to the ice face, with all the points of the crampons dug in; obviously, the steeper the ice the more one has to bend one's ankles, so when Charlet said that his secret was strong ankles he was being completely accurate. My own ankles are nothing special, and I found learning to use crampons extremely painful. The Glacier des Bossons, a steep, highly crevassed glacier that comes down almost into the valley, is an ideal place to practice ice climbing, since it offers passages that are quite difficult but not too long. We spent a couple of hours fighting our way up the glacier while Jaccoux told me, in very precise terms, what he thought of my inability to hang on. Though I didn't know it, the entire epic struggle was witnessed from below by a large group of tourists, and when we were coming down, I heard someone say, "One of them looked as if he knew what he was doing, and the other didn't."

By the end of the season, Jaccoux and I had climbed sample aiguilles all over the valley, and I felt I had begun to get the hang and the flavor of the thing. Some of our climbs involved spending the night in one of the mountain refuges, which range from near-hotels that serve four-course meals and can accommodate two hundred climbers to small huts that can shelter only a few climbers at a time. In the larger ones, the ambience is immensely cheerful and the views are magnificent. Many can be reached by trails, and often entire families with children come up to spend the night just to see the sun rise. There is a great deal of chatter, wine drinking, and mild horseplay. At sundown, however, everyone turns in, because the climbs from the refuges

BOND STREET
The Pipe Tobacco that stays lit!

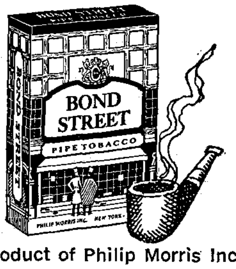
Bond Street keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll like its aroma of fine domestic and imported tobaccos, too.

How to scrape your pipe



Carefully. Use a reamer and scrape so you cut only the carbon, not the briar. One way to stop superficial caking from forming is to scrape the bowl several times a week.

A dog needs a boy, a boy needs his father, and his father his pipe.


BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
PHILIP MORRIS INC. NEW YORK

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

RIO ■ TOKYO ■ HOLY-LAND ■ U.S.A. ■ ROMA ■ BOMBAY ■ EGYPT ■ TAHITI ■ PARIS ■ HONG KONG ■ ACAPULCO ■ COPENHAGEN ■

SENT ON APPROVAL

35mm—Round out your coverage with 9500 Hi-Fi color slides from 96 countries—all as beautiful as your own best originals. Name it, we have it—Europe, restricted interiors—Holy land narrations based on Biblical archaeology—*Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East!* Send only $1.00 (deductible from 1st order) for *the big 98 page, 9th edition* Wolfe Catalog of Hi-Fi slides in true living color with lecture helps. For 14 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good!

WOLFE WORLDWIDE FILMS
Dept. 935, Los Angeles, 90025

"Let's go to Reuben's"

A meeting, greeting and eating landmark for celebrities since 1918.

PL 9-5650
6 E. 58 St.

"We ship Cheese Cakes all over the World"

Catering at moderate rates.

usually begin very early—at one or two o'clock in the morning. Climbers of all ages and sexes sleep jumbled up in big dormitory-like rooms, but usually everybody is so exhausted that wakefulness is no problem.

One day at the very end of the summer, Michèle telephoned me to say that Jaccoux had a sore throat and would probably be out of action for a few days. I asked her how he had got it, and she told me a remarkable and disturbing tale. Jaccoux had been hired by the French Alpine Club to help a group of its members make repairs on the Vallot hut, which is near the top of Mont Blanc. The work party was to be flown up by commercial plane and landed on a snow plateau near the hut. (Touring the aiguilles in light planes is now something of a fad in Chamonix. I was told of a climber who, during an attempt on Mont Blanc, was overcome near the Vallot by altitude sickness. He was so determined to complete the climb, however, that he later hired a plane to fly him and a guide back to the Vallot, from which they finished the ascent. Afterward, they were chauffeured back to the valley.) Jaccoux took the job because he was curious about the flight. The whole operation was supposed to last only a couple of hours, but the work took longer than expected, and when it came time to go down, the pilot refused to make more than one trip. This meant leaving some of the club members at the Vallot hut, and since Jaccoux felt that he could not safely do this, he took them to the next refuge below. Here they could have spent the night comfortably, but Jaccoux had an important appointment in Chamonix, and it looked as if he were going to miss it. Finally, he decided to go back down to Chamonix at once, rather than spend the night in the refuge. He told the Alpine Club people that he would look after them on the way down if they wanted to come, but that he could not be responsible for them, since they were too many for one guide to handle legally. They decided to come with him anyway. Then, on the way down, they were caught in a small avalanche. Only some very fast maneuvering by Jaccoux saved them from being swept away, and he arrived back in Chamonix tired and suffering a bit from exposure. His sore throat was the result.

ON my final day in Chamonix, Jaccoux invited me to a monumental community lunch. (I brought

'BOTANY' 500® TAPERED-TRIM DESIGN

in Natural Gentleman Sport Coats and Slacks

The slimmer, trimmer look . . . soft tailoring, natural shoulders and pleatless trousers are here for you in these sport coats and slacks. Tailored with the Daroff Personal Touch. Custom-selected fabrics include DAROLITE (Dacron® polyester Worsted) and other fine fabrics. Tapered-Trim for the slim look. America's greatest quality-values: Sport Coats $39.50 up; Slacks $16.95 up. **Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.**

'BOTANY' 500® *Tailored by DAROFF of Philadelphia*
(The Cradle of Freedom in Men's Wear)

For free booklet, "Secrets of Tapered-Trim" and name of nearby clothier write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Prices slightly higher in West.

Dress by Kimberly/Handbag by Tano/Woman's shoes by Fiorentina

Beauty and the Best

It's no fairy tale. It's a fact that if you want the valuable shade trees on your property to thrive, somebody has to take care of them. Somebody we recommend is Davey. Our experts should give your trees a safe-spray application. Now, before leaves unfold. We can spray your tallest trees completely, economically, professionally. Trees are an investment in *living* green stuff. Protect your investment.

Take a slow walk Want to have a rich carpet of thick green lawn underneath your shade trees? Just let a Davey expert take a slow walk over the area, applying Davey-Green Lawn Food, specially formulated at the famous Davey Technical Service Center.

Shapely For the thickest, greenest foliage possible, Davey deep-root feeding gets its goodness way down to the roots, where your trees can use it fast, efficiently. And wait till you've seen the difference in just one of your favorite trees after a Davey pruning! It's so shapely, so clean looking. Now's the time to do it—while broken, winter-weakened limbs are clearly visible.

DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO.

Call
DAVEY TREE SERVICE
or write
THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO.
Kent 6, Ohio

The Oldest and Largest Tree Saving Service in the World

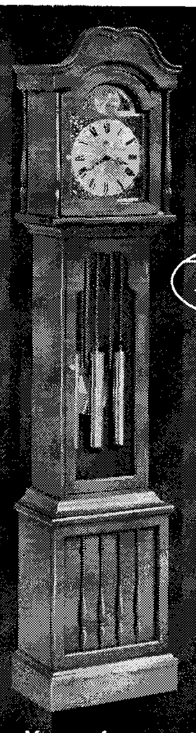
seventeen pastries.) The season was nearly over. Snow had already covered the tops of the aiguilles, and they sparkled in the special clear light of early autumn. Bernezat and his wife were together for almost the first time since his illness. Guides and their wives and girl friends were dropping in all afternoon. It was a happy and sentimental time for everybody, and a few days later, when I was back in Geneva, I phoned the Guide Bureau to thank Jaccoux for everything. When he got on the phone, he sounded exhausted. He said he had just come back from a rescue mission, but he didn't seem to want to talk about it, so after sending my love to Michèle and Claire, I said goodbye. That afternoon, *Le Dauphiné-Libéré*, a newspaper that covers Savoie, carried a short paragraph:

> The rescuers who on Thursday, at the end of the afternoon, went in search of Claude Aker, who fell on the eastern spur of Mont Maudit, had a moment of great suspense. In order to speed their ascent, the guides Martinetti and Claude Jaccoux took an ice *couloir* almost parallel to the rock *couloir* where the accident occurred. Suddenly there was an avalanche of giant ice blocks that passed very close, but fortunately it did not hit the members of the rescue team. They went on to discover the body of Claude Aker about five hundred metres above the glacier. On Friday morning, two helicopter flights were made to bring the guides, together with the body of the victim, back to Chamonix. At eleven o'clock, the operation was completed.

A rescue like this—though this one was perhaps more dangerous than most—is part of a guide's life. Jaccoux, like most guides, does not covet danger simply for the sake of danger, although the alternation of hope and fear, the difficulties of climbing, the awareness of the beauty of the mountains, and the satisfaction that comes from teaching other people to do something that one loves to do oneself make him determined to spend his life as a guide. Guides are not supermen. They work hard for a living and are subject to the same human weaknesses as anyone else, but the very nature of their craft—its closeness to danger and, often, death, and the enormous responsibilities involved—gives them a strength and dignity. One evening when Barthélémy and I were watching the Syndicat assemble for the *tour de rôle*, he said to me, half in jest and half in earnest, "*Ces types-là, ils sont des purs.*"

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)



CLOCKS BY
Ridgeway

Give a Gift of Time

Yours for gracious giving—elegance that adds drama to the decor, chimes as warm and friendly as a fireside, accuracy for today's moment and tomorrow's years.

Send 25¢ for colorful brochure and other material.
Ridgeway/Division of
Gravely Furniture Co., Inc.
Dept. NYD, Martinsville, Va.

BUYING A
HOME
Another city?
Can't spare looking time?
Describe what you want.
Homerica will find it.
No charge to you.

HOMERICA INC

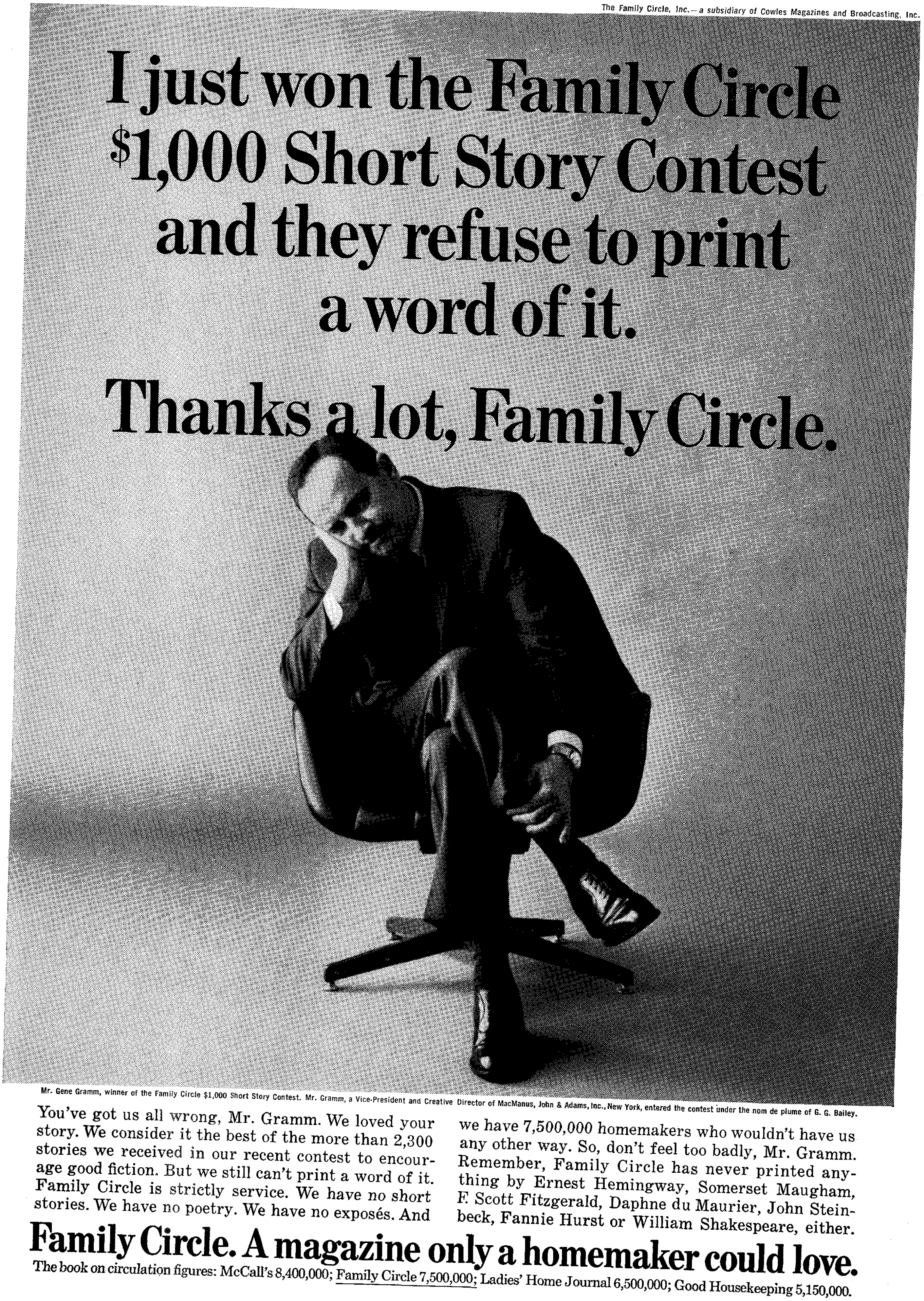
New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111

Yacht haven
ROBERT F. REY, MGR.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

Miramar
MICHAEL HIGGINS, MGR. Barbados, W.I.

OWNER-OPERATED & REPRESENTED BY
I. OLIVER ENGEBRETSON, INC.
See your travel agent or call TN 7-0720

HOME & OFFICE ~ STORAGE ~ CRATING
WAREHOUSES
THE PADDED WAGON INC.
AL 5-8343
692 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
MOVING VANS
anywhere in the WORLD


The Family Circle, Inc.—a subsidiary of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.
I just won the Family Circle $1,000 Short Story Contest and they refuse to print a word of it.
Thanks a lot, Family Circle.

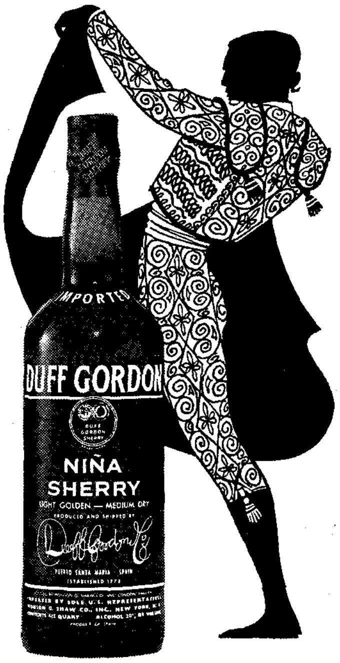
Mr. Gene Gramm, winner of the Family Circle $1,000 Short Story Contest. Mr. Gramm, a Vice-President and Creative Director of MacManus, John & Adams, Inc., New York, entered the contest under the nom de plume of G. G. Bailey.

You've got us all wrong, Mr. Gramm. We loved your story. We consider it the best of the more than 2,300 stories we received in our recent contest to encourage good fiction. But we still can't print a word of it. Family Circle is strictly service. We have no short stories. We have no poetry. We have no exposés. And we have 7,500,000 homemakers who wouldn't have us any other way. So, don't feel too badly, Mr. Gramm. Remember, Family Circle has never printed anything by Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Daphne du Maurier, John Steinbeck, Fannie Hurst or William Shakespeare, either.

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.

The book on circulation figures: McCall's 8,400,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,150,000.

DUFF GORDON SPANISH SHERRY



EST. 1768

If it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry... if it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best!

Imported, of course!

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Iron Horses

BEING nothing if not conscientious, I took care to attend "The Train" in the company of Mr. Ernest M. Frimbo, one of the world's leading railroad authorities. Mr. Frimbo, a lexicographer whose lifelong passion for trains has been dealt with more than once in the Talk of the Town department of this magazine, spends most of his spare time on the rails, often clicking off seventy or eighty thousand miles of travel in a single year. Having ridden over every foot of passenger trackage in the United States, Mr. Frimbo some time ago began to pursue his hobby abroad, and he particularly enjoys hopping over to Ireland for a long weekend's browse among that country's hither-and-thithering little railway lines. (Thanks to the saint whom we honor this week, there are no snakes in Ireland, but there are rail lines that wind like snakes, and trains move on them at so cautious a speed that it requires a long weekend to cover even a comparatively short distance between two points, or pints, as the word is pronounced over there.) Mr. Frimbo was beside himself with pleasure at "The Train," and so was I, though our reasons for being pleased were very different. Knowing scarcely more about trains than how to get on and off them, I was satisfied to enjoy the movie as a model thriller, filled with marvellous feats of derring-do and boasting excellent performances by Burt Lancaster, in the role of a gallant and gloriously acrobatic French railroad man, and Paul Scofield, in the role of a sinister and aloof Nazi officer. Mr. Frimbo, on the other hand, enjoyed the movie as a sort of celebration of the locomotive way of life; not since Buster Keaton's perfect comedy "The General" has the camera surrendered itself more eagerly to the steamy, sooty, black-and-silver, hissing-and-hooting world of rolling stock, signal towers, yards, shops, cranes, tunnels, bridges, and track. Normally rather taciturn, Mr. Frimbo was downright effusive in his praise of the movie's director, John Frankenheimer. "That young man knows a subject when he sees one," he said. "Young as he is, he has the proper respect for trains. This is the

TRIC-TRAC

Louis XVI Games Table
From Our Collection of Unusual Furniture
For Your Leisure Hours

Elegant Tric-Trac table that warmly accents any room in your home . . . whether it's English, French or any decor. Meticulously crafted in mellow, antiqued brown mahogany (acajou), with the look of an inherited antique. Made with 2 candle slides and 4 drawers. Reversible top . . . inlaid with rosewood and satinwood for chess on one side . . . and green felt for cards or writing on the other. Table well contains inlaid backgammon surface. A perfect table for bridge. Measures 27" x 37". $395

Mail orders shipped F.O.B. New York City. Add $15 crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

A visit to Lloyds is an exciting adventure in shopping. Here, in the best "first stop" in town, you'll find an extensive and unusual collection of antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and fine estate pieces. Browse to your heart's content with your own good taste to guide you. You'll be delighted.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
ENZO STUARTI

RIP TAYLOR
COPACABANA
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

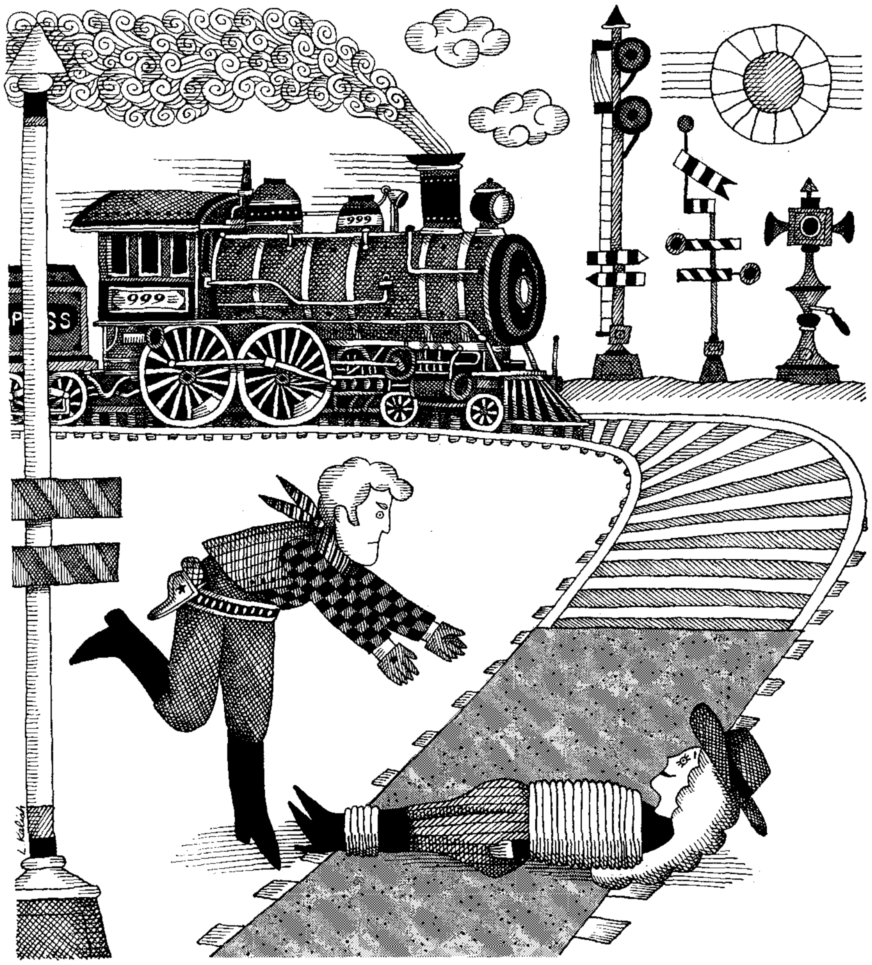
our signature is in every seam
unmistakably® Frank Gallant

L'Armorique
"A bit of Brittany in New York—French Food at its finest." Charming atmosphere. Your host: Marcel, formerly head chef at the Chambord for 10 years. Open 6-11 PM. Sun. from 5:30 PM. Closed Mon. Credit Cards Honored
2nd AVENUE, CORNER 54th ST. • PL 3-3787

only railroad picture I've ever seen that wasn't spoiled with silly technical errors. Oh, the sound track occasionally indicates a train speed somewhat in excess of the speed actually depicted, but otherwise I would pronounce this an ideal picture for every member of the family."

The plot of "The Train" is splendidly bold and simple. The time is August, 1944, and the Nazis are losing Paris; a certain Colonel Von Waldheim has an eye for paintings and an acute sense of their monetary value, and he has it in mind to carry a trainload of the finest pictures in Paris off to Germany before the Allies arrive. The French Resistance has it in mind to prevent him from doing so. The struggle that ensues is a desperate one, and to its many visual excitements—among other shockers, an entire munitions train is blown up before our incredulous gaze, and when a couple of locomotives smash head on into each other, it's plain that they're not cleverly disguised Lionels—is added the emotional interest of the fact that Lancaster is a most unwilling hero; he doesn't believe in sacrificing a number of human lives for no matter how precious a treasure in art, yet circumstances again and again drive him into acting against his own convictions. The picture ends on a note of deliberate bleakness. It is made bearable in the context of a thriller largely because of Lancaster's exceptional physical presence, which dominates not only the superb machinery he moves against and manipulates but also the existential desolation of the last scene. He is a contemporary Sisyphus, but he is not resigned, and in a contest between him and any boulder we are encouraged to suspect that it is the boulder that would crumble first.

JEANNE MOREAU is almost as universally on display in movies these days as Peter Sellers used to be. She goes to waste in a small part in "The Train," playing a sullen hotel proprietress in a French village, and goes much more strikingly to waste in Luis Buñuel's "Diary of a Chambermaid," where her part is big but empty and totally unsuited to her. Miss Moreau has become too famous a personality in her own right to be able to keep her and our consciousness of that personality from altering the nature of any part she plays; by now we can no more accept her as a lady's maid than we could have accepted Humphrey Bogart as a butler or Gary Cooper as a small-time crook. It's by no means a disadvantage in



Pearl Pureheart would've if she could've carpeted the railroad track with Carpet by Magee

Because Magee is fashion. And fashion is practically a matter of life and death to a woman. Any woman.

Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

choice

When Smith, Barney & Co. works with corporate clients in planning a new issue of securities, we are often faced with alternatives much more complex than Portia's caskets of gold, lead, and silver in *The Merchant of Venice.* We try to choose, like Bassanio, "not by the view" alone.

As an underwriter, we consider not only our clients' immediate needs . . . we also develop plans tying in current requirements with future capital demands. We frequently find that close examination of long-term financial requirements reveals important considerations not ordinarily anticipated. And we also take account of the needs of those who will buy the new securities . . . as well as of those who issue them.

It's that sort of careful, all-around planning that has enabled us to "chance as fair and choose as true" as we have, in our more than ninety years of experience—and that has made our services especially valuable to our clients.

If your company is thinking of a new offering of securities . . . it could be useful to you to talk it over with us first. You might find us the right choice for you.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading Exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia · Chicago
Boston · San Francisco
Albany · Allentown · Cleveland · Dallas
Hartford · Milwaukee · Minneapolis

movies to be a personality first and an actor second, but the failure of "Diary of a Chambermaid" is linked not with the personality of its star but with that of the director. At once invisible and conspicuous, Mr. Buñuel pours the preoccupations of a lifetime into a story that is often altogether at odds with them, and the result is a jumble of cranky false starts and anticlimaxes. When Buñuel finds an appropriate vessel for his feelings, as he did in "Viridiana," a grandly weird masterpiece, joyous and tragic, emerges; when the vessel merely happens to be at hand or has been pressed upon him, the results are apt to be inadvertently comic.

ROCK HUDSON and Gina Lollobrigida are the stars of "Strange Bedfellows," a movie produced, directed, and in part written by Melvin Frank, who is apparently convinced, against the evidence of centuries, that industry can produce wit. One's heart sinks to watch him stalk with eager obtuseness the long-dead ghosts of other men's gags and never catch up with them, much less bring them back to life. Mr. Hudson and Miss Lollobrigida, being neither personalities first nor actors second but—a poor third—diligent performers with pleasant faces, are unable to conceal the number and size of Mr. Frank's mistakes. Politics makes strange bedfellows, but politics didn't make "Strange Bedfellows." It took the perennial would-be suicide, Hollywood, to do that.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THE EVANGELICAL LIFE

[*From the Tucson Daily Citizen*]

Trading stamps will be an attendance prize next Thursday during the fourth annual City Wide Evangelistic Crusade, sponsored by 19 Conservative Baptist Churches of Tucson, at Tucson High School Stadium. The Crusade begins tomorrow. . . .

The Crusade will be held at 7:30 P.M. daily from tomorrow through next Sunday. There will be attendance contests each night. On Thursday, Ladies Night, each woman will receive 50 Frontier Stamps if accompanied by her husband and 25 stamps for each guest not a member of her church.

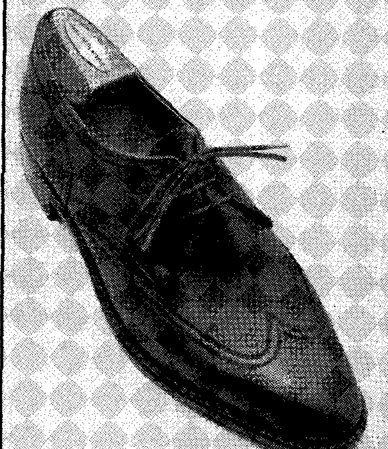
•

Because of the many requests for tea, by employees on the Fourth Floor, the Food Services Board has made a temporary change in the Coffee Vending Machine on the Fourth Floor. On a trial basis—for one month—the Fourth Floor Coffee Machine will dispense TEA instead of CHICKEN SOUP.—*Bulletin issued at the Cleveland Navy Finance Center.*

Well, it's a nice deception play.

OUR EXCLUSIVE IMPORT OF SELECTED CALFSKIN, $36

Our handsome three-eyelet blucher with plain wing tip—superbly crafted in black or dark antiqued brown calf. 6-13 sizes. Men's Shoes.



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

VIC DAMONE
is the swinger in the
PERSIAN ROOM
March 10 - April 6
Performances at
9:15 & Midnight
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

STRAPARAMA®

A fine watch deserves a fine watchstrap—an inexpensive watch needs one. 25 thousand classic watchstraps of precious supple leathers. Exclusively ours, made in Switzerland. All sizes, all colors, for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.50 to $15.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

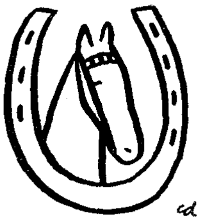
Pine Tree Point Club, 1000 Islands

Delightful luxury vacation accommodations in a picturesque setting overlooking the majestic St. Lawrence. Carefree and informal yet dignified, club-like atmosphere. Heated pool. Choice of four golf courses, tennis, sight seeing by boat, famed 1000 Islands fishing. Dock facilities. Dancing and entertainment evenings. Gracious service. Sumptuous meals include Starlite Buffets. May to Mid-October. Write for Color Folders.

A. C. Thomson, Prop., Box 62, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

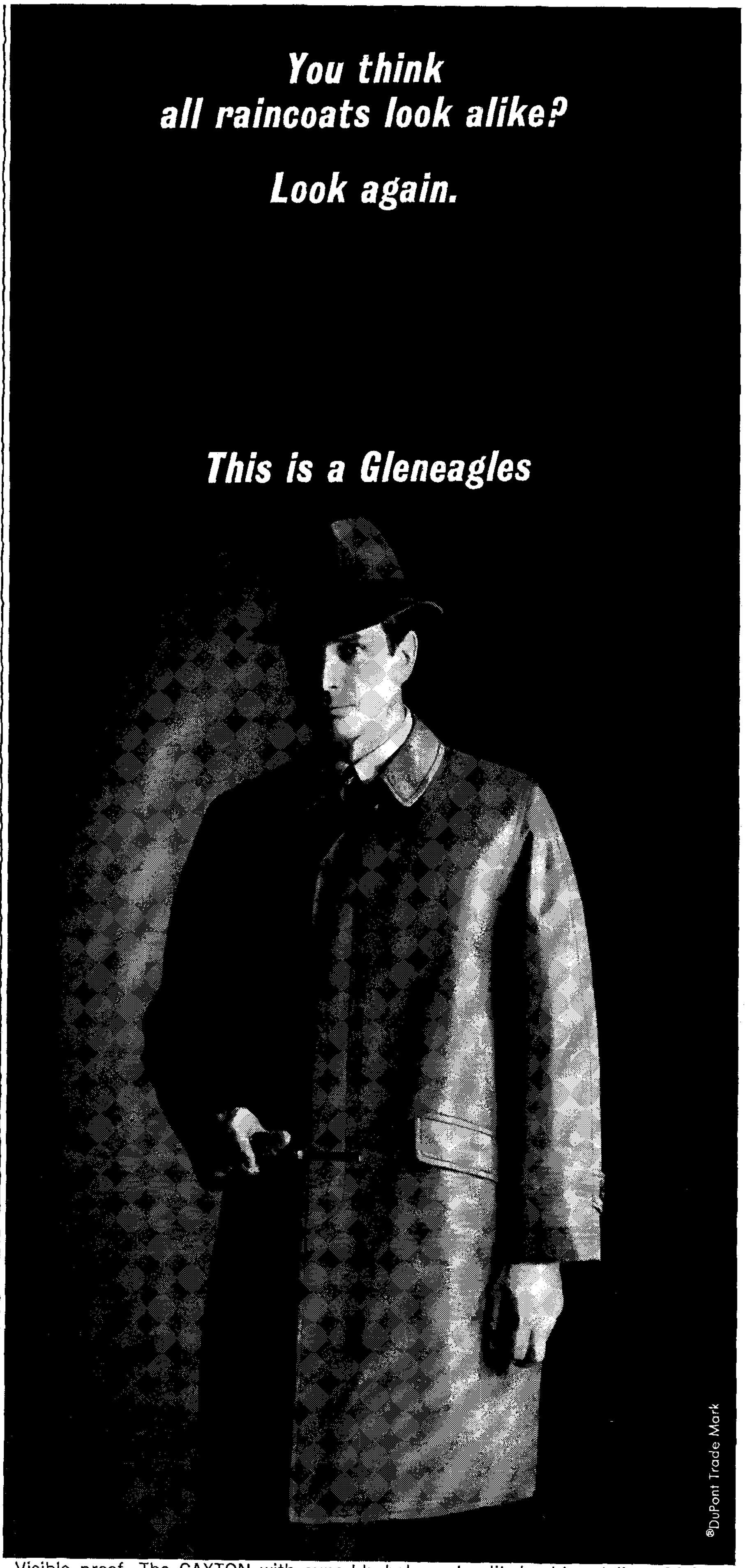
THE RACE TRACK

Bold Lad Plain

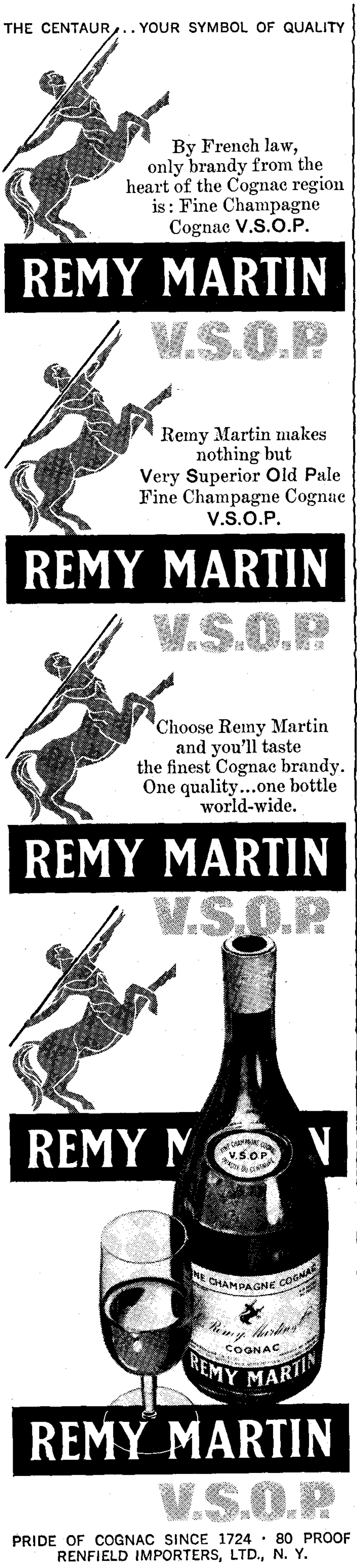


ONE morning last week, I had a long look at Bold Lad, who has been out of action with splint trouble, and I'm very much pleased to report that if he preserves his present well-being he'll run for the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct a week from next Saturday. He had done an easy gallop of two and a half miles shortly before I arrived at Belmont Park to see him, and was being cooled out. So, along with Bill Winfrey, his trainer, who is one of the most exacting taskmasters in the business, I watched him as he was led round and round in the Wheatley Stable's enclosed barn for nearly half an hour, and he didn't take a wrong step. Later, when his bandages were changed, I had a closeup of both his splints. (As you've probably heard, a fortnight ago, while recovering from the one on his right foreleg, he popped one on his left. "Just to balance things up," Winfrey said.) The splint on the left leg is smaller than the other one, and since it isn't near the knee and is not apt to cause lameness, it has not been fired—merely treated with external applications. A lighthearted, easygoing horse, Bold Lad has a little trick of balancing on two feet while his splints are being attended to; when the right foreleg is being bandaged, he raises the left hind foot several inches off the ground, and when anything is being done to the left foreleg, he draws up his right hind foot. If there is a handsomer three-year-old, or one with more quality, I want to see him. Besides having grown and filled out, Bold Lad looks as fit and ready for racing as hands can make him. He should be; he hasn't been out of training since he won the Champagne Stakes last autumn. Any day now, he will have a good gallop, and if he comes out of it satisfactorily he will go for the Gotham Stakes. Baeza will ride him. Back in 1953, Winfrey saddled Native Dancer for this race, the colt's first as a three-year-old, and he won it. This department would like to see history repeat itself.

HIRSCH JACOBS is quite frank about his liking for Bowie. It's because he usually makes a good score there



Visible proof: The CAXTON with superbly balanced split-shoulder styling. Of 80% DACRON® polyester 20% cotton. Wash 'n wear. And the buttons will never fall off. About $40 at well-informed stores: write Gleneagles, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C. Protected against rain and stain with DuPont ZEPEL® fabric fluoridizer.



THE CENTAUR . . . YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

By French law,
only brandy from the
heart of the Cognac region
is: Fine Champagne
Cognac V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

Remy Martin makes
nothing but
Very Superior Old Pale
Fine Champagne Cognac
V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

Choose Remy Martin
and you'll taste
the finest Cognac brandy.
One quality...one bottle
world-wide.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

REMY MARTIN

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

PRIDE OF COGNAC SINCE 1724 · 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

when he stops off on his way home from the winter meetings. He did it again last Saturday, this time with Isle of Greece, who had been running at Santa Anita. The gray colt (he's by Porterhouse out of Lysistrata), who was second in the Santa Catalina, the San Vicente, and the San Miguel, and third in the San Felipe Stakes, took the Governor's Gold Cup by four lengths—a lot more easily than Bonjour won the race for Jacobs two years ago. Hi-Hasty and Golden Joey, just up from Florida, were second and third. Bosun, who I thought would win, turned in such a dull effort that I'm afraid he simply won't do. I was sorry to hear that Tom Rolfe, who had won so smartly earlier in the week, was scratched because he developed a slight fever the morning of the race. Let's hope it's nothing serious, for he is one of the promising three-year-olds.

JUST about the only thing to tell you about the Donn Handicap at Gulfstream Park on Saturday, if you didn't see it on TV, is that Gun Bow led easily from beginning to end of the mile and a furlong. Temper was second and Lt. Stevens third. Candy Spots flabbergasted me. Never far behind Gun Bow for nearly a mile, he faded right out of the picture, finishing fifth. Gun Bow was ridden by Blum, who handled him most of last season. When that young man, a Brooklyn lad who has been the leading jockey for two seasons, came out of a spill at Santa Anita in January with a fractured vertebra and two cracked ribs, it was thought that he wouldn't be in the saddle for six months, but he appears to be as good as he ever was.

THOUGH Hill Rise won the Santa Anita Handicap by open daylight, I doubted whether he could bring off a victory in the San Juan Capistrano, at a mile and three-quarters, over California's famous turf course. The distance was half a mile farther than he had ever raced before, and he'd never run on the grass. Well, he made a good try, finishing third to George Royal and Duel. George Royal was better than 5–1, despite the fact that he had been running strongest in the shorter San Antonio and Santa Anita Handicaps, but then racegoers have short memories.

BY the way, what do you like for the Paumonok at Aqueduct this weekend?
—AUDAX MINOR

"A BROADWAY HIT!"—Life Magazine

SAMMY DAVIS IN
GOLDEN BOY
"AMERICAN POPULAR MUSICAL THEATRE AT ITS BEST."—Taubman, Times
ORDER NOW—AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT
PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.90; Mezz. $8.60; Balc. $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $6.25; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, suggest several alternate dates.
MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44 St., N.Y.C. Cir 6-0730

"ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATRE"
—John Chapman, N.Y. News

Zero Mostel
IN
Fiddler on the Roof
a new Hit musical
IMPERIAL THEATRE
249 W. 45 Street, New York 10036

"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!"
—Time Magazine
BARBARA COOK DON PORTER in
The New Smash Comedy Hit
ANY WEDNESDAY
with ROSEMARY MURPHY
KENNETH MARS
PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00.
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636

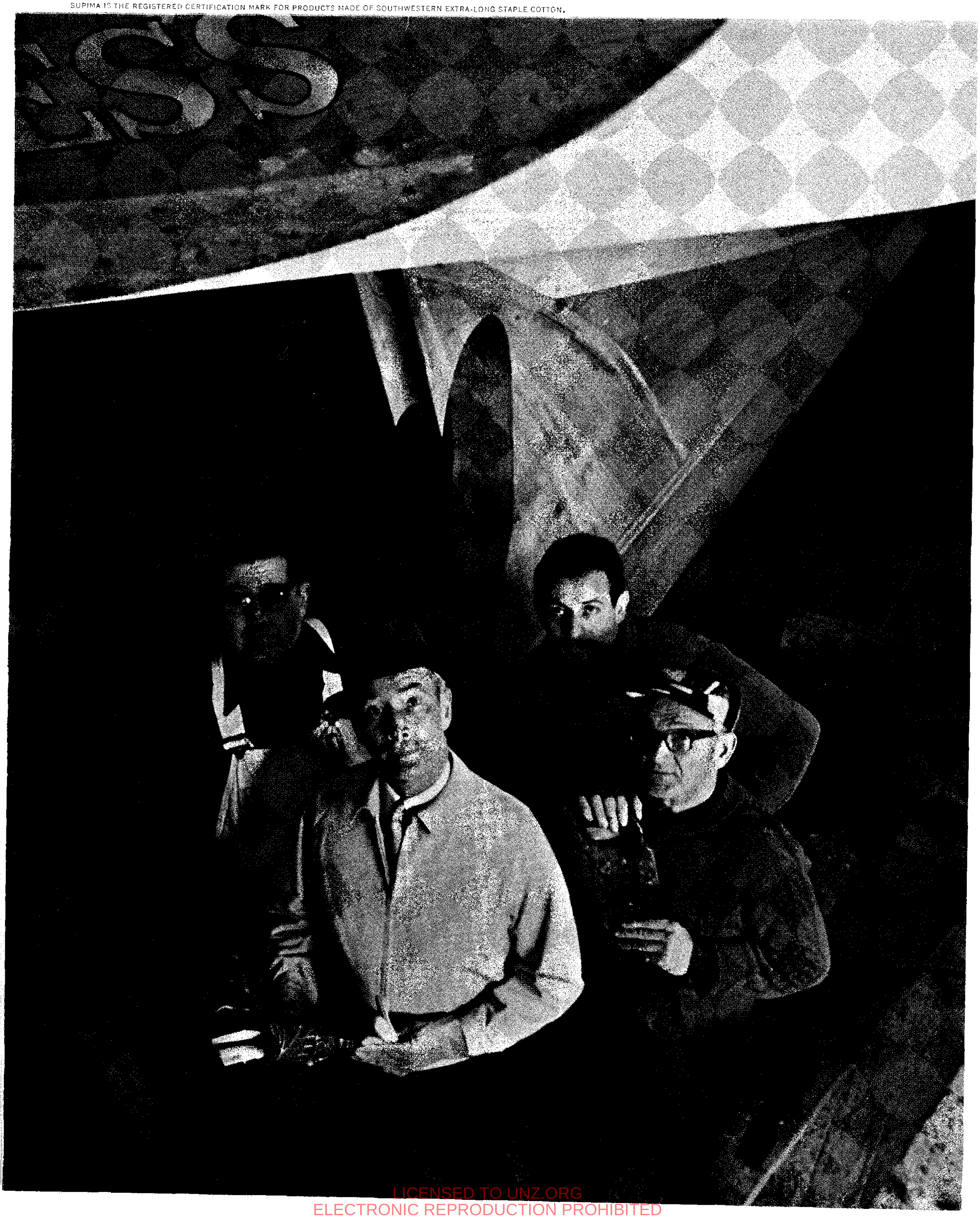
NATIONAL COMPANY ON TOUR
Now thru MAR. 27-SHUBERT THEATER, CINCINNATI

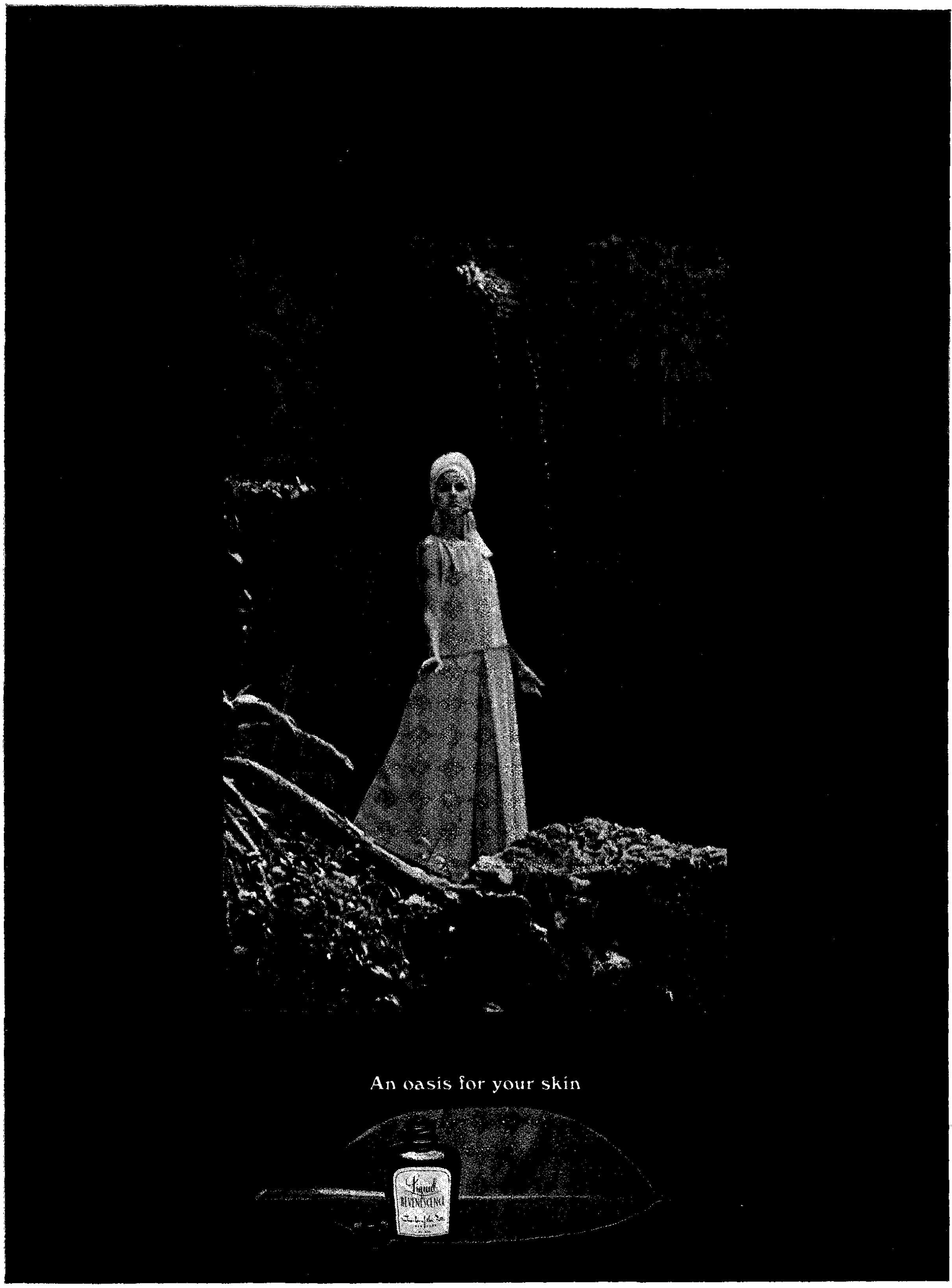
Mr. Monk, "The Empress" and SuPima®

WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

They've much in common, Mr. Monk's new sloop and Mr. Monk's new jacket. Beautifully crafted, both are snug, trim, sleek and stand up valiantly to a stiff breeze. **Zero King** calls the jacket "Extra-Dry" which it is. Managed to make it so light and weather tight by tailoring it in a SuPima fabric woven of superior pima cotton grown exclusively in our great Southwest. Because this soft, silky cotton is so fine, it can be woven more closely, making the jacket unusually wind-resistant for its weight. Mr. Monk says: when there's a chill in the air, this is what to wear. Look for it at better stores throughout the country that make a point of always selling quality. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y.

SUPIMA IS THE REGISTERED CERTIFICATION MARK FOR PRODUCTS MADE OF SOUTHWESTERN EXTRA-LONG STAPLE COTTON.




An oasis for your skin
Liquid
REVENESCENCE

Pour this picture into a little black bottle and call it Revenescence. Pour it in your hand and you hold the secret of the eternally green rain forest—moisture. Put it on your skin under your makeup and you wear a sheer, clear, luxuriant protection between your complexion and your everyday Sahara. 6.00 to 17.50 plus tax.

Charles of the Ritz

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

FROM London, Paris, and Madrid come some of the clothes on Bergdorf Goodman's fifth (or Miss Bergdorf) floor—clothes intended for young women who get about, possibly to London, Paris, and Madrid. Things like double-breasted coats of celery tweed, shirred and gently bloused down to the dropped waists in back, just above their half belts. Strands of green leather tie them on the stomach. Or things like double-breasted suits of wool in a giant olive-and-white hound's-tooth check, these with a natural waist, shirring across the back, and narrow sashes of charcoal leather. They are $160. Take heart! A mere $55 acquires a single-breasted suit of nubbly silk-and-cotton in a broken navy-and-white check plus a touch of royal blue. A small notched collar, sloping shoulders, and curtailed sleeves distinguish the jacket; inverted pleats big enough to be panels go from the waist to the hem of the skirt. Linen that looks like wool serves for one-piece sleeveless dresses good at any time of year. Large broken checks in navy, beige, and white roam the linen, and belts of navy leather are slung around the hips. For cocktails, dinner, and later hither-thither-and-yon, there are sheaths of a black rayon that looks like hopsacking. Braided strips of it surround the collarless throats and make pigtails at the Empire waists. Oh, and there are two-piece for-afternoon-and-later frocks of grass-green fibranne, an ersatz linen, in a print of apple blossoms. These have long double-breasted tailored tops, no sleeves, and flippant bias skirts.

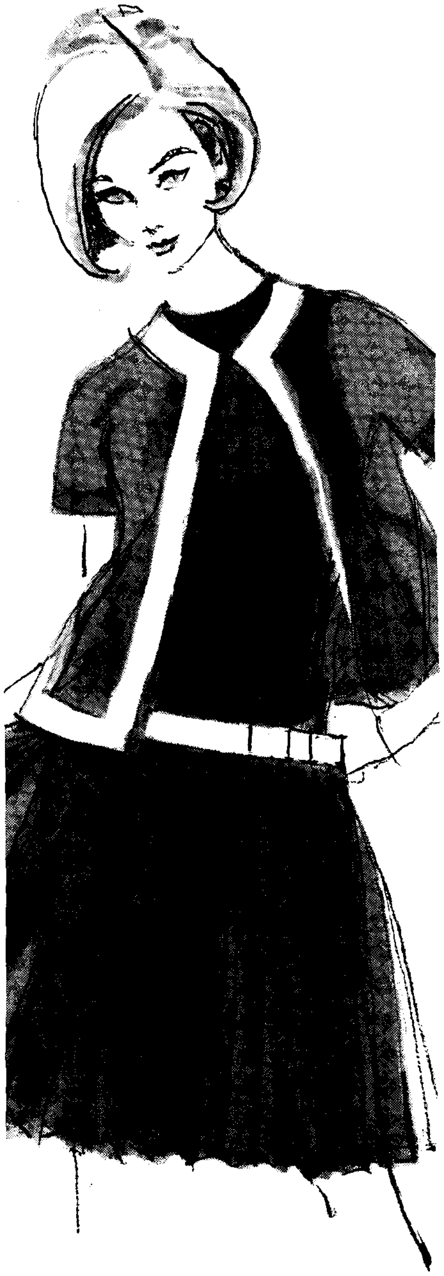
SPLENDIFEROUS, at 1312 Third Avenue (75th), is making easy-to-slip-into clothes designed for walking the dog, but you are more apt to wear them with two-legged friends. Whirlaway knuckle-length capes that fasten with frogs at the collarless necks are the companions of scoop-neck overbodices that zip down the back and of skirts slim through the body and roomy at the base. Both solid colors and prints abound, on seersucker, cotton, linen, silk linen, challis, and ad infinitum. The seersuckers and cottons begin at $115, the lowest tab; the challises are $145, the highest tab. A week to ten days, as it happens, is required if a certain fabric is not in stock.

AT Huize Van Leeuwen, a fairly new bit of a shop at 172 East 61st Street, the artwork on the sleeveless sheaths of hand-painted linen almost suggests delicate embroidery. They all have bateau necks, as well as welt seaming down the sides to make them swing out. One of the best is a pale-blue linen with garlands of bluebells and leaves; on another, of marine-blue linen, morning glories in a lighter blue decorate the neckline and the hem. Aquamarine linens bear turtles, angelfish, guppies, and yellow carp in wild colors. The avant-garde should be happy over the navy linen sheaths daubed with pop art. The dresses here, by the way, are $55.

ALLEN & COLE, which operates *on* a by-appointment basis and *at* 132 East 64th Street, thrives on more diversified wares, which the young people who are the Misses Allen and Cole are clever at dredging up from here and there. Good-looking linen ensembles involve tailored jackets over sleeveless dresses with seaming about the hips; Paisley silk-and-rayon scarves fill in the V necks. These are in pale blue, lime, or wheat; $85, which proves that you need be neither a fortune-hunter nor a fortune-finder to shop here. For later in the day, ensembles appear in soft powder-blue ribbed wool that suggests crinkly crêpe—sheaths and open jackets, lean in back and rounded in front. The double rows of self buttons and buttonholes are just for show. Long, slinky at-home sheaths that might do for dinner in the country are in floral or abstract matte-jersey prints.

In the special-order section, which requires a two-week notice, one may invest in hand-knit bouclé sheaths or scoop-necked dresses with flirtier skirts and double ruffles at the elbows—in yellow horizontally striped at wide intervals with red, or in pink with broader horizontal stripes of green, to give you an idea; $90 each. Two-piece outfits—cowl-collared sleeveless pullovers and long straight skirts—can be

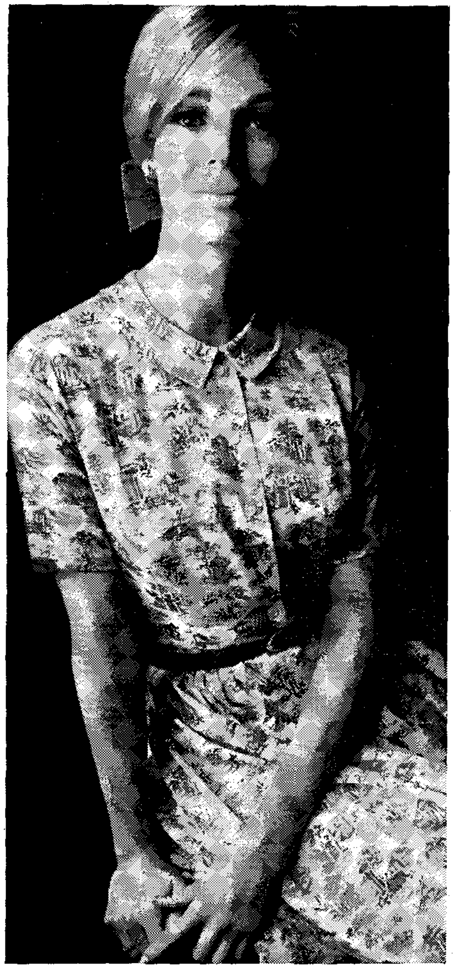
She's
mad for
Venetian glass,
A demitasse
&
HOWARD WOLF



DACRON® polyester / cotton sheer. Black, brown or green with white. 3 to 15 $30.00

B Altman & Co

Fortrel, the fiber that means little or no ironing



The charm of antique Wedgwood china patterns interpreted by Fabritique on Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon broadcloth. Fortrel keeps it wonderfully crisp and free of wrinkles. Designed for you by Country Miss in blue or green. Sizes 6-20. About $15. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Filene's, Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

made of Delft-blue bouclé; $130. Any of the bouclé items may be ordered in a number of other colors.

Aled Knit Couture, a more solemn affair, at 811 Madison Avenue (68th), is devoted to clothes knit in Israel. Many are for mature women, and all are a joy for travel—no muss. Three-piece suits of burgundy wool-and-acetate in a diagonal weave go in for straight skirts and open box jackets with fake flap pockets. Their overblouses, of white acetate knit, have low notched collars ending in ties on the chest; $125 all told. Separate knit blouses add $22 to the check. The two-piece dresses of dove-gray silky acetate consist of box jackets, with crocheted buttons to fasten them and with herringbone-pattern collars that go into a loop at the throat, plus skirts that are slim. The two-piece dresses of frosty-white wool and acetate start off with tailored tops (the pattern is a horizontal raised rib) and proceed to slender skirts (the pattern is a smooth flat stitch). There are turnover collars and short cuffs; $90. Last of all, we come to princesse dresses of navy merino wool with bands in narrow blue and white stripes at the square throats and on the brief cuffs. Counterpart box jackets are included in the deal.

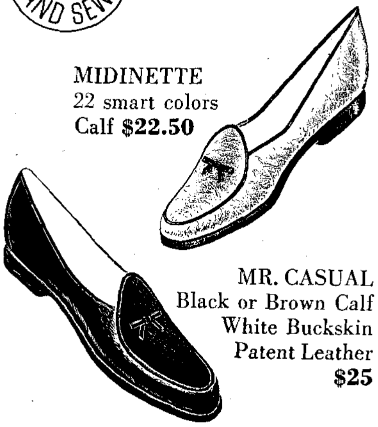
Saks Fifth Avenue offers a superb group of children's clothes (sizes 3 to 14) designed by Sophie, many of which are scaled-down adaptations of her adult custom and ready-to-wear collections and none of which are for school. Semifitted topcoats that could travel around the world are of turquoise-and-white checked tweeds, with white linen overcollars; they fasten part way down the front with blue domes. Some of navy wool twill have fly fronts, and there are miniature self bows above the tips of the turnover collars; welt seaming begins at the set-in armholes and goes down the sides. The most dressed-up ones are of dusty-pink wool twill. The assortment runs from $35 to $40, depending on size. Sophie's dresses of Belgian linen, for very special occasions, are all beau-catchers. Softly tailored ones in white are sprinkled with navy polka dots in several diameters, and the short sleeves and the collarless necks are piped with navy linen; navy bows perch at the sides of the necks and on the hips. Dressier white linens, bearing Copenhagen-blue posies, have unpressed pleats widening at the hems and blue linen bows and streamers on the chest.

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



MIDINETTE
22 smart colors
Calf **$22.50**

MR. CASUAL
Black or Brown Calf
White Buckskin
Patent Leather
$25

Soft soled casuals known the world over.
Full color brochures on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N.Y.
CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

ZIP CODE: 10022

Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.

THE Sheraton Gladstone

114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022
Telephone (212) PL 3-4300
Under the same Direction as the adjacent Sheraton-East
HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.

Opticians
LUGENE
38 East 57th Street, New York / PL 8-6000
1058 Madison Ave., New York / BU 8-5486

slim down-firm up!

at The Health Club for Women, New York's miniature spa. Complete course includes supervised exercises, Swedish massage, sun lamp, needle showers, sauna and steam rooms. 10 visits $90. Trial visit $7.50. Call for appt.

THE HEALTH CLUB FOR WOMEN, INC.
(in the Ritz Tower Hotel)
465 Park Av. (57 St.) HA 1-3580, PL 5-5000

Helen Lee's *dégagé* dresses, for children sizes 2 to 14, share these quarters at Saks. The middy blouses and skirts are one-piece and of shantung. The long tops are oyster white, and the very brief knife-pleated skirts are navy, like the sailor collars and ties. (Sizes 3 to 6X, and $20.) Girls in the 7-to-14 size group get to wear flapper dresses of écru shantung with enormous brown bows at the ruffled hems; $25. And so forth and so on.

INFANTS of from nine to eighteen months might consider the handmade Portuguese dresses in Bonwit Teller's children's department. Green turtles in red hats are appliquéd down the fronts of brother-and-sister playsuits of yellow cotton broadcloth, and sprays of embroidered pink rosebuds adorn box-pleated dresses of white cotton broadcloth, and pink carnations go from the right shoulder to the left side of the hem of dresses of pink cotton broadcloth. Yellow, blue, and pink tulips appear on the left sector of the yoke on dresses of white batiste, and single tulips dot the skirt, and pink pindot embroidery shows up on the tiny collar. Prices run, and not very far, from $12 to $16.

YOUNG women who take their outings in sandboxes instead of *discothèques* could go to the Crossroads of Sport, at 5 East 47th Street, for the delightful pinafores of écru cotton-and-Dacron upon which Beatrix Potter characters have been painted. In sizes 1 and 2, they are $10; in sizes 3 and 4, they are $12; in sizes 5 and 6, they are $14. Two weeks' notice is necessary for take-out orders. —M. M.

•

Death is an institutionalized phenomenon which is attended in many ways. . . . Sociologically, death can be viewed as the nucleus of a particular culture complex involving a group of interrelated cultural traits which function together in a more or less consistent and meaningful way. —*Social Forces, A Scientific Medium of Social Study and Interpretation, issued quarterly by the University of North Carolina Press.*

It's something to think about when you're not feeling good.

•

Albee penetrates the superficial layers of our conscious personality and, using the mysterious escalators of the unconscious, reaches the citadels of our private certainties and shoots them full of question marks.—*Abraham N. Franzler in Saturday Review.*

Keeps busy, anyway.

Venice gets under your skin.

Age has nothing to do with it, either. There's so much beauty in Venice, no matter where you turn, it isn't surprising this is such a city of art and artists.

Venice gets under your skin, all-right, and it stays there. Once you've been a part of it, floated along its canals, toured the grand palaces and pored over its fantastic past—Venice will always be a part of you.

Here you'll see art and architecture that has been preserved with incredible care for five- six- seven-hundred years.

You'll see magnificent sights and views that you too will want to preserve—with canvas or camera.

You'll be fascinated by the painstaking precision of Venice's famed glass and lace craftsmen.

You'll share in the glittering nightlife of Venice's golden *Lido*.

And, when you get home, if you find Venice has *really* gotten under your skin—leave it. Chances are you'll get to like it there.

VENICE

Complete information and travel plans are available through your Travel Agent or any Alitalia Airlines Ticket Office. (Alitalia—first and fastest way to Venice, and to all of Italy.) Write for literature to: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Azienda Autonoma Soggiorno e Turismo, Venice, Italy.

MORE AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE
CHECKING
INTO

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED AND BARCA-LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air-Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordinary, Too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MU 6-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

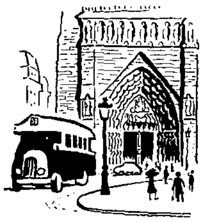
PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

Your choice of today's foremost
portrait painters and sculptors

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

LETTER FROM PARIS

March 10



At six o'clock last Saturday morning, a line was already forming on the steps of the Opéra, composed of optimists hoping to buy tickets to next Saturday night's seventh, and final, performance of "Tosca" by Mme. Maria Callas—the end of her present *tournée* here. There was such a crowd and such violent scuffling when the Opéra ticket offices finally opened that some of the *guichet* windows were broken. To keep the peace, a supplemental eighth "Tosca" was sandwiched in for this Wednesday. These "Tosca"s have been triumphs for Callas. Her voice sounds healthier than it did a year ago in her "Norma" series, being devoid of frightening outcries and occasionally marked only by a vibrato, like worn velvet that has lost the evenness of its texture. Her tragic top notes, sung *mi-voix*, as if to herself, are loudly covered by the orchestra, but the middle and lower registers are unique in their physical loveliness and in their ministrations to her genius for emotive acting—for magnificently incarnating the musical melodrama in which Sardou and Puccini perfectly met on the same desperate, passionate human level. In her duality as actress and singer, Callas has seemed doubly unrivalled. In the opening act, in the church, when, thin and agitated, she enters in full voice and in full love, one does not know which complete concentration of the senses to offer her—whether of the ears or of the eyes—so prodigious is her performance. (Clarendon, *Figaro's* well-seasoned music critic, opened his Callas review by saying, "I have the impression of having seen 'Tosca' for the first time in my life.") In the fatal scene with Scarpia (handsomely sung by Tito Gobbi), she—or perhaps the stage director, Franco Zeffirelli—has created a new long moment of dramatic tension. As she stands by Scarpia's supper table and sees a knife, there comes slowly into her face the look of decision. The knife is in her hand as the amorous tyrant impatiently throws himself upon her and upon its mortal thrust—far better melodrama than the customary womanly rush across the stage and the bare, uplifted soprano arm with its brandished weap-

Adelaar

It looks like Spring. In this Adelaar
of 65% Dacron® polyester and
35% cotton, with cotton eyelet embroidery.
With matching scarf. Sizes 10 to 18. $10*
At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; J. L. Hudson, Detroit;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.
Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

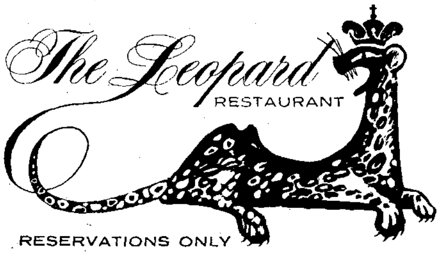
VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous Restaurant with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne

BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkway., exit 40

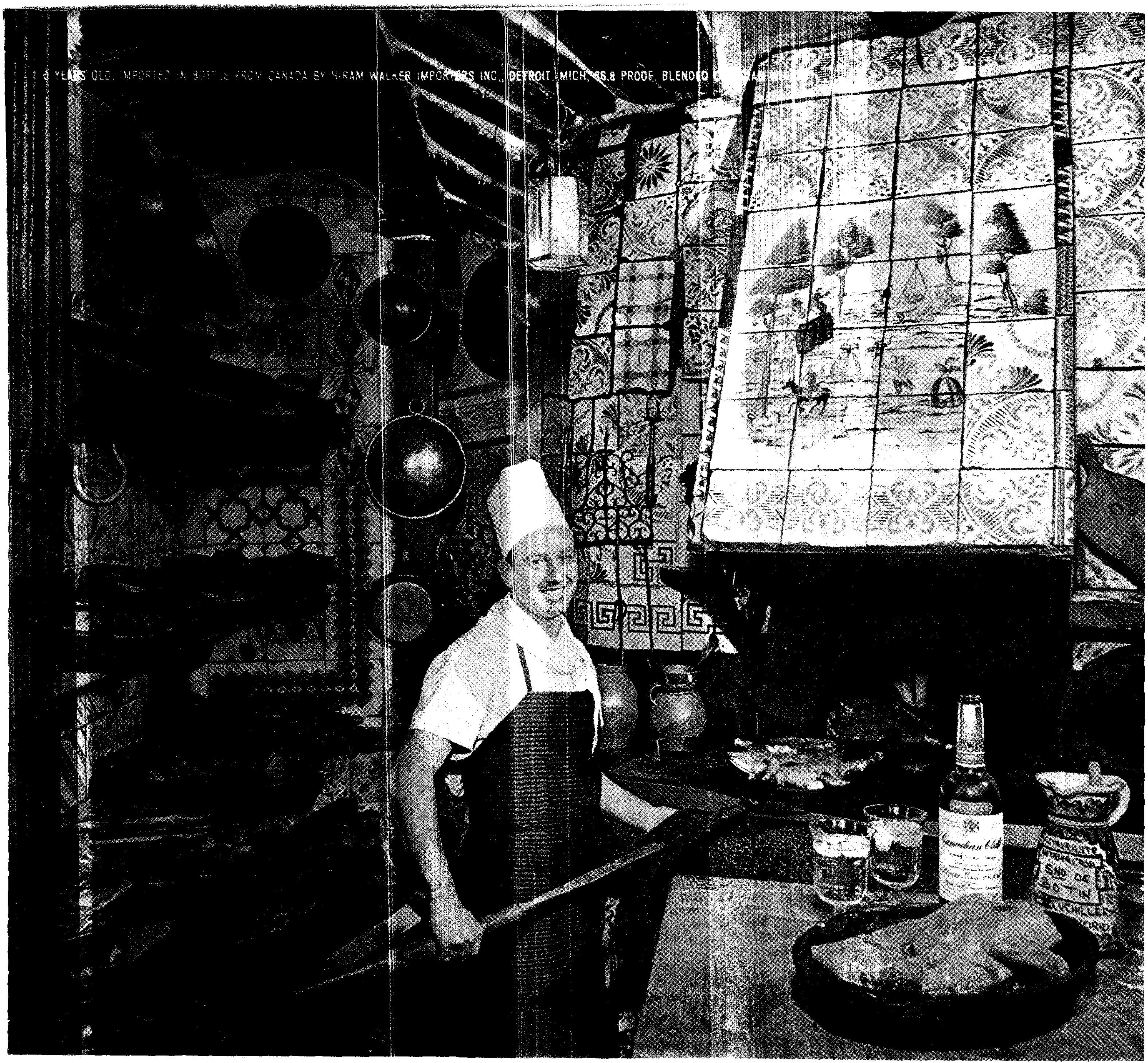
NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00



The Leopard RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

HUNTING FOR A LEATHER CLEANING SERVICE?
Look No Further!
We Clean Leathers & Suedes Like New!
Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Svc. for:
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Send For Miracle Suede Cleaner – $1.75 ppd.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737


8 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED

ELISOFON © 1964 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

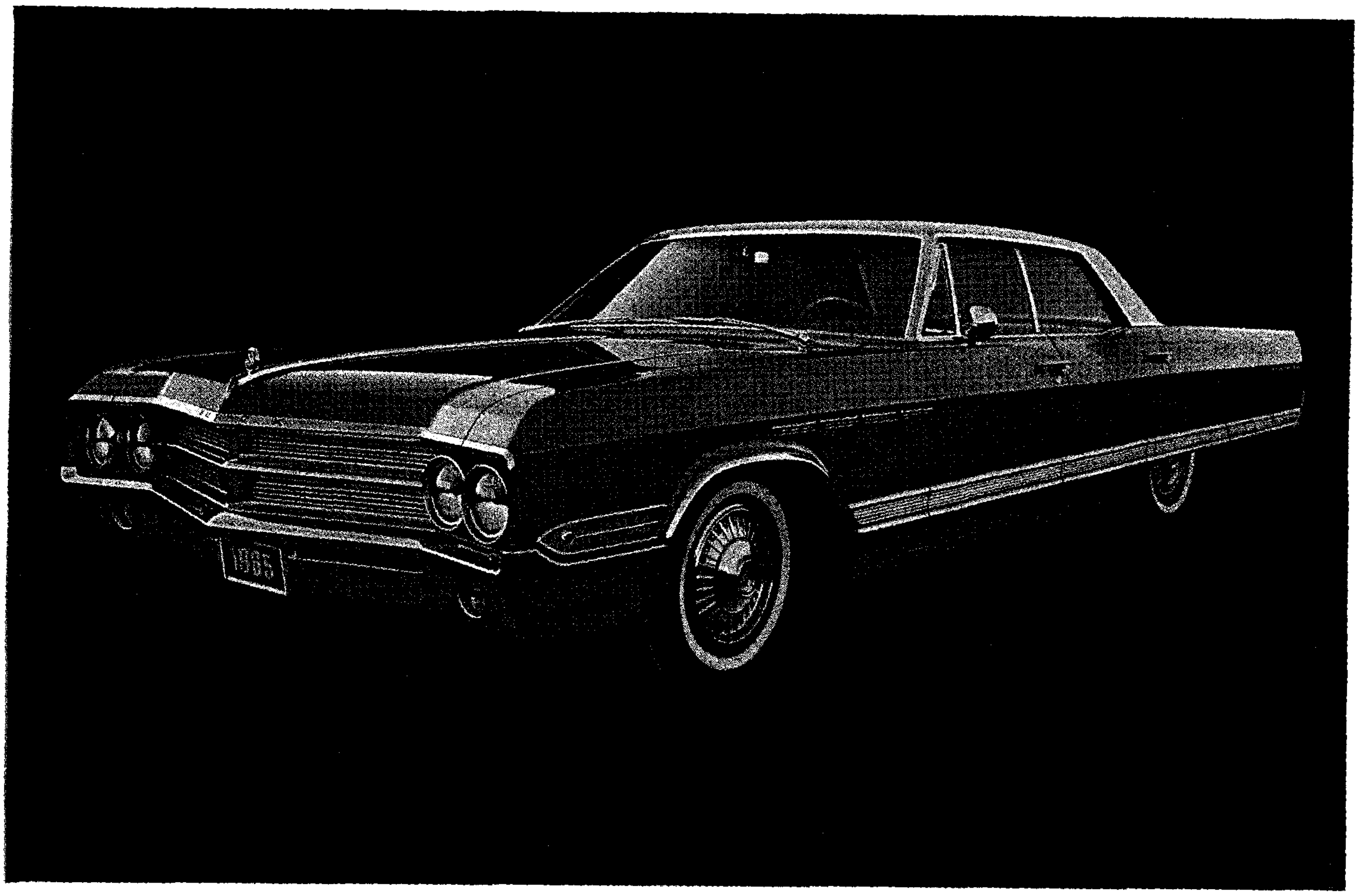
CASA BOTIN OF MADRID AWAITS YOU
WITH ROAST SUCKLING PIG AND CANADIAN CLUB

Here is where the bullfighters meet to talk of bulls and courage.
And on the days when they are not fighting, to eat Don Antonio's Cochinillo Asado,
a juicy little piglet cooked in an open tiled oven 239 years old.
You'll find your old friend Canadian Club here, too.
Enjoy it in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

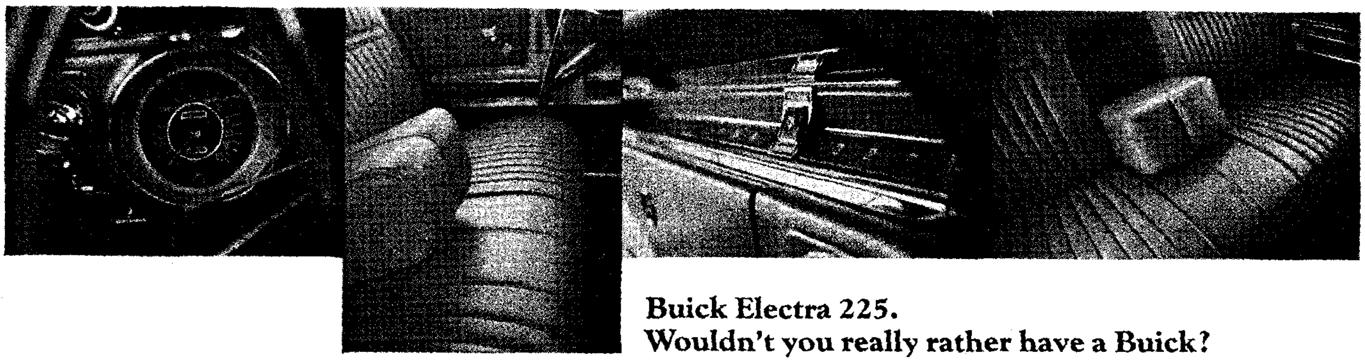
Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

In a lifetime, you have just so many chances to buy a car. Make this one count.



Buick Motor Division

Think back over the years. Were all your cars as good as you deserve? Were they masterpieces? Were they eloquent, long, graceful, infinitely luxurious? Did they lift your spirits? Make you soar? Make the merest turn around the block feel like a cruise to Nassau? Did they come equipped with every last thing needed to make driving (or just riding) an unmitigated pleasure? No? Then don't settle for anything less, from now on. Your Buick dealer is waiting to introduce you to the car that will make it up to you for all those disappointments.



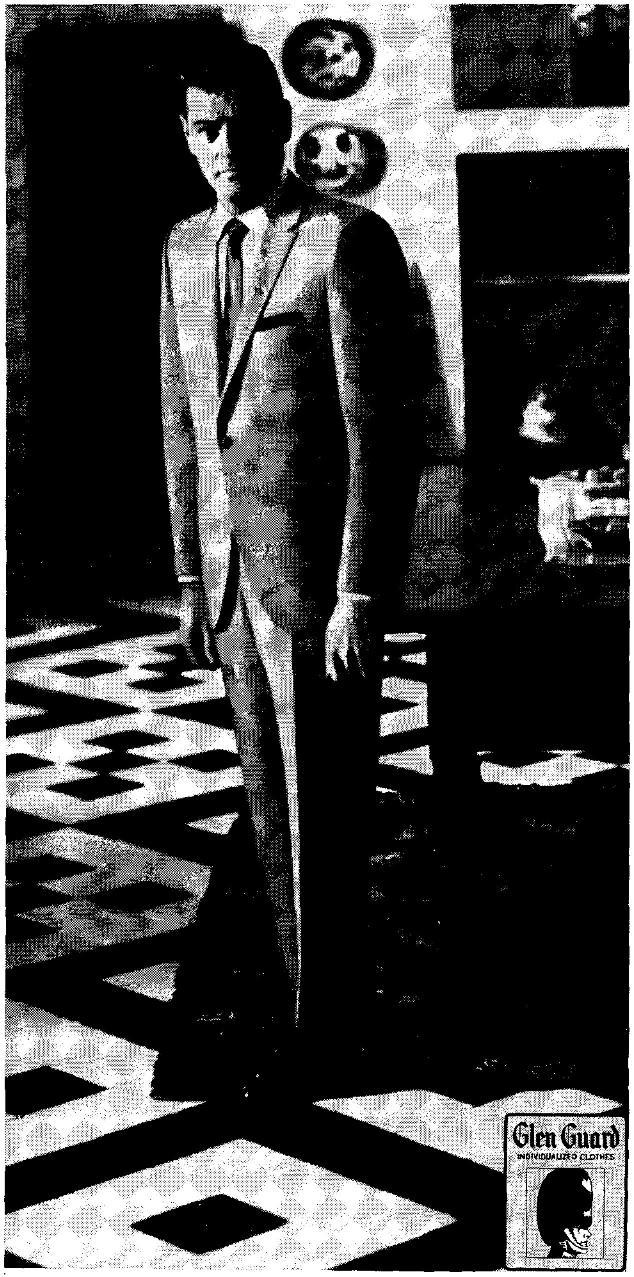
Buick Electra 225.
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

on. The first act's precise reproduction of the transept of Rome's Sant' Andrea della Valle Church, lent, as were all the sets, by Covent Garden, seemed to please all the theatrical realists, though it was so crowded with realism that the bishop's procession could hardly squeeze through. The London set for the Castel Sant' Angelo was architecturally a confusing disappointment—a kind of deep well with a steep staircase leading up to the crenellated roof. After all that Floria Tosca has been through in the past twenty hours, it seems a petty addition for her to have to run full tilt upstairs like a woman frantically hunting something—such as a place for a leap to her death, which is not shown.

"GOLDFINGER," which has opened in the original English version at the Bonaparte, on the Left Bank, and at the Marignan, just off the Champs-Élysées, is such a hysterical hit with the French that it has become lethal, like SMERSH, annihilating all the other first-run movies in town. When the huge sidewalk queues of waiting Parisians fail to get in to see it, they don't simply go to another movie across the street as a substitute; they go home, discouraged. There has never been anything in Paris like its uninhibited appeal, or like its sartorial influence, not on adolescents but on grown-up Frenchmen. There are now James Bond boutiques at the Galeries Lafayette and the Printemps, selling trenchcoats with secret pockets, cufflinks marked "007," key rings of the nude gilded girl, and Doctor No striped pajamas. According to Paris advertising experts, this is the first time that French industrialists—usually timorous and conventional—have backed a big promotion scheme built around a mythical figure (and popular murderer). Because French textiles in the North had recently slumped and laid off thousands of workers, which was depressing national news, this week's *Nouvel Observateur* ran a J. B. article of encouraging facts and figures. It seems that the promotion scheme caught on only when it was rather cynically accepted by the Boussac group, the biggest textile people in France and the best-known manufacturers of shirts, raincoats, and so on—whom the promoters then reported to the small fry as "believing in James Bond." This they now certainly do, to the extent of giving him a big slice of their 1965 advertising budget, which will include six thousand James Bond-Boussac

Fran Wallach

should see you now.



You had pretty good taste as a little boy, kissing all the girls. And now your Glen Guard clothes attest that your taste is just as good today. Maybe better.

At all good stores: Kolmer-Marcus, New York • Martini-Carl, Boston • Tobin & Pearlman, New York • Leighton's, New York • Martin's, Brooklyn • Turner/Fagman, Chicago • Cuzzens of Fountainebleau, Miami Beach • Scholnick's, Detroit • Pincus Co. San Antonio • Porter's, New Orleans • Ollie Steiner's, Milwaukee • Tom Houlihan's, Kansas City, Mo. • The Larkey Co., Passaic, Newark & Paterson, N. J. • Posner's, Bayonne, N. J. • Novell's, King of Prussia, Pa. • Arnell's, Hempstead, N. Y. • Rolla M. Gray & Son, Portland, Ore. • Bauman's, Little Rock, Ark. For free style booklet, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc. Dept. H, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3.

CASUAL CORNER

Crisp architectural balance distinguishes the lines of our two piece set by Tudor Square. In rayon-flax, coffee with black and white, or blue with olive and white. 8-16, $23.00. Please add 50c for mail order from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York. Or see it at Casual Corner stores in: arlington, atlanta, baltimore, boston, charlotte, decatur, lancaster, little rock, memphis, milwaukee, nashville, providence, rochester, silver spring, springfield, syracuse, washington, west hartford, worcester

WELL BALANCED

CASUAL CORNER

RENT-A-VILLA IN EUROPE
FOR AS LITTLE AS $50 A WEEK

A Villa in Capri . . . or a Yacht on the Riviera . . . an apartment in Rome . . . a Chalet in St. Moritz, or a thatched roof house at Stratford-on-Avon.

Take your choice from over 15,000 deluxe accommodations, from cottages to castles everywhere in Europe, North Africa, the Caribbean, Mexico, Bermuda. Yachts everywhere.

For two of you, as little as $50 a week. A group of 12 for $350. Take a party of fifty — and take over a castle. Yes, the maid comes in every morning. Early reservations suggested, so write for our free catalog that describes 100 typical selections. You'll have it by return mail.

ivy INC.
(International Villas and Yachts)
Dept. 103A 28 Church Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138
or your Travel Agent

show windows set up in the French provinces alone.

Because French film critics are on the whole the most intelligent of any, it was inevitable that what may be the most illuminating analysis of the Bond phenomenon should come from a French movie critic. It has just appeared in the *Figaro Littéraire* as the regular weekly stint of Claude Mauriac, son of the notable Académicien François Mauriac. It is entitled "James Bond, an Attempted Explanation," and is extremely interesting. After stating that "Goldfinger" is "a triumph, a fascination, a madness," and a compelling spectacle for both children and their parents, he starts his real theme: "Of all myths, the most ancient is that of the hero. He is one of the archetypes that Jung discovered in the collective unconscious—the strong man, the all-powerful one who triumphs over evil incarnate in the shape of dragons and monsters. 'There are no tribes, no races, no peoples where one cannot find traces of his presence'—'Modern Man in Search of a Soul,' page 296," Mauriac adds in careful identification, as he does with all his quotations from books by Jung, who seems to be his mainstay. "The novelty in science fiction, the comic strips, and the movies," Mauriac goes on to say, "is that the monsters have changed shape, have become modernized—that man has recreated them in the image of what menaces him. The apocalypse to come is not confined to the heavens. That is why there is such an accumulation of atrocious gadgets in 'Goldfinger,' which go even farther into power and terror. Today, we comprehend the pressure of the fictitious on our souls. We await obscurely the image of all that since the beginning of time we have faced in our innermost beings. Dragons no longer affright us, but the bomb does—and, from now on, the Chinese more than the Russians. The racism, sadism, and wickedness of which James Bond gives us so many examples doubtless derive, as Jung indicates, from the fact that no heroes struggle victoriously against their demons except by assimilating certain of their attributes. We meet the dragon in various human or material forms in 'Goldfinger.' And the hero, the enigmatic Sean Connery, is more a robot than a statue, since marble seems insufficient today to celebrate the god-mortals—Hercules, Roland, Superman, Tarzan, and James Bond. Everything is improbable in 'Goldfinger,' and yet nothing in it astonishes us. The

Sheraton-Maui is waiting for you on an enchanted Hawaiian island

Carved into the side of legendary Black Rock is the beautiful Sheraton-Maui. Below it: sweeping Kaanapali Beach.

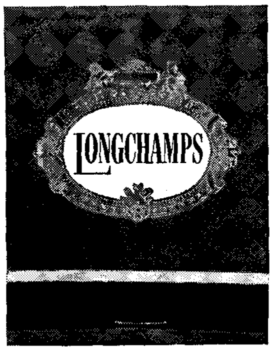
You stay in a charming lanai suite or garden cottage. Golf on the magnificent, 18-hole Royal Kaanapali Golf Course, designed by Robert Trent Jones. Soak up the sun. (It shines 360 days a year.)

Sheraton-Maui is 30 air minutes from Honolulu, has a fine pool, shuffleboard, putting green, native entertainment nightly. Everything has been planned to make your stay unforgettable. It will be.

For Insured Reservations call your travel agent or any Sheraton Hotel.

SHERATON maui
KAANAPALI BEACH, HAWAII

Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



TYROL PROGRAMS ABROAD
Especially designed for Teenagers—5th Year
- Tour Western Europe—Live in Tyrolean Alps
- Study French at Champery—Tour France
- Attend Un. of Poitiers—Tour France

Small Coed Groups Personally Supervised
Mr. & Mrs. DAVID N. REICH
8820 Burning Tree Road, Washington, D.C. 20034

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

cinema has become our mythology, and films our most personal dreams."

METROPOLITAN France and its overseas *départements* of Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guiana, and Réunion are holding their municipal elections this coming Sunday and, in some cases, the Sunday after, the latter being to obtain plurality votes where a majority vote was not won on the first balloting. It is the most complicated method that any republic has yet managed to devise for merely electing a mayor. And rare are the French citizens who can explain it to you clearly, although twenty-eight million of them—nearly two million more of them female than male—will cast their votes this weekend. It is the French male's passion for multiple political parties, started in the Third Republic, long before women had suffrage here, that makes most of the confusion today, there still being nine parties different enough to count. There are the Communists, the largest-voting French party; the Union de la Nouvelle République, who are the Gaullists; the S.F.I.O., or Section Française de l'Internationale Ouvrière; the Union Démocratique du Travail, a pro-Gaullist Socialist splinter; the Parti Socialiste Unifié, which is several united Socialist splinters; the Mouvement Républicain Populaire, Georges Bidault's Catholic reform party (from which he has been ejected), founded after the Second World War; the Radical Socialists, who were the original middle-class, anticlerical bourgeois party of the Third Republic; the Indépendants, an anti-left, middle-of-the-road group; and a brand-new party called P.A.R.I.S., the initials standing for Pour l'Aménagement et le Renouveau Institutionnel et Social. This is a party created for the extreme right by Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, the lawyer who defended the O.A.S. officers now in prison for life for their rebellion against de Gaulle in Algiers; Tixier-Vignancour is not only anti-Gaullist but still pro-Pétainist. To facilitate being voted for, these nine parties have formed coalitions among themselves, joining with parties of vaguely similar political coloring and presenting combined slates of candidates for each French commune. These slates are made public on what is called an Official Electoral List, and it is for this electoral list, not for individual candidates, that the voters vote. Furthermore, each electoral list, once formed, starts operating in the campaign under a special campaign

and another great tape is born

Cordless Tape Recorder Captures Every Sound Alive

Now you can make professional-quality recordings anywhere! The New Norelco '101' is as portable as your candid camera—uses ordinary flashlight batteries, weighs only 7 pounds—and gives you up to two full hours of recording (or playback) on a single reel. Simple to operate? Push two buttons to record—one to play back! Comes completely self-contained with built-in, wide-range loudspeaker and ultra-sensitive dynamic microphone. Also records directly from your radio, TV or phono and plays back through your radio or hi-fi system.

Try it at your local camera, hi-fi, or appliance store. You'll be surprised at its low price. Send for Brochure CF-3 to: North American Philips Company, Inc. *High Fidelity Products Dept.*, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Norelco®

Other products: Electric Shavers, Hearing Aids, Radios, Dictating Machines, Home Hair Dryers, Knife Sharpeners, Electric Mixers.

Navy Blue Blazer

IN PAUL STUART'S OWN DOUBLE BREASTED NATURAL SHOULDER MODEL. SLIGHT SUPPRESSION AT WAIST, SIDE VENTS. THE FABRIC, AN ALL WOOL HOPSACK — VERY LIGHT IN WEIGHT. BRASS BUTTONS. $78

TAILORED BY SOUTHWICK

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

THE *Taylor-Made* SHOE

University saddle in sumptuous calfskin. Unique round edge sole. Style 6055 Brown, Black Saddle. Style 7055 All Black in fine grain. About $25.

at your local Taylor merchant or write
E. E. TAYLOR CORP.
Dept. T-38, Freeport, Maine

Also makers of British Walkers Shoes for Men

name. You will find it easier to believe all this by reading the four major electoral-list titles for Paris, with the parties they stand for. There is the Union Démocratique list, which represents a coalition of the Communists, the S.F.I.O. Socialists, and the P.S.U. Socialists, and should have been called the Front Populaire list. Second, there is the Union pour le Renouveau de Paris list, which is mostly Gaullists, with hangers-on. Third is the Liberté de Paris list, composed of center parties, such as the Indépendants and the M.R.P. Then there is the P.A.R.I.S. list, mostly patronized by extremists of the right and by the Tixier wild men.

Now comes the part that is most difficult of all to believe. Before the municipal elections are held, each group of coalition parties cooks up what the French call its "political cuisine." That is to say, in a private caucus these parties divvy up among themselves, according to the political strength of each, the municipal-councillor posts—which are, after all, the reason for the election, since the municipal councillors subsequently elect a mayor from among themselves. Furthermore, the candidate they agree in caucus to put at the head of their coalition list is the lucky fellow who they decide before the election is the one their municipal councillors will vote for after they are elected, if they are elected. Well, that is the way the French citizens nowadays elect a new mayor or reëlect an old one. There are nearly thirty-eight thousand communes in France, and each commune is entitled to its mayor. As a guide to whether national politics are running for or against the Gaullist party, Marseille is called "the lighthouse of the elections" because it is the second-biggest city of France and, above all, because the Socialist Gaston Defferre, the present mayor, who is running for reëlection, is so far the only important candidate to announce that he will run against the General in this autumn's Presidential election. (Tixier has also tossed his hat into the ring, but no one gives him a chance of winning.) In Marseille, Defferre's greatest rival is Dr. Joseph Comiti, a Gaullist and the president of the local medical association—a powerful post. Comiti claims that Marseille under Defferre—himself generally adjudged a perfectly honest man—has been eaten alive by municipal corruption. The favored Comiti poster shows a mouse running around inside a fat cheese, with the warning "To Avoid This, Vote for Professor

FEELS LIKE WALKING ON AIR!

Fisherman Knit®

Blissfully soft, wonderfully resilient! What gives these handsomely ribbed, all-nylon socks their springy comfort? The Fisherman Knit bulky-stitch provides a cushion of air to walk on. One size stretches to fit. Newest fashion colors.

100% STRETCH NYLON EXTRA-LONG ANKLETS by Camp $1.50

FEATURED AT **LORD & TAYLOR**
New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Pa., Washington-Chevy Chase

Dine with the Best at
Duke Zeibert's
RESTAURANT/1722 L STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

86
OLD TAYLOR

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Naturally. Today's really modern people know that "new" is not always "best". They know Old Taylor 86 has the smooth, old-fashioned flavor that's too good to be new. Flavor that sets whiskey taste back 77 years. Flavor that's mellow and rich and rewarding. What more modern reasons could you have for drinking it? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Company. Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

Britain's winding roads slow the pace, cure monotony and help you relax. This road is in Kersey, Suffolk.

How to explore Britain by road

You can rent a car in Britain for $60 a week. Or tour by motor coach for about three cents a mile. Send for your free "Touring Kit" containing two illustrated booklets, a "Travelers' Guide," and a list of British inns.

BRITAIN'S roads were designed for *wanderers*.

There are two miles of road for every square mile of countryside. That means you can drive everywhere and seldom have to hoof it.

Distances are tiny by American standards. You can visit a dozen old cathedral towns within 150 miles of London. And you are never more than seventy-five miles from the sea.

Anywhere you stop, you will usually find a cozy inn nearby. Four dollars is average for bed and breakfast. If you go in the Spring or Fall, you'll rarely need to phone for reservations.

Little cars, wiggly roads

There's every reason to rent a *small* car. They are ideal for wiggly English lanes—and they can go up to *fifty* miles on a gallon. (Note: the British gallon is one-fifth larger than the American gallon.) It will cost you about $60 a week to rent a *small* car, insurance included, and *no charge per mile*. Let your travel agent reserve it in advance. To drive in Britain you need only show your U.S. license and fill out a form.

Buy a car—and save

Thinking of buying a new car anyway? Buy a British car for delivery in Britain. You'll save $190 to about $2,000 on its American list price, even after paying return freight charges and duty. The variety is extraordinary—from the little Mini-Minor to the noble Rolls-Royce.

Don't wait until you get to Britain to make your purchase. Give an American dealer your order about six weeks before you go. He'll send it to England, and have the car at your hotel when you check in. At the end of your vacation, the manufacturer will ship the car home to you in the United States.

Polite bobbies and good samaritans

Have no misgivings about driving in a "strange" country. British bobbies speak your language—as do maps and road signs. Your car rental service will even provide a pilot to guide you out of London traffic.

Another blessing: Britain's two great motor clubs keep over 3,000 patrols on the road to help drivers. They will change a tire or give you any help you need.

See Britain by bus—three cents per mile

Unlike American buses, British motor coaches don't merely link major cities; they go everywhere, even to the remotest village.

Touring by motor coach is astonishingly cheap. The average cost is only three cents a mile.

You can go from London to Oxford, enjoy a pub lunch and visit Blenheim Palace for less than $7. Or see a Shakespeare matinee at Stratford-upon-Avon, dine at the Bull's Head in Aylesbury, then return to your London hotel—for less than $15.

When should you go?

Most British drivers will tell you that Spring and Fall are the best seasons for touring. Roads are uncrowded. So are hotels. And you can save up to 25 percent on car hire. Transatlantic fares are lower, too.

Send today to any of the addresses below for your free "Touring Kit." It contains a 72-page booklet, "Seeing Britain by Road," and a 38-page booklet, "Bus Tours in Britain." We also include a guide to Britain's inns. Browse over them. Then call your travel agent.

For free illustrated literature, see your travel agent or write, British Travel, Dept. 678 at 680 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019; or 612 So. Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017; or 39 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60603; or 151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

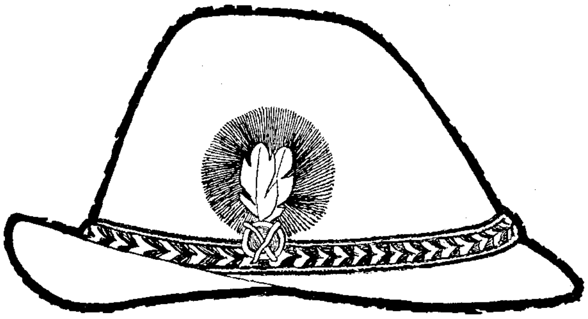
Comiti's Rénovation de Marseille List of Candidates."

Until late in February, de Gaulle chose to dissuade those of his Ministers who, feeling closer than he to the town sidewalks and the country grass roots, wanted to run in the municipal elections so as to extend the Gaullist party's national solidarity for the presidential election and for the parliamentary elections that will follow, on both of which their present political careers depend. Now de Gaulle has done a sudden *volte-face* and is pushing his Ministers into the municipal candidacies. If one can believe certain Paris political reports, Michel Maurice-Bokanowski, the Minister of Industry, is to run in Asnières; Minister of Public Works Marc Jacquet will run at Barbizon; the Minister of Justice will run in a little town in the Maine-et-Loire; three Secretaries of State will be running at Chambéry, Libourne, and Broglie; and the Secretary-General of the Merchant Marine will run in Angers—at least a big town. Also, four Ministers will run in Paris itself—the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Postal Affairs, the Minister of Veterans' Affairs, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

There is, of course, a great deal of overt and covert resentment on the part of many French over this entry into local political affairs of candidates of such overweening national calibre. The peppery little anti-Gaullist morning paper *Combat* had its say on its Monday front page in an editorial titled "Charles XI, Emperor of the French"—meaning de Gaulle, of course, the mythical successor, in *Combat's* opinion, of Charles X, the unpopular diehard anti-libertarian King of France who was pushed off the throne by the revolution of 1830. "The intervention of the government in the present electoral campaign daily becomes more cynical and indecent," *Combat* declared. "The prefects have to act, willy-nilly, as recruiting agents for the U.N.R. election lists, and the television openly backs the Gaullist candidates. There is nothing for the citizens here to do but to acclaim de Gaulle as Charles XI, Emperor of the French."

What the French are obviously tensely interested in knowing is what de Gaulle's chances are of being merely the continuing President of France after the national election in the fall. The reason for the recent exceptionally heated talk and writing about the municipal elections, of course, is that the humble municipal elections are being regarded as a dry run for the big election next fall.

—GENÊT



BOND
TRIBUNO
EXTRA DRY
EXTRA DRY
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
FOR PERFECT DRY MARTINIS
"21" Brands, Inc.

VERMOUTH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

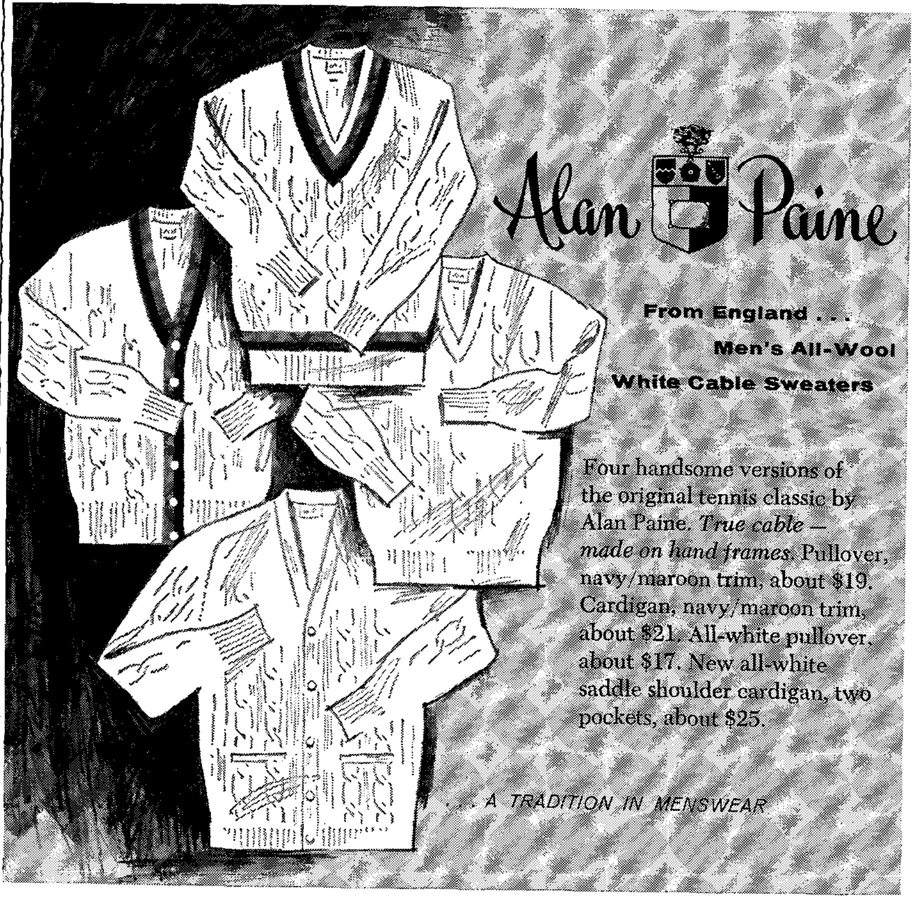
Only one man knows Tribuno's secret...

...and he keeps it under his hat!

If you were John L. Tribuno — and possessed a treasured secret for producing one of America's great Vermouths—would you tell? ■ The secret of Tribuno's smooth, delicate extra-dry flavor consists of blending 30 rare Botanicals imported from the remote corners of the world. ■ No other vermouth can endow your cocktails with the unique taste and flavor of Tribuno. Extra dry, extra-light, never overpowers. Extra dry for Martinis, sweet for Manhattans. Try Tribuno—today?

"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

TRIBUNO Vermouth



Alan Paine

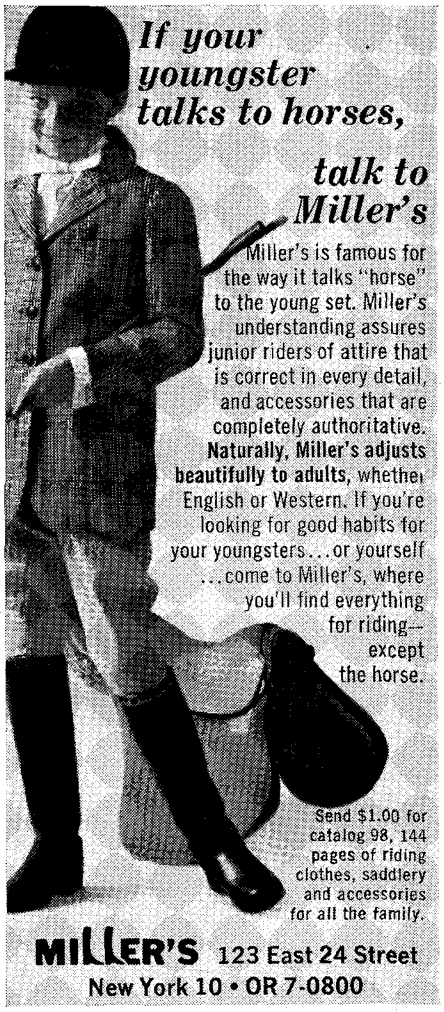
From England . . .
Men's All-Wool
White Cable Sweaters

Four handsome versions of the original tennis classic by Alan Paine. *True cable — made on hand frames.* Pullover, navy/maroon trim, about $19. Cardigan, navy/maroon trim, about $21. All-white pullover, about $17. New all-white saddle shoulder cardigan, two pockets, about $25.

. . . A TRADITION IN MENSWEAR

Boston, Mass......R. H. Stearns Co.
Chicago, Ill.......Capper & Capper
Cleveland, Ohio..The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich......Capper & Capper
Los Angeles, Cal..J. W. Robinson Co.
Louisville, Ky..............Rodes
Minneapolis, Minn........Dayton's
New York, N.Y.....B. Altman & Co.
New York, N.Y...........Wallachs
San Francisco, Cal..Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle, Wash.........Littler, Inc.
Washington, D.C.Woodward & Lothrop

For other stores write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.


If your youngster talks to horses,
talk to Miller's

Miller's is famous for the way it talks "horse" to the young set. Miller's understanding assures junior riders of attire that is correct in every detail, and accessories that are completely authoritative. **Naturally, Miller's adjusts beautifully to adults,** whether English or Western. If you're looking for good habits for your youngsters . . . or yourself . . . come to Miller's, where you'll find everything for riding—except the horse.

Send $1.00 for catalog 98, 144 pages of riding clothes, saddlery and accessories for all the family.

MILLER'S 123 East 24 Street
New York 10 • OR 7-0800

GOING ABROAD? Pick up a new Rootes car in Europe and let the savings pay for your fun!

Rootes Overseas Car Delivery Plan guarantees that you'll have more fun, see more places and save hundreds of dollars on travel costs when you order a new Sunbeam, Hillman or Humber here for delivery in Europe. What's more, **the price you pay abroad is up to $500* less than what the same car would cost you here!**

Rootes offers a choice of sedans, sports cars, convertibles and station wagons. All backed by the oldest firm in the business with delivery and service in 163 countries. Liberal trade-in allowance and financing plan. See your travel agent or Sunbeam dealer today.

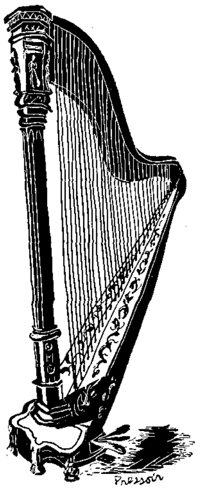
*Depending on which car you select.

Only Rootes offers delivery in London or Paris at the same low prices!
Ask about our Repurchase Plan
For details mail coupon today!

ROOTES MOTORS, INC., Dept. K-4
505 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. or
9830 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me full details of Rootes Overseas Car Delivery Plan.
Name____________________
Address____________________
City______________ State________

MUSICAL EVENTS

Herr Mack Is Back in Town



I SUPPOSE we should be thankful to Julius Rudel, of the New York City Opera, for presenting us, at the City Center last Thursday night, with the first New York performance in the original German of Bertolt Brecht's and Kurt Weill's "Die Dreigroschenoper," widely known hereabouts, from a lengthy Off Broadway run, as "The Threepenny Opera." It is true that Brecht's lyrics have a certain snap in the original language that they lack in English. But my own gratitude to Mr. Rudel is qualified. The work is not an opera; it is a play by Brecht about the *Lumpenproletariat* of the Weimar Republic—based, to be sure, on John Gay's immortal eighteenth-century satire known as "The Beggar's Opera"—and, between a few tunes by Weill (the first one a beauty and the others ordinary), it contains acres and acres of spoken dialogue. Now, I have a certain fund of elementary German, but it is not equal to Brecht's German slang, which is often thrown at you, in "Die Dreigroschenoper," with machine-gun rapidity, and the result was that I caught perhaps a quarter, or less, of what was going on. I daresay there were a good many people in the audience who were in the same boat. There were, on the other hand, quite a number of people who were either members of the Brecht-Weill cult or just plain New York Germans, and they seemed to be laughing in the right places. In any case, unless German is your mother tongue or you have been immersed in it for most of a lifetime, I cannot conscientiously recommend this production to you.

Hobbled as I am by ignorance, I can only guess at the virtues or faults of the staging, by Adolf Rott. There were the stock sleazy-sensual Brecht prostitutes, hanging from a sort of rack like sides of beef, and referred to frequently by the other characters as "*die Huren*" (curious how the essentially puritan mind of Brecht abhors prostitution and

In the Elegant Tradition...

Nothing creates the aura of quiet dignity and timeless elegance that is characteristic of teakwood flooring. Genuine teakwood imported from Thailand (authentic "Tectona Grandis") is cherished for its superb versatility, practicality and high lustre . . . renowned for its resistance to wear and decay. And now . . . teakwood can be installed in your home and office at a price that compares most favorably with all other fine floorings and coverings. Available in many lovely and unique patterns for immediate delivery.

Ask your decorator or write us direct for illustrated folder.

Thai-Teak T.M.
PARQUETRY FLOORING

Swirl Pattern In the Long Island Home of Architect Joseph Mauro

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
1545 W. Passyunk Ave., Phila., Pa. 19145

CONTINUOUS
DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM RESTAURANT • BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

Nino's RESTAURANT
CUCINA CLASSICA
Telephone:
BEDFORD VILLAGE
4-3374
4-9840
Rt. 121—BEDFORD VILLAGE, N.Y.
Merritt Pkwy Exit 31 (40 mi. from N.Y.)
Open 12 to 11 P. M. Closed Tuesdays

ART and the SHELL
Stix
daily & sun.
1-5:30
closed mon.
13 VANDAM ST. N.Y. 13

yet loves to gloat over it). Nearly everybody in the cast was described in the program as making his début, but these were débuts without operatic futures; there wasn't a voice in the lot. Not that this mattered much, since there was very little to sing. Virtually the total cast had been imported from Broadway or the European legitimate theatre. It seemed adept enough at its tasks, though it was a few notches below the polished style that comes from the weeks of rehearsal a Broadway show gets. I *can* say that Kurt Kasznar is not my idea of Macheath, who should be a very dashing fellow, and who looked in Mr. Kasznar's interpretation like a sedentary racket boss on the point of retirement. The rest appeared sufficiently able. Among them were George S. Irving, as the Narrator; Stefan Schnabel, as Peachum; Lilia Skala, as Mrs. Peachum; Anita Hoefer, as Polly; Ralph Herbert, as the Chief of Police; Marion Brash, as Lucy; and Martha Schlamme, as Jenny.

ON Friday night, the City Opera got back to its primary function with a revival of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." To my mind, this is the most artistically successful of all the Britten operas I have heard, and for very evident reasons. Britten is a rather artificial composer. No character in his operas is apt to belt out an aria of any particular emotional power. But Britten is a master of atmosphere, and in the fairytale world of Shakespeare's comedy he achieves miracles. The play has been reworked, for operatic purposes, with extreme skill, and the music—highly inventive, eerie, tintinnabulating, and otherworldly—is magically evocative. I was completely entranced the other night, and I look forward to many rehearings. The production, though not quite up to the première performance here, two years ago, was charming. The difference lay in Charles Wilson's conducting, which was not as vigorous as Mr. Rudel's on the previous occasion, and in the substitution of a mezzo-soprano for the very high tenor who should sing the role of Oberon. The mezzo-soprano was Frances Bible, whom I have always considered an artist of the first rank, and it was not her fault that some of the vocal line lay below the more resonant registers of her voice. Otherwise—in a setting by Robert Fletcher that retains all the enchantment—"A Midsummer Night's

We've just spent a small fortune de-modernizing our hotel.

All over New York, those big 2,000-room hotels are getting rid of their lounges. Uneconomic. In our nice little 186-room hotel we've just put ours back in. (Where else can you serve afternoon tea?) We've even added a concierge, a European-style superman who can get you things like plane tickets, flowers, and theater seats. And you'll find wood-burning fireplaces in most of our remodelled rooms. In short, we've re-done our hotel and added lots of nice little, old-fashioned conveniences. But you'll be relieved to know we haven't changed our pleasantly out-of-date rates.

Sheraton Russell
37th and Park Phone 685-7676

CRUISES COOK'S TOURS

For
TRAVEL
everywhere
Tickets for all international air, rail and sea services at published fares; Independent travel arrangements made to your order

and for travel
SERVICE
anywhere
World's largest and most experienced travel organization. Over 400 offices in more than 60 countries to serve you here and enroute

Book with
COOK'S

Mail this coupon to **THOS. COOK & SON** 587 Fifth Ave., New York 17, MU 8-4000 NYK
Please send me your booklet **"TRAVEL IDEAS,"** listing dates, ports and rates for *all* cruises, transatlantic and Pacific liner services, air tickets; synopsis of tours to all continents.
NAME ____ ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

While they are cleaning your swimming pool, use your private beach.

They thought of everything except the cost when they built this magnificent oceanfront estate in Gulf Stream, near Delray. The 21-room main house is lavishly appointed, with sweeping views of the blue Atlantic. Beside the 285-ft. private beach and 60-ft. pool, the exquisitely landscaped grounds contain a tennis court, bowling green, and charming cabana guest house. All for sale now in one of the most desirable sections of Palm Beach County. For illustrated brochure No. YN-80696, contact:

PREVIEWS Inc.
The International Real Estate Marketing Service
49 East 53rd St., New York 22—PL 8-2630
335 Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach—TE 2-7131
Boston • Philadelphia • Washington • Chicago • Denver
Los Angeles • San Francisco • London • Paris

GLAMORFINISH YOUR POOL WITH TILE-LIKE RAMUC® ENAMEL
USED ON MORE POOLS THAN ANY OTHER PAINT!

Free! 32-page Handbook on Painting Pools, color chart, specific advice on your pool. Just send us your swimming pool's length and width, tell if it's metal, concrete, fiberglass or plaster and type of paint now on pool. Ramuc is easy to apply, easy to clean, lastingly lovely. Comes in chlorinated natural rubber, epoxy, vinyl and other types—wide choice of smart colors.

Write for name of nearest supplier
INERTOL COMPANY
of Koppers Company, Inc.
487 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J. 07114
27-L South Park, San Francisco, Calif. 94107

Dream" was quite satisfying. Nadja Witkowska coped brilliantly with the eccentric coloratura of her role as Tytania; Julian Miller was ideal as Puck; Charles Hindsley, William Metcalf, Marlena Kleinman, and Marguerite Willauer were close to perfect as the two pairs of lovers; Spiro Malas was a superb Bottom; the subplay of Pyramus and Thisbe was carried out with great humor; and, finally, Tatiana Troyanos made an imposing Hippolyta. Meanwhile, the Boys Choir from Epiphany Church served well as the chorus of fairies.

IT seems to have been a great week for contemporary operas. On Saturday evening, Samuel Barber's "Vanessa" was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House after an absence of six years. I was much struck by it at the time of its première, in 1958, and I found that, if anything, it had taken on added beauty in the meantime. It is not everybody's opera. The rather Henry Jamesian libretto contrived by Gian Carlo Menotti is subtle in its emotional shading; the principal male figure is so quietly villainous that his villainy may be overlooked by some, or mistaken for mere weakness of character; and its real tragedy happens not to Vanessa but to the second female in the cast, Erika, whose part is so much richer than the title role that one sometimes feels that the opera should have been named for her rather than for her aunt. The music, which improves on rehearing, is, unlike that of most contemporary American opera, based on the great German tradition that reached its peak in Richard Strauss. It is, therefore, intricate, massive in orchestration, and full of musical commentary from the pit. It is the "grandest" of all American operas so far, as well as the product of expert and experienced operatic minds. The principals in this production were those of the 1958 performance, except for Mary Costa, who sang the title role; John Alexander, who undertook the part of the wicked seducer, Anatol; and Blanche Thebom, who was the Old Baroness. Miss Costa, who is beautiful and a good actress, had the right presence for her role, but left a great deal to be desired in the way of clean intonation and power of voice. Mr. Alexander was as good an Anatol as you could wish for. Rosalind Elias stole the show once more, as Erika. Blanche Thebom's portrait of the Old Baroness was striking, and Giorgio Tozzi was excellent again as the Doctor. The Met's scenery for "Vanessa" (done by Cecil Beaton)

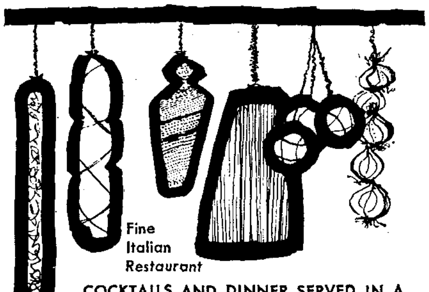
NEW YORK'S
TRULY
CONTINENTAL HOTEL
St. Moritz
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(212) PL 5-5800

NEW FASHIONABLE CONVENIENT

Attractive rates from $13-$20 Single, Double from $17-$24, Suites from $26.

HOME OF Rumpelmayer's
Café de la Paix

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL: Boston HA 6-4994 • Chicago 427-1107 • Washington, D. C. 638-4556 • Los Angeles DU 8-1151 • San Francisco EX 7-2717 • Montreal 866-3391 • Toronto 364-0764



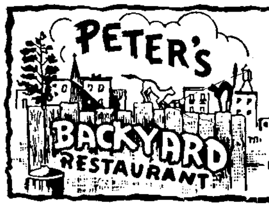
Fine Italian Restaurant

COCKTAILS AND DINNER SERVED IN A TYPICAL GROCERY STORE ATMOSPHERE.
LA "GROCERIA"
WEST 4th STREET and 6th AVENUE • CH 2-3200

Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

The New York Times rates Bruno's Pen and Pencil "Superior quality" . . . one of the pleasantest of New York's steak houses.

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno



PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N. Y. C.
GR 3-4476

is, of course, magnificent, and the staging, by Mr. Menotti, remains deft.

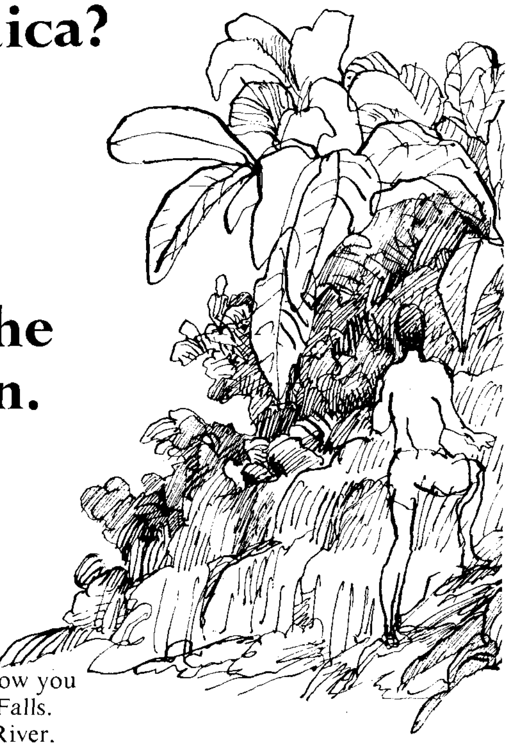
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Charge!

BEFORE the arrival of the so-called new-thing movement, jazz offered a soft-sell array of emotions that ranged easily from mourning to exhilaration. It didn't matter much to the musician whether or not the listeners reacted, for he knew when he was good and when he was bad, and he also knew that audiences tend to appreciate or ignore the wrong things; poor drum solos are cheered just as heartily as good ones, which are very rare. But the new thing is hard-sell music. It depends not on mere emotion but on an armored passion. It grits its teeth, seizes the listener, shakes him, and hisses, "Damn you, *listen* to this!" This belligerence can very nearly be *seen* in Milford Graves' demonic, ten-handed drumming, in Roswell Rudd's wild, atonal J. C. Higginbotham trombone, and in the blindingly intense chording of Cecil Taylor's piano. It is also behind most of the movement's confusions and shortcomings. The new-thing musicians play too loudly and appear never to have heard of dynamics (some of the most affecting moments of the likes of Ben Webster and Red Allen have been delivered at a whisper), they play too long (time and again, good solos or good collective passages are ruined by repetition or sheer, wearing length), and they often become so caught up in their own musical gales that they completely forget their compatriots (good jazz rests on collective individualism). At its worst, then, the new thing is long-winded, dull, and almost physically abrasive. At its best—in the hands of Ornette Coleman or Taylor—it howls through the mind and heart, filling them with an honest ferocity that is new in jazz and perhaps in any music. (Some observers have suggested that the new thing is primarily a social-protest music, that its sledging is still another anti-white Negro shout. If that is so, it will date as quickly as the proletarian novel.) Both the best and the worst of the new thing were in evidence at Town Hall a week ago in a concert given by Cecil Taylor, the nominal head of the movement, and four aides.

Taylor is an extraordinary pianist. He is a hammer and the keyboard is an anvil. His single notes and chords and runs ring and clang and thunder. The other evening, his exertions forced



Going to Jamaica?

Try climbing waterfalls at the Jamaica Hilton.

Don Bardowell, the manager of the Jamaica Hilton in Ocho Rios will show you how to climb famous Dunn's River Falls. Or hunt crocodiles along the Black River. But he has some less terrifying treats for you, too: Swimming from a reef-protected beach, tennis, a huge pool, an exotic night club called the Limbo Room . . . and really fabulous food. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

JAMAICA HILTON

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton

SINCE 1844

LINEN—AS YOU LIKE IT!

DRIP-DRY, CRISP, SHAPE-RETAINING THANKS TO TERYLENE POLYESTER FIBRE IN THE BLEND. A SMART SHORT BECAUSE WE INSIST ON PRECISE FIT. BRITISH TAILORED IN FLATTERING COLOURS: BERMUDA BLUE, BERMUDA PINK, SANDRINGHAM (MISTY TURQUOISE), LIGHT BROWN BARK. 10-18. $9.95. FAMOUS ENGLISH LAWN BLOUSE IN COMPANION FLORAL PRINTS. 8-18. $6.95 BY MAIL.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-4. Short sleeve blouse, same colours and sizes, $6.95. Give second colour choice. Add 50¢ postage per item. Send for our illustrated catalogue.

him to strip down to a sweatshirt, through which one could see his biceps working and bulging. His solos are virtually forged. Part of one might go like this: A legato passage, made up of well-spaced, high-register single notes, struck all around the beat and chosen to form a lingering, discordant lyricism, will idle by, and then, after a pause during which one can just about hear Taylor's computer whirring and clicking, he will leap to the bottom of the keyboard and let loose a terrific two-handed tremolo, which swells into a volcanic shudder, and then start a series of irregular, pounding left-hand chords while his right hand shoots effortlessly through a descending-ascending run that may end in a skidding glissando. Abrupt silence. He may then fire a splintering salvo of staccato chords in the middle register, allow his hands to move apart and into different rhythms and dissonant chords, suddenly drop his volume, and, after another stark silence, swim nonchalantly back into another legato pool. The intensity in each Taylor solo is unbelievable; it scales peak after peak and then, reaching an impossibly high point, simply passes on to another peak, and to still another. He knocks the wind out of the piano and he knocks the wind out of the listener. This happened at least twice at Town Hall—in his first solo in his fast waltz called "Live," in which his frenzy seemed to freeze, like rapidly spinning spokes, and in his "Soft Shoe," an unaccompanied solo that was notable for its mixture of oblique lyricism and operatic crescendos. The three remaining numbers, also by Taylor, exhibited, at least in their opening and closing sections, the sort of stubborn melodic irregularity that appears in Ornette Coleman's composing. They also included endless solos by Mike Mantler on trumpet and Jimmy Lyons on alto saxophone. Mantler is another adherent of the choked, high-noted, anti-brass style introduced by Don Cherry, and Lyons, when he was audible, flopped around on the plains that stretch between Charlie Parker and Coleman. The rhythm section—Andrew Cyrille on drums and Reggie Workman on bass—assiduously pursued Taylor through his labyrinth; they never caught up, but they collided head on with him several times, and the crash was impressive. Taylor's own accompanying is, in general, an extension of his solos, and it is puzzling that he uses any other performers at all. He is not merely a pianist but a whole defiant, rocketing musical world.

—Whitney Balliett

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED 86 PROOF. BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky

Secret thoughts of a diamond dealer:

"...seven spades, my wife bids. I think it's time for a double—White Horse Scotch* that is."

*People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.

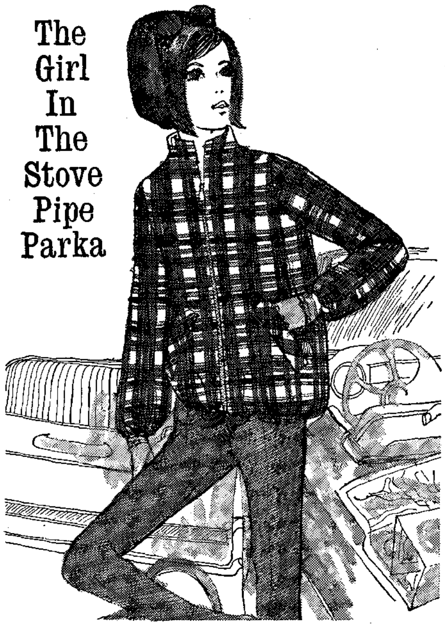
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 14

SELMA and Saigon confront the President with problems that must, from his vantage point, appear to have much in common. He has been under heavy and increasing pressure to seek military solutions in both Alabama and Vietnam. He has been urged against military intervention in both places, and he has also been urged to intervene in one place but not in the other. (Among those who have been demanding a strong federal presence in Alabama are some of the bitterest critics of the American presence in South Vietnam. And vice versa.) Despite the State Department's recent release of "Aggression from the North," a white paper charging that South Vietnam is the victim of an invasion mounted and directed by North Vietnam, the President is known to look upon the disturbances in both Alabama and South Vietnam as essentially civil in character. In neither case, he knows, can they be ended or much ameliorated by the dispatch of troops; indeed, the long-run consequences of military intervention might be a heightening and spreading of tensions. Yet in Alabama tensions increased and erupted in violence in the absence of intervention, and they show no signs of subsiding in Vietnam, where there has been limited intervention. It may be that in both places armed pacification by American ground forces is a pre-condition for even partial and temporary settlements. In Alabama, as in South Vietnam, the local authorities are incompetent, despotic, and despised by large numbers of citizens. In neither place can the governors be said to have the consent of the governed. In both places, one of the main foundations of power is widespread disenfranchisement. In Alabama no less than in South Vietnam, the rulers attribute their troubles to outsiders; "Aggression from the North" would have made a suitable title for Governor Wallace's filibuster on television this afternoon. In South Vietnam, as in Alabama, American journalists are held responsible for acts of violence by natives. Though one government denies the need for armed assistance in keeping the peace and the other wants as much armed assistance as it can get, both governments are at cross-purposes with the administration here, and neither can be counted on as a trustworthy ally in the fulfillment of any agreement or understanding.

Before taking action of any kind in either Alabama or Vietnam, the President must weigh the probable consequences not only here and within the territorial boundaries of those places but within the regions of which they are a part. No action can be taken in South Vietnam, or beyond its borders in North Vietnam or Laos, without first attempting to determine the kind of response such action will elicit in China or in Thailand. And China's probable response cannot be taken into account without at the same time appraising how that response will affect what the Soviet Union says or does. Similarly, Alabama cannot be considered separately from the rest of the South. It is part of a region and ideological bloc that throughout most of American history has been held together by ties obviously more durable than those now giving way among the Communist states and parties. Administration circles believe that something like the fragmentation that has been observable in the Communist world is developing in the South today. In many places, ideology seems to be yielding to local needs, such as economic growth and a desire for peaceful coexistence with Northern states. Alabama under George Wallace is resisting the development—though even Wallace seems to have given ground this weekend with his several statements about obeying any and all federal-court orders and acts of Congress—but the states adjoining Alabama to the north, south, east, and west have all been moving toward accommodation with the federal authorities. Tennessee has just about broken away from the Old Confederacy. Last year, it made a senator of a congressman who had voted for the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Florida, always an odd and special case, is certain in time to become a Northern satellite, largely through the process of colonization. In Georgia, the old order is cracking, with Atlanta, a symbolic city, already gone, and politicians who seek statewide offices hungrily eying the Negro vote. And the Governor of Mississippi, Paul Johnson, whose racist rhetoric in the past was more offensive than Wallace's, has lately been trying to pass himself off as a moderate. The spur in Mississippi and in several other states is thought to be the provision of the Civil Rights Act that authorizes the withholding of federal funds from states that fail to comply with the act or with earlier laws of similar intent. At any rate, developments in the South, unlike developments in Southeast Asia, have, on the whole, been encouraging in the past few months. Early compliance with the Civil Rights Act has in most places exceeded the expectations of those who wrote it and worked for its passage, and the administration has been reluctant to give Governor Wallace and other Southern Maoists the one thing—military occupation—that would be most likely to restore unity within the Southern bloc.

At the moment, the outlook for a settlement without occupation seems fairly bright. There is no certainty that the federal court in Montgomery will lift its prohibition on civil-rights marches, and no certainty that if it does, it will act upon the federal government's request for an order restraining state and local authorities in their dealings with the demonstrators. Whatever the court does, however, it seems likely that moderation will be practiced. Last week, provoking the federal government into intervention may have seemed to be in the interests of Wallace and his associates in Montgomery, but it cannot seem so any longer, and Wallace's two public performances this weekend were those of a man trying to save face with his mouth. For him, the price of Selma has been very high, and in Washington he lost his shirt. Martin Luther King may have lost



The Girl In The Stove Pipe Parka

Mad for plaids? These are crisp and lively in Quinntona, a fine imported woven cotton backed with a silky bonded lining for *shrink-and-crease resistance.* Boat neck, drawstring hem, snug elasticized sleeves. Color-fast plaids on white. S-M-L. Under $15. At Boyd's, St. Louis; Joseph Magnin, all stores, or write

R.C. QUINN
525 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

ORE
OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE
Specialists
RENTALS · SALES IN EUROPE
AND THE CARIBBEAN

OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE
155 E. 55th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022
(212) MU 8-5656
CORNELIUS E. O'CONNOR

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $10.50, Doubles from $16.50. Suites from $14.00.
Circle 7-7440

in the streets and he may lose in federal court, but he has made his point here, and segregationists throughout the South will pay for Wallace's miscalculations when the Congress passes, as everyone expects that it will, the administration bill on registration procedures. In 1960 and 1964, Southerners in Congress used what bargaining power they still had to see to it that the civil-rights laws enacted in those years provided that federal registrars would take over only when the courts found that local officials had practiced discrimination. Under the new bill, as it was described by the Attorney General yesterday, the Justice Department will initiate proceedings wherever less than half of the eligible voters are registered, and much of the authority previously exercised by the courts will be vested in the Civil Service Commission, whose protocol is simpler and whose procedures are subject to fewer delays. Not every Negro who would like to will vote in elections this year or next, but Negro registration has been increasing greatly under existing laws, and this new one—if its Constitutionality is upheld—will accelerate enfranchisement by, it is believed, a factor of three or four. It is now conceivable that Governor Wallace will stay in Alabama politics long enough to lose an election.

IN the weeks between the President's order for American planes to go into action over North Vietnam and Governor Wallace's order to his élite corps to go into action in Selma, nearly *all the President's time and energy* were spent on foreign policy—on Vietnam and on the reactions to his decision (mainly unfavorable) in other capitals. The strain was beginning to show. One day shortly before he had to turn his mind to the consequences of Governor Wallace, he took time out to meet with two groups of visiting highbrows—the winners of a privately sponsored scientific "talent hunt," and participants in the National Conference on Educational Legislation. With both groups, he put aside his prepared remarks to express irritation over what had lately been his unhappy lot. "I don't know what will be written about my administration," *he told the second group,* with whom he met in the East Room of the White House in the late afternoon. "Nothing really seems to go right from early in the morning till late at night." He gave no specific cause for his vexation when he expressed it, but in his meeting with the first group, which took place at noon, he had spoken rather darkly about

Shhh. This is a quiet vacation.
The informal life.
Charming cottages on beach
or hillside.
The sporting life.
(We provide sloops, sailfish, pool
and tennis court).
White secluded beaches. (So private
you can almost forget your bikini).
People.
(Nice people. Fun people. Single
or married. Want to be or just were).
A central hotel.
(Just a short stroll or surrey ride
from your cottage). Superb service.
Great food. Music. Dancing.
A nightly change of pace from the
lazy golden days.

Do you love all this? We're for you.
Grapetree Bay. (What a beautiful
name). Warning: the entire area is so
magnificent you might go home a
property owner. Many do.

Want a color brochure?

Get in touch.

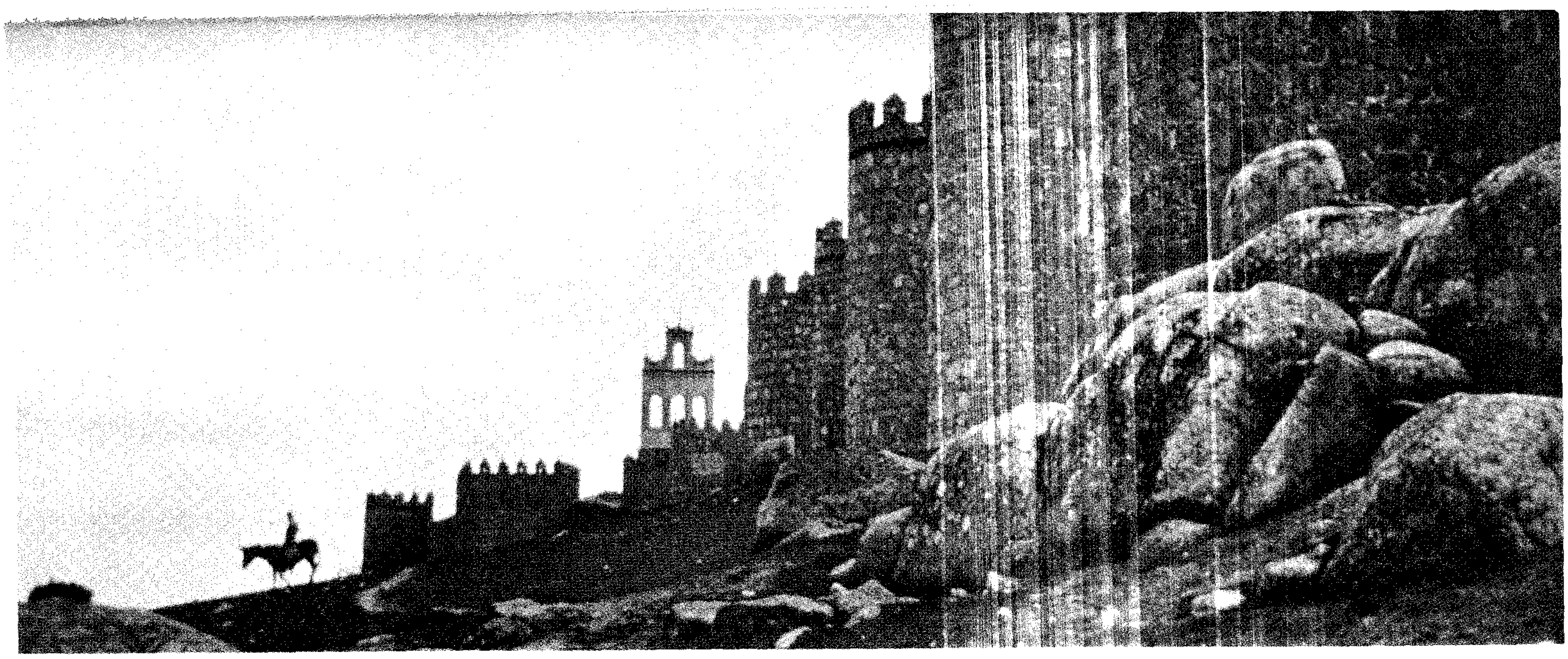
G B
Grapetree Bay
John A. Burgess, General Manager
Grapetree Bay
Christiansted
St. Croix, Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

TEQUILA
GAVILAN
PRODUCE OF MEXICO

Gin and Vodka's new rival...
GAVILAN TEQUILA!
Meet this spirited new challenger in the
Tequini
(Gavilan Martini)
Marghrita
Tequila Collins
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A Distributors
90 Proof

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res: MU 3-0996
237 MADISON AVE.
near 37th Street
Cantonese & Mandarin Cooking
3 Private Rooms for meetings & parties
AMPLE PARKING AFTER 6 P.M.

Miss Peggy Lee
Nightly (exc. Sun.)
BASIN STREET East
48th St. east of Lexington Ave. • PL 2-4444



Don Quixote and canned paella.

The Fiesta Nacional and the prison at Burgos.

Generalissimo Franco and the non-system.

The Cathedral at Salamanca and the sounds of jazz.

The chivalrous spirit of Don Quixote must view with consternation the annual flood of 16,000,000 tourists to his dry, burned, frozen, magnificent Spain. The result is called the Spanish miracle—a mixture of oxcarts and Volkswagens, of olive trees and factory chimneys, crumbling castles and Miami modern.

Holiday devotes its entire April issue to the people, the places and the reign in Spain.

Free-spending, far-traveling readers who depend on Holiday for the authoritative word on places everywhere will read and react to this issue.

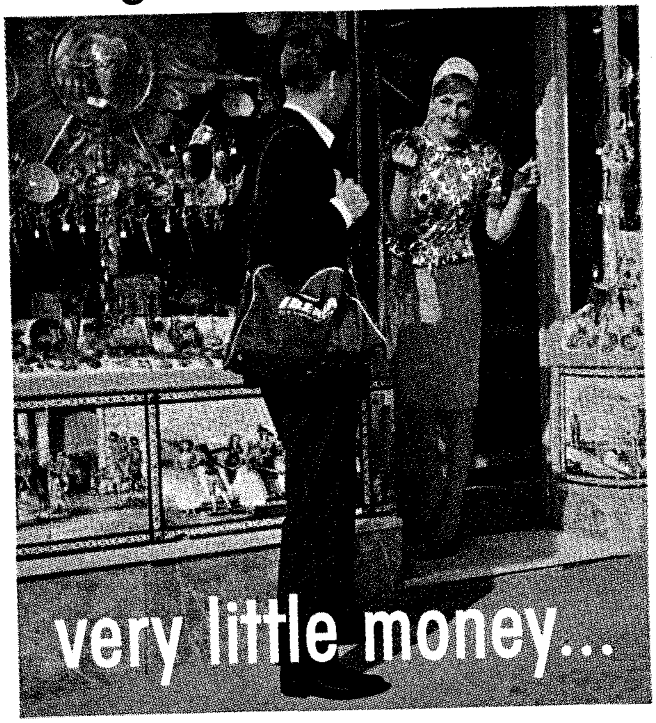
That's why Holiday, the most widely traveled tourist of them all, can produce miracles for advertisers, too.

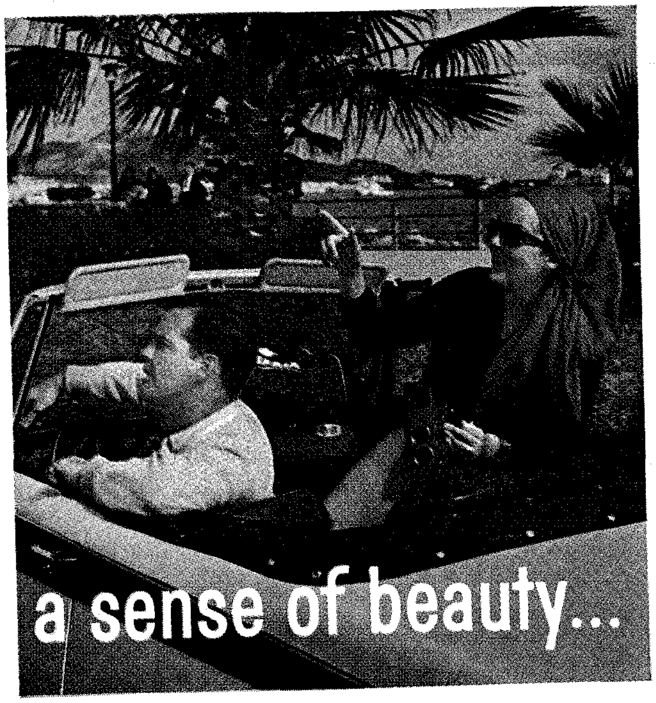
THERE'S ONLY ONE

HOLIDAY

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

Things to take to Spain:


very little money...


a sense of beauty...

and IBERIA
WHERE ONLY THE PLANE GETS MORE ATTENTION THAN YOU

Truly, Spain is Europe's most beautiful travel bargain. You can live there happily for $10 a day—you can live like a king for very little more.

How to get there? Iberia. The courtesy and cuisine are in the classic tradition of Spain itself; the modern jetliners are the finest, newest and best-maintained in the world. In fact, only Iberia flies daily from New York to Madrid with *extra-power fan jets* on every flight.

Fly to Spain in comfort and confidence aboard Iberia. You'll come back with money in your pocket and memories to last a lifetime.

See your Travel Agent or call Iberia. Ticket offices now in Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto & Washington, D. C.

EUROPE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL TRAVEL BARGAINS!

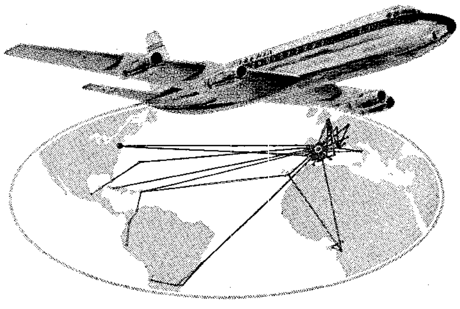
Iberia Air Lines
Dept. N2, 518 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me colorful brochures on Iberia's glorious, exciting tours, starting as low as $471 for 16 all-expense-paid days (Incl. transportation)!

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

City_______________State____________



IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

American critics of his policies. He said it was sometimes necessary to "defend freedom not only against enemies without but against folks who don't understand within." It was not his first expression of Presidential displeasure with "bellyachers." One has the feeling, though, that he would not be entirely happy with the problems he faces abroad even if he encountered no criticism at home. The note of doubt and melancholy expressed to the educators was sounded halfway through a speech that was otherwise filled with expressions of confidence and high anticipation. The President's guests on this occasion were men and women eminent in their profession who had played a part in fashioning his educational program, and he had invited them to the White House to celebrate the imminent passage of the legislation and other victories to come. "I am glad in our time we are talking about how to improve the soul and improve the mind and improve the body and to live and learn and expand and wipe away all of these ancient curses," he said. "Why, if we could find the answer to heart disease and to strokes and to cancer, we'd save thirty-two billion a year, and this whole education bill hasn't got but a billion two hundred million. Now some . . . are going to say, if it is a billion two hundred million this year, it will be more next year. Well, it will be. Because I am not going to be proud to be President of the richest nation in the world when there are . . . children who can't read and write. . . . We are going to improve our education. We are going to improve our medicine and our medical care. We are going to improve the economic condition of our people. We are going to live under the Golden Rule." It seemed clear—at least before Selma—that when the President said that things were going badly from morning till night he had in mind only the world beyond his jurisdiction, and that what really pained him was the necessity of spending most of his time on nearly insoluble problems in remote areas where the powers of decision are in the hands of people over whom he has little authority. That this use of his gifts was not exactly what he had had in mind when he first dreamed of commanding the kind of power that is now his he made plain to his White House audience: "When I was a boy growing up, we never had these issues of our relations with other nations so much. We didn't wake up with Vietnam and have Cyprus for lunch and the Congo for dinner. . . . The folks that kind of

Don't wait to *inherit* Spode

BRIDAL ROSE
(Bone China)
Place Setting $26.00.

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

Don't deny yourself the civilizing pleasure of owning and using Spode now. This fine English dinnerware is exceptionally sturdy, relatively inexpensive and, of course, too beautiful to do without. SEE SPODE AT NEARBY STORES OR SEND FOR BOOKLET 63 TO HELP YOU SELECT THE PATTERN BEST SUITED TO YOUR TASTE AND NEEDS.

wholesale distributors: COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. 206 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Imagine *solid aluminum* so completely transformed! It's LaClassique by Scroll . . . with its exquisite detail enhanced by a hand-rubbed antique finish. Many dining and seating groupings to choose from . . . write for color brochure.

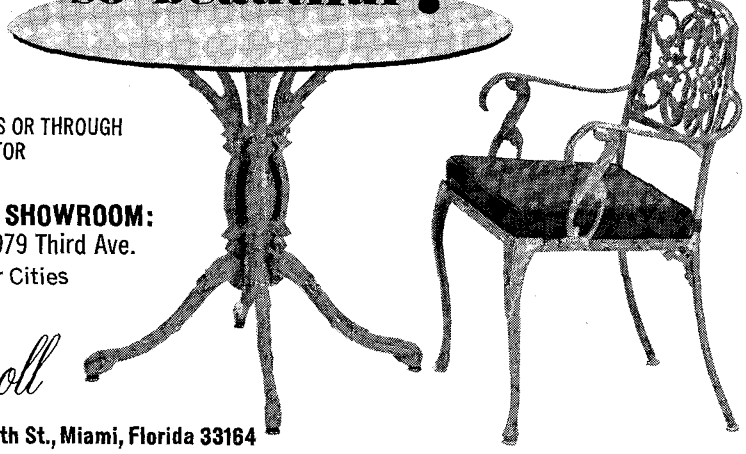
whoever thought aluminum furniture could be so beautiful?

AVAILABLE AT
BETTER STORES OR THROUGH
YOUR DECORATOR

NEW YORK SHOWROOM:
D&D Bldg., 979 Third Ave.
Also in Other Cities

Scroll
800 N.W. 166th St., Miami, Florida 33164

SCROLL, INC./ A Subsidiary of Keller Industries, Inc., Miami



PHIL FORD
AND
MIMI HINES
AT THE
ROYAL BOX
Nightly at 9:30 and 12:15 (except Sundays)
DINNER & SUPPER DANCING
LEE EVANS
& HIS ORCHESTRA
Plus the music of Arturo Arturos
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK
MARCH 29/NANCY AMES & MORTY GUNTY

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.*)

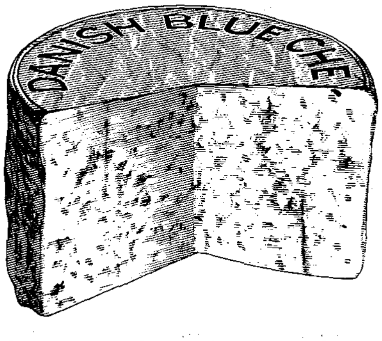
NAME

ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP code*)

molded the opinion . . . kept us debating whether we were wet or dry, whether we were prohibitionists or anti-prohibitionists, and the fact that one teacher had seven grades to teach in a school that was falling down. . . . Later we talked about whether we were Klan or anti-Klan, and we chased them all around the country back and forth."

Waking up—perhaps from a reverie in which he had been repairing tumbledown schools and chasing Klansmen through the mesquite—to learn the news from Saigon is far from being Lyndon Johnson's idea of how to begin a satisfying Presidential day. To be sure, the news from Saigon is almost invariably distressing, but one feels that even if it were otherwise he would be resentful. He does not like anything that deflects him from his main purpose, which is to preside memorably over a period of vast change and adjustment in American society. And if this is a true reading, it is one with large diplomatic implications. The President's reluctance to be turned aside from his principal concern by the conflict in Vietnam is itself a factor in the conflict. It lends more weight than any number of direct statements to his contention that he is eager to limit the war and to negotiate a settlement whenever acceptable conditions for negotiation exist. On this score, there is very little doubt in the mind of anyone here. There are some who feel that he has been too brusque in his dismissal of various suggestions for the creation of an atmosphere in which negotiations might begin, but there are none who feel that he has any interest in prolonging the war or has any grandiose vision of "total victory." On the contrary, he would like to be done with it, and soon. He knows that his "consensus" is built around his domestic program and his announced determination to pursue a policy of circumspection and restraint abroad, which is the kind of policy best suited to his temperament and talents. The consensus does not extend to Vietnam. On this thorny problem, a number of the President's most influential supporters in the Senate, including the Majority Leader and the chairmen of the Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees, have vigorously set forth their differences with the White House and the State Department. The President is no doubt painfully aware of the irony that has found him—within weeks of holding Senator Goldwater up to ridicule for proposing an extension of the war—employing some of



Leave your mother alone!

She gave you her recipe for apple pan dowdy. Something more is needed. Danish Blue Cheese. In sauces or salads. With pie or potato chips. Great. And cheaper than calling Sioux City.

IMPORTED DANISH BLUE CHEESE
...a cut above the commonplace.

PicassoArts INC.
Recent Drawings
Thursdays open til 9 PM
1046 Madison Ave.
Cor. 80th St., N.Y., N.Y.
UN 1-0450

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N.Y. Exit 15 N.Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

the very tactics that the Republican candidate advocated. He must feel, of course, that circumstances have driven him to this. But he seems unhappy about the circumstances, and ready, when the occasion offers, to curse them.

It is generally assumed here that the basic aim of our present policy is not to bring the Hanoi regime to its knees but to put it under pressure from the Soviet Union to negotiate. While it is true that the State Department white paper offered justifications (many of them quite unimpressive to people outside the Department) for regarding the war as an old-fashioned case of simple, unprovoked aggression, it is also true that the President has refrained from basing military policy on this view. Our bombings have not been "strategic" in the accepted military sense. We have refrained thus far from striking targets vital to North Vietnam's economy, or even to its war-making power. The President has not committed himself to the "defeat" of the aggressor or to any of the other standard objectives of a war of what was once the standard sort. His expectation, as it is commonly seen here, is to get something diplomatically productive, from Washington's point of view, out of the Sino-Soviet split. The belief that this can be done rests on the assumption that a demonstration of our willingness to take somewhat larger risks in Southeast Asia, accompanied by a display of our reluctance to do as much damage as we are capable of doing, will provide the Soviet Union and perhaps some anti-Chinese elements in Hanoi with a case for urging a settlement. The assumption may be unsound. Last Sunday's Washington *Post* carried contributions by two of the country's best-informed students of the Communist world. One of them, Donald S. Zagoria, a Columbia University Kremlinologist, announced that the soundness of the policy had already been demonstrated. "The most significant consequence of the American bombings of North Vietnam is the widening of the Sino-Soviet split," he wrote. He offered little in the way of documentation—though the exchanges between Moscow and Peking over the behavior of Chinese students and Soviet police outside the American Embassy in Moscow suggest no healing of the split. In any event, there has been no evidence to date of Moscow's using its good offices in furtherance of a settlement. On another page of the same paper, George F. Kennan, the dean of American Kremlinologists, advanced precisely

Don't Send A Gift...
Just Come To The Party

What party? Your party, of course. The one we're throwing to celebrate our 50th birthday. It goes on for 365 days and the more guests, the merrier. After all, 50 golden years of sunshine calls for a real celebration. It's our birthday, but it's your party. So, be our guest.

Like any good host, we're ready to supply our guests with all sorts of information. Use the handy little coupon. After that, you can start celebrating.

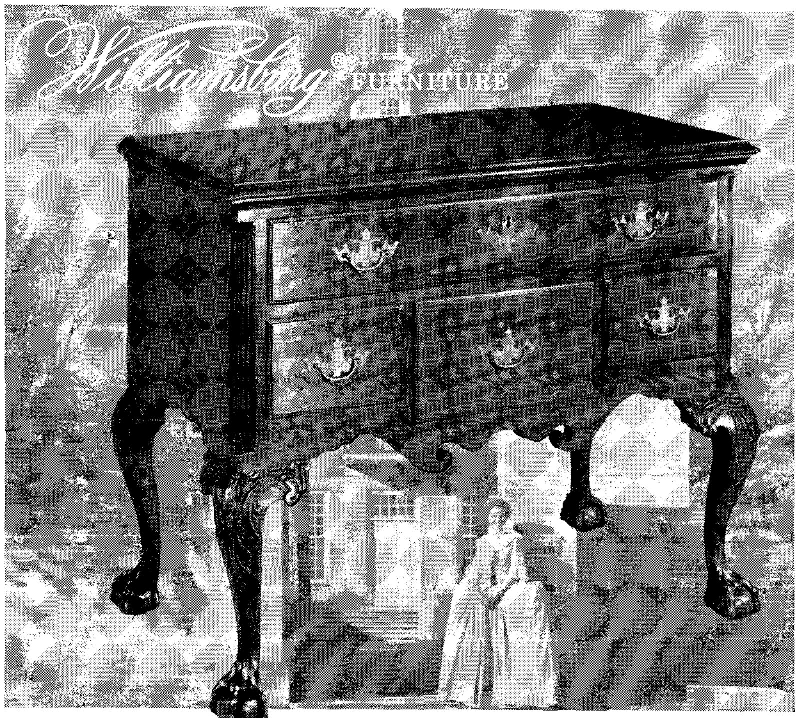
MIAMI BEACH VACATIONLAND USA

MIAMI BEACH SUNSHINE 50 YEARS 1915 1965

N-6
Miami Beach Information Center • P.O. Box 1511
Miami Beach, Florida 33139

☐ Hotel ☐ Motel ☐ Apartment (Check preference)

Name....................................
Address....................................
City..........................State..........



SO RARE *and only Kittinger can reproduce it*

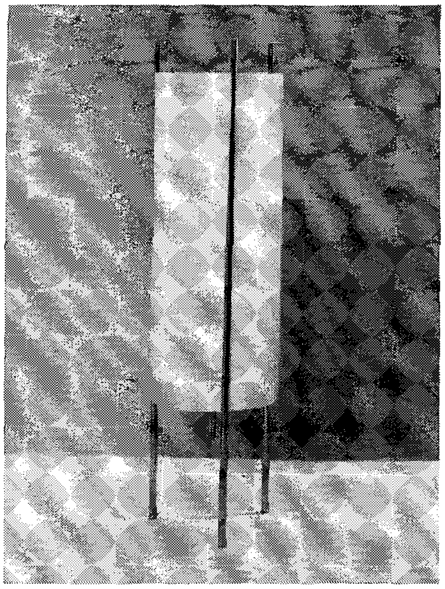
No one could buy the original of this Lowboy at any price. It is enshrined forever in the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg. So you can enjoy the genius of its design and its historic tradition, Kittinger artisans have been selected to reproduce it in each exacting detail. Send for folder showing the rare Williamsburg collection. Kittinger Company, 1919A Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. 14207

WILLIAMSBURG is the registered trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.

Visit NEW YORK SHOWROOM...305 EAST 63rd STREET

KITTINGER

Other Showrooms: BUFFALO • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO



LITTLE NOTHING

This 25½" tall table lamp is elegantly simple. It's nothing but a slim *plexiglass cylinder (7" diameter) held* by 3 polished brass or chrome rods. But these ingredients are so perfectly balanced that the lamp looks classic. It has a three-way socket that takes up to 150 watts. Spend $39 and you get this lamp. It's as simple as that.

NEW 52 PG. CATALOG . . . ONLY 25c
Mail orders and browsers invited.

GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-35, 888 Madison Ave. (72nd St.)
N.Y.C. 21. UN 1-8955. Open Thurs. till 8.

Very Personal Invitation
custom mounted for a permanent gift!

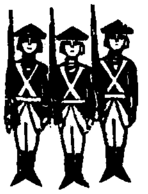
Give a personal remembrance of the most memorable moment of a bride or graduate . . . that precious invitation or announcement *permanently* mounted on one of our gracious trays, planter, or cigarette box. Of durable metalware, each piece is hand decorated in antique white enamel . . . select simple gold border or colorful floral design (specify which, in ordering). Each appliqued and varnished for lifetime beauty. Perfect, too, for baby announcement, news clippings, etc. Be sure to send invitation with your order.

Keyhole Gallery Tray, 17"x14"	$12.50
6" Planter	12.00
10" Footed Tray	10.00
Cigarette Box, 5"x6"	8.50
Queen Anne Tray, 14"x17"	7.50

All postpaid.

Allow 2 weeks delivery.

WAYNE'S Dept. N-20
72 Pondfield Road, Bronxville, N.Y.



HUNGRY TROOPS?
The Colonial Inn
CONCORD • MASSACHUSETTS
(617) 369-4600 • 60 ROOMS

the opposite case. He felt that the likeliest effect of continued bombings would be a movement by the Soviet leaders toward the Chinese position. The two countries are competing for leadership and influence among the anti-colonialists who are in authority in most of Asia and Africa, and for the Soviet Union to respond to American bombings of North Vietnam by egging North Vietnam along to the conference table would be to withdraw from the competition. Moreover, Kennan argued, even if the Johnson policy worked out as planned, it might prove a disaster for us. If the Russians find themselves "in an intense and exclusive competition with the Chinese," he wrote, "we will . . . only intensify the effectiveness of the forces ranged against us." There are additional difficulties with our strategy. Even if it should produce exactly the desired response in Moscow, there is no assurance that Moscow's influence would prevail in Hanoi. And if we should further expose Moscow's weakness among the Communist powers, we would contribute to strengthening Peking's. Not everything about the Sino-Soviet split works to our advantage, but an effort to widen it is the core of our policy now. And the policy seems to be mostly core.

THE State Department last weekend gave over its conference rooms, its auditorium, and its formal reception halls to what must have been the most informal as well as the liveliest gathering ever to have taken place in that ungainly pile of concrete in the heart of Foggy Bottom. This was a conference called by the Peace Corps to celebrate four years of survival. As all proper conferences must, this one had a theme—"The Returned Peace Corps Volunteer: Citizen in a Time of Change." All the thirty-three hundred "returned volunteers" (the term "veteran" is both preëmpted and unwanted) had been invited, and eight hundred and seventy-two, or better than twenty-five per cent, showed up, along with approximately two hundred non-volunteers who had been asked because it was thought they might contribute something to the deliberations, or at any rate learn something from them. The volunteers who had completed their two-year terms overseas were, with very few exceptions, well under thirty. Nearly all of them were well-scrubbed, well-spoken sons and daughters of the middle class, and there were few who did not sport at least one academic degree. Articulateness of a high order was the general—

"The finest novel I have read for several years." — GABRIEL FIELDING

The Emigration of Sergey Ivanovich

Richard Freeborn

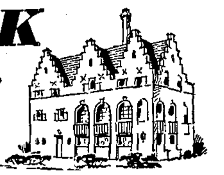
"A remarkably vivid and penetrating novel of recent Russia. It sweeps over two wars and the years of revolution, and introduces a lively gallery of characters and a wide range of human experience." — Boston Herald

At all bookstores, $4.00

MORROW

Luxury
in the New York manner
Regally spacious guest rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York. Meeting, banquet rooms.
Two notable restaurants
Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants
Sea Fare
Newest Branch
25 West 56th St.
Near Fifth Ave.
1033 First Ave.
at 57th St. Sutton Place
44 West 8th St.
Greenwich Village
Diner's Club • American Exp.



KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

indeed, the almost universal—rule. So was enthusiasm for the kind of work they had lately been doing abroad. Such an attitude, perhaps, was only to be expected at this particular assembly; it is the boosters, not the knockers, who show up at class reunions, and this was as much a reunion as a conference. However, in preparation for this event the Peace Corps had sent out an elaborate questionnaire to all those honorably discharged from its service, and in the twenty-three hundred questionnaires returned there was, according to staff members, no significant evidence of disenchantment. Almost without exception, the volunteers had a sense of accomplishment as well as of adventure, and it was this that underlay a good deal of personal restlessness and dissatisfaction with the society they had reëntered. In a few cases, the discontent took the form of a familiar kind of self-pity—a vexation with the stay-at-homes who failed to appreciate not only the sacrifices made by the volunteers but the utilitarian value of the disciplines they displayed or acquired in the course of their service. But self-pity was a distinctly minor theme. In the main, the impressive thing was that, whether or not their work had had much value to others, the experience had been immensely valuable and in many ways transforming. The tabulation of the questionnaires showed that thirty-four per cent of the volunteers had entered the Peace Corps with no idea, or with quite unclear ideas, of what they wanted to do when they got out. Among the returned volunteers, only twelve per cent are afflicted with any uncertainty. Of the sixty-six per cent who joined with fixed goals, more than half abandoned them for new ones in the course of duty. And in most of these cases the changes were in the direction of work resembling their Peace Corps assignments. Upon their return, three times as many wished to go into social work as had wished to do so upon joining the Corps. Twice as many wished to enter government. Four times as many wished to have "international careers."

The Peace Corps is the only effort that this government—perhaps any government—has ever made to discover and institutionalize what William James called "a moral equivalent of war." It was bound to attract uneasy and dissenting spirits—and it was for this reason, among others, that many people doubted that it could survive very long as part of the federal bureaucracy. But it has justified itself before two Congresses now, and it seems certain to be

Going to Trinidad?

Chase the ghost of Jean Lafitte at the upside-down Trinidad Hilton.

Sounds pretty wild, but then everything about Dave Hoffman's beautiful hotel is. It's built on the side of a hill and you go *down* to your room. His pool is shaped like the island, just for kicks. And it's on the roof. So's the dance floor. But why not? The Trinidad Hilton is for fun. For calypsos, carnival, and chasing pirates' ghosts in Port of Spain. But come before the crowds discover it's the only unspoiled island left in the Caribbean. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

trinidad hilton

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton.

Will you buy Boo Sun a cow?

Boo Sun lives with 9 relatives in a one-room hut in an impoverished South Korean village.

All she ever wanted was "to be a teacher, so I could make little children wise."

But education is not free in South Korea. And Boo Sun's parents are desperately poor.

They're also proud. That's why they refuse charity.

But if they had a cow to do the plowing, they could grow enough rice to earn money to send Boo Sun to school.

. . . Will you buy Boo Sun a cow?

Your contribution to Save the Children Federation, though tax-deductible, is not charity. It's used instead for self-help. Children, families, entire communities in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, Tanganyika, Colombia, Italy, and American Indians as well, are aided to stand on their feet through Save the Children self-help funds. As a sponsor, you or your group receive the story and photograph of the child you help to help himself, and the opportunity for person-to-person correspondence.

Won't you fill in the coupon?

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help a ( ) girl ( ) boy in________(countries listed on left) or where the need is greatest ( ).

Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ( ) $37.50 a quarter ( )
$75 semi-annually ( ) $150 annually ( )

I cannot sponsor a child:
enclosed is contribution of $________

Name________
Address________
City________Zip______State______

Contributions are income tax deductible. NY-3-20-65

CHURCHILL

Portrait of Greatness

by Relman Morin

The hand that rocked the world. The life that inspired four generations. The story that every family will read over and over, told here in stirring prose and more than 150 striking photographs. Only $3.95

At all bookstores or order from Dept. 302

PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

PRENTICE-HALL OF CANADA, LTD.

Scarborough, Ont. Canada

"The funniest book ...since Catch-22"

—Maurice Dolbier, N. Y. Herald Tribune

$4.95 at all bookstores PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE

Bel Kaufman

"You are going to be hearing a good deal about this glad, mad, sad novel of public schooling in New York...so rich in humor that you can open it anywhere and smile."—John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate

Heading for Europe? Don't miss the Swiss!

SWITZERLAND! AN UNCOMMON GUIDE

Lawrence and Sylvia Martin of ENGLAND! and PARIS! fame have written a fresh, witty, comprehensive handbook that takes you through the Alps and into the heart of enchanting Switzerland —its ways, means, people, and places. Each, $6.95

McGraw-Hill

ICE FROM ICEBERGS

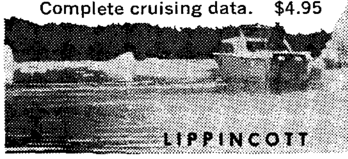
for Scotch-on-the-rocks—also mating whales, glaciers, fjords, Indians—all in this exciting book about an adventurous outboard cruise.

Inside Passage to Alaska

A Sports *Illustrated* Cruise Book

by MORTEN LUND

56 photographs. 4 detailed maps. Complete cruising data. $4.95



LIPPINCOTT

approved by a third. Some of the outsiders who attended last weekend's discussions were eager to find out whether the agency was of any use either in increasing the effectiveness of American foreign policy or in contributing to the well-being of the countries in which its units served. No one could provide very much in the way of answers. But most of the observers went away persuaded that the Peace Corps's impact on American life may in time be an immense one. For the gathering that the State Department sheltered here was a gathering of sharp, independent, and confident critics of American society. Though most would undoubtedly have been critics under any circumstances, their Peace Corps experience had provided them with new angles of vision and with some training in the mobilization of their own inner resources for the purpose of bringing social change to pass. The suggestion was made that they organize to promote in this country the values that had brought them into the Peace Corps in the first place. The suggestion was rejected on the ground that there is too much organization in this country as it is. One had the feeling, though, that they were already organized. Except for those who had returned to their studies, there was scarcely one who was not engaged in some kind of social or political missionary work. And even the graduate students were bound together by a deep dissatisfaction with the learning procedures to which they were being subjected. There are only thirty-three hundred of these exhilarated and highly intelligent young people at large in this country at the present time, but by 1970 there are expected to be about fifty thousand of them. If large numbers of them infiltrate federal, state, and local governments and the educational system, the impact of the Peace Corps will be great—great enough, perhaps, to threaten its existence.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

In one recently opened restaurant, New York has inherited an embarrassment of riches. It is an establishment of such caliber, there is an inclination to use such expressions as "first rank" and "the plus ultra."—*Craig Claiborne in the Times.*

By all means go ahead and use them.

•

FOUND, rhinestone watch a few years ago in Filene's Base.—*Adv. in the Boston Record American.*

What's matter? Has it stopped running?

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PILLOW FIGHT, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Sloane). The chief characters in Mr. Monsarrat's long novel are a wife with a heart of flint, a whore with a heart of gold, and a "good" writer who has turned "commercial" with great success. The wife is Kate Marais, a native of South Africa; the whore is Susan Crompton, an American; and the husband is Jonathan Steele, who was born in England. After a long introductory section, set in South Africa and narrated by Kate, the story skips six rather important years (the first years of the marriage) and lands in New York, where Jonathan is now thoroughly enjoying an annual income of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Well, then, Kate has to hurry back to South Africa, which is where she wants to be anyway, and Jonathan goes to Barbados to write a musical of one of his books, and there he meets Susan, and so it goes. Kate has already related her sexual history to Jonathan, and he has told her all about himself and also about other women he knew. Susan has lots to tell Jonathan about herself and about the different men she has known, and so, with anecdotes oozing over almost every page, the book is padded out to a mirthless full length. The best one can say for Mr. Monsarrat is that he has obviously visited all the places he writes about.

THE FERRET FANCIER, by Anthony C. West (Simon & Schuster). This extremely protracted account of a young boy's awakening to the possibilities and impossibilities of the sexual life is depressed rather than enlivened by a running commentary on the ways of the boy's unlucky pet, a female ferret who becomes too sure of her master's affection. The scene is a country town in Ireland, and the style is mannered at best and, at worst, wheedling.

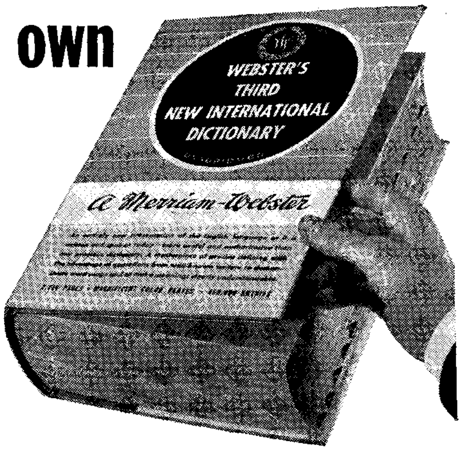
GENERAL

MERIWETHER LEWIS, by Richard Dillon (Coward-McCann). An interesting biography of the junior but ranking leader of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-06, or, as it was formally designated, the Corps of Volunteers for North Western Discovery. Mr. Dillon isn't much of a writer—water, to him, is "Adam's ale," a boat leaks "like a sieve," and a lover is "detained by Cupid." He is, however, a diligent scholar, and he has mastered his subject. The facts of Lewis's short life—his Virginia birth, his association with President Jefferson, his part in the expedition, and his violent death on the Natchez Trace in 1809 (probably at the hands of a murderous servant)—are all here, and Mr. Dillon has assembled them in such a way that an acceptable portrait emerges of a brave, honorable, enterprising man. It should be added that his account of the expedition—which, as might be expected, occupies the largest part of the book—is exactly right in tone and emphasis. Contemporary drawings and portraits, and an end-paper map.

HOUSE OUT OF ORDER, by Richard Bolling (Dutton). When the author, a representative from Missouri, looks at the House of Representatives, he sees the same curious features that many political scientists see. The House, expected by the framers of the Constitution to be the most radical branch of government, since its members go to the voters every two years, is now remarkably conservative—the biennial mandate makes representatives concern themselves too deeply with parochial affairs. The rebellion led by George Norris against the autocracy of the Speaker was intended to make the House more responsive to national needs; instead, the committee chairmen now hold the legislative powers that once belonged to Czar Reed and Uncle Joe Cannon. Bolling explains these troubles and deftly makes some suggestions. His wealth of firsthand illustrative examples and anecdotes adds authenticity.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND, by Sir Lewis Namier and John Brooke (St. Martin's). An excellent short biography. In the course of their joint work "The History of Parliament for 1754-90," the late Sir Lewis and Mr. Brooke, his assistant, turned up much unpublished material about Charles Townshend, the Chancellor

If you read about sophisticated living, you should own



. . . the new MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, the arts, business, and the professions.

In your position you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it — *the only way* — is to get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

100,000 new words, new meanings
450,000 entries

The first completely new unabridged dictionary in 29 years, this new Merriam-Webster is the only dictionary that puts you in full command of the new words and new meanings in space, science, politics, and today's English language in general.

It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Today, get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged for yourself and your family at your book, department, or stationery store. It is recognized as the final word authority by the U. S. Government Printing Office, by federal and state courts.

Beware of "Webster" substitutes.
Insist on the genuine

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

The leading name in dictionaries since 1847.

FREE BOOKLET — just mail coupon
G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 609, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name..............................

Address..............................

City & State..............................

6,000,000 Copies—

and not a best seller!

Six million—that's how many copies there are in print of our booklet called *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business."* The only reason it's not a best seller is that we give it away!

"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business" ("WEOTK" for short) is a short, simple, readable account of why people invest, what stocks and bonds are and how they are bought and sold, and what a broker does—in short, the story of investing in a nutshell of 6,000 words—with pictures.

If you've been wondering where to find an introduction to investing, this booklet is probably just what you've been looking for. You have only to ask and we'll send you a copy—free, of course.

Department 2

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

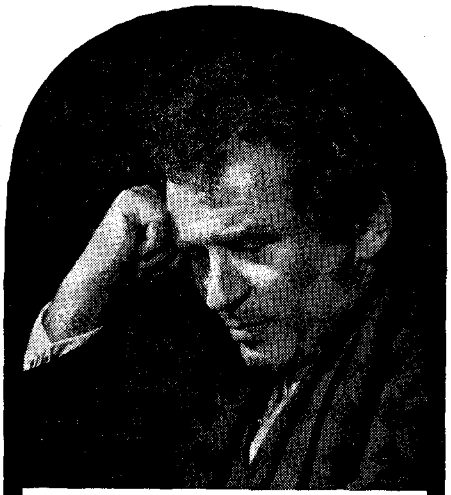
of the Exchequer who, by reopening the temporarily quiescent matter of American taxation, did about as much as any man to bring on the American Revolution. Steering taxes on glass, lead, paint, and tea through Parliament in 1767 was, the authors say, Townshend's "greatest triumph." Previously, he had not been a persuasive politician (though he had been in Parliament for twenty years), but this time he had his way, partly because the Cabinet was in disarray during the illness of one Prime Minister (Chatham) and the accession of another (Grafton), and partly because—so the authors think—there was a diffuse feeling in Parliament of a need to assert control over America. Though Townshend's responsibility for the blunder was not sole, it was immense, and the authors' answers to the question of why he did it are of considerable interest. Their amazing knowledge of the period is revealed in the book's intimate view of the political background, and their portrait of Townshend—a brilliant, wretched, witty, self-defeating man who always commanded attention and never affection—is enlightening.

THE GREAT TEA VENTURE, by J. M. Scott (Dutton). "The object of this book," the author, an English tea drinker, tells us, "has been to help people to appreciate the world's cheapest luxury by knowing more of its history." Just why a knowledge of its history should make one appreciate tea is unclear, but if Mr. Scott is not entirely successful as a promoter, he is a triumphant entertainer. For the history of tea ("a certaine drinke called Chaa, which is only water with a kind of herbe boyled in itt [and] must be dranke warme and is accompted wholesome," as Peter Mundy, a seventeenth-century seaman and writer, called it) is pure romance and derring-do—smiling Canton scalpers, piratical East India Company traders, quack doctors, Channel Coast smugglers, clipper ships, the Boston Tea Party, trade-secret-agentry. And, for good measure, Mr. Scott tells us how to make a good cup of tea. Illustrations and maps.

•

Some folks actually are younger physically at 50 and 60 than others who have lived many years longer.—*Josephine Lowman in the Post.*

They have every reason to be.



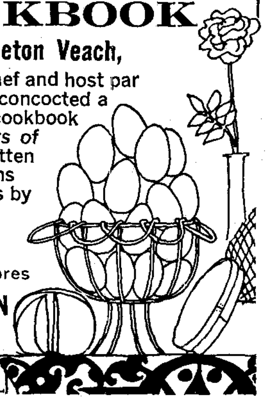
THIRD PRINTING!

AN AMERICAN DREAM is Norman Mailer's first work of fiction in ten years. It is an extraordinary novel. Many readers are likely to think it is his best book since his majestic and unforgettable *The Naked and the Dead.* Many others will declare it is the best book he has ever written. THE NEW NOVEL BY

Norman Mailer

AN AMERICAN DREAM

$4.95, now at your bookstore
THE DIAL PRESS, INC.



A BON VIVANT'S COOKBOOK

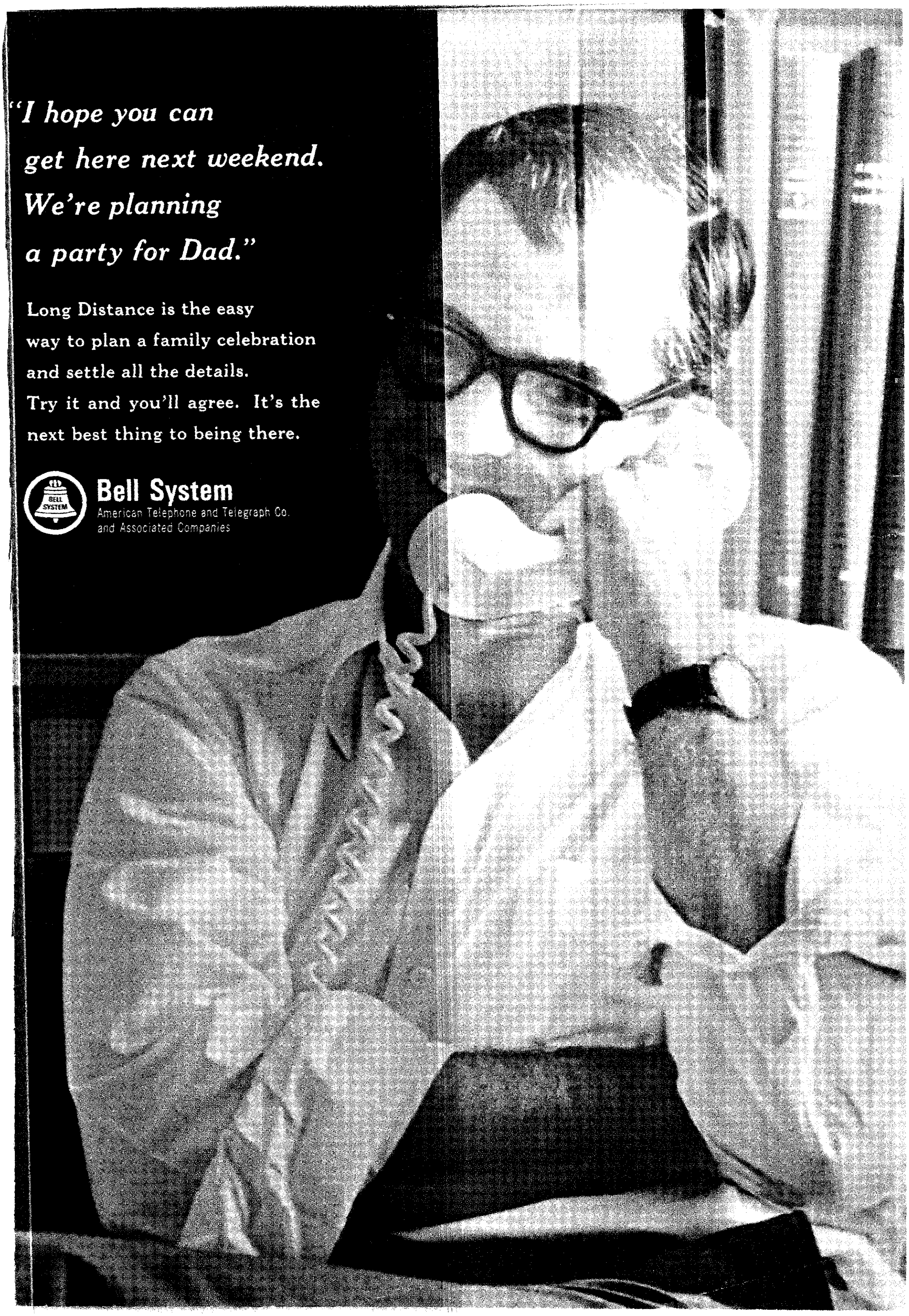
William Templeton Veach, distinguished chef and host par excellence, has concocted a tempting new cookbook for connoisseurs of good living. Written with Helen Evans Brown; drawings by Isadore Seltzer; introduction by James Beard.

$6.50 at bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN

SPECIAL EVENTS
FOR SPECIAL VACATIONS
The QUARTO FESTIVAL GUIDE to the U.S.A.
$1.95 at leading bookshops or
Quarto, 430 East 56 Street, N. Y. 10022

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



"I hope you can get here next weekend. We're planning a party for Dad."

Long Distance is the easy way to plan a family celebration and settle all the details. Try it and you'll agree. It's the next best thing to being there.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country
You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro